

MARCH

No. 32

10¢

SMASH COMICS

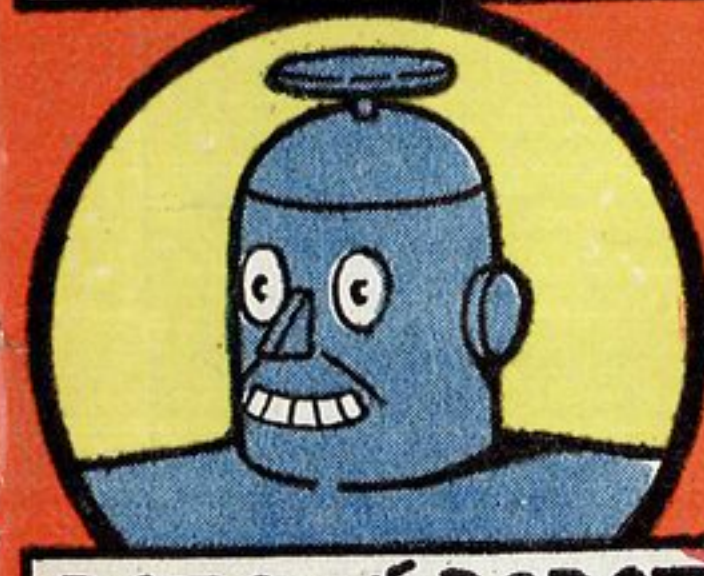
MIDNIGHT



THE RAY



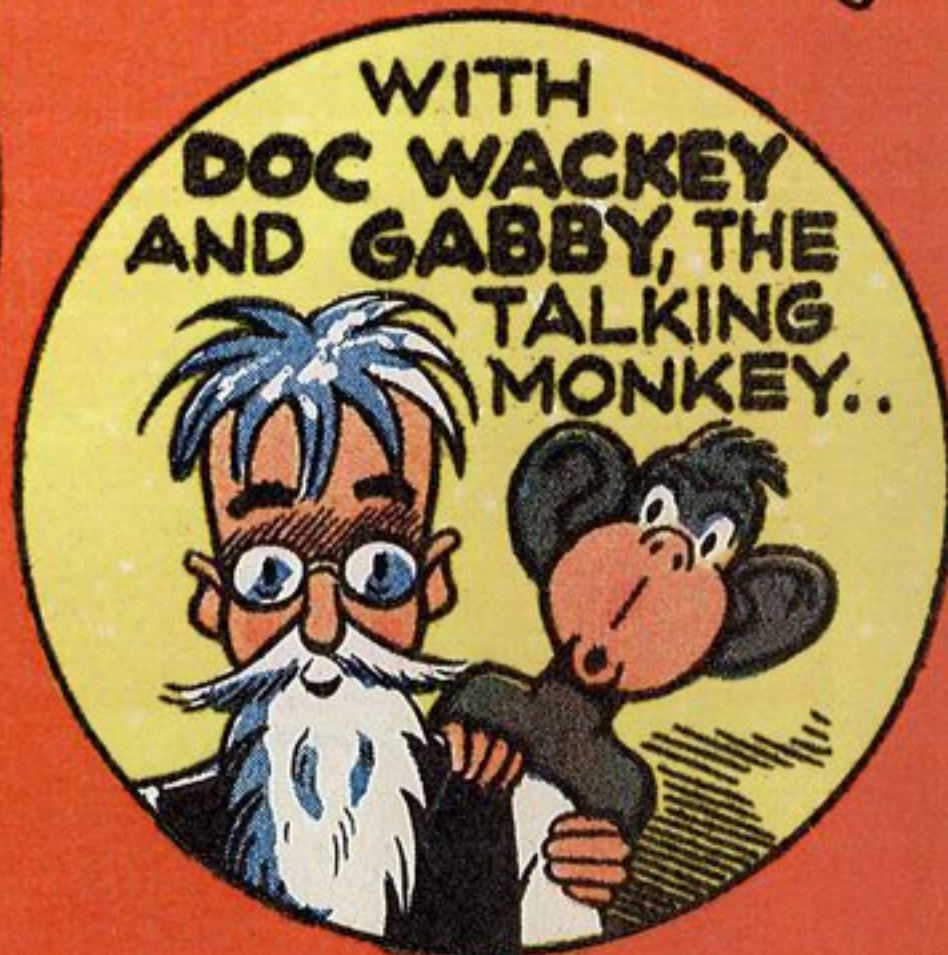
ESPIONAGE



BOZO THE ROBOT



THE JESTER



WITH
DOC WACKY
AND GABBY, THE
TALKING
MONKEY..



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PRIZES FOR ALL!

Any prize shown in this circle, and dozens of others in our **FREE PRIZE BOOK**, is **GIVEN** to you for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Everybody wants American Seeds—they are fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once. Send the coupon now for **FREE SINGING LARIAT**, Seeds and Free Prize Book showing over sixty prizes like Toilet Set, Roller Skates, Radio, etc.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 820, Lancaster, Pa.

Sell only one order and get a beautiful Girls' or Women's **WRIST WATCH**, with cord bracelet. Boys' and Men's styles also.

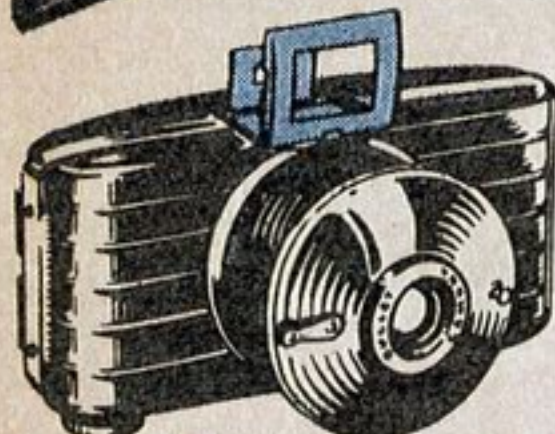


RED RYDER LICENSED BY
STEPHEN SLESINGER INC., NEW YORK



DAISY'S RED RYDER CARBINE

A lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000 shot Air Rifle.



EASTMAN CAMERA

Given for selling only one order



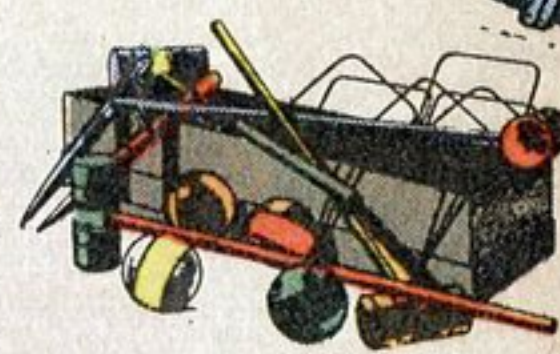
Pepperell "Warm weave" part-wool blanket. Warm, soft and fleecy!



LIVE CANARY

given for selling only one order. Safe delivery guaranteed.

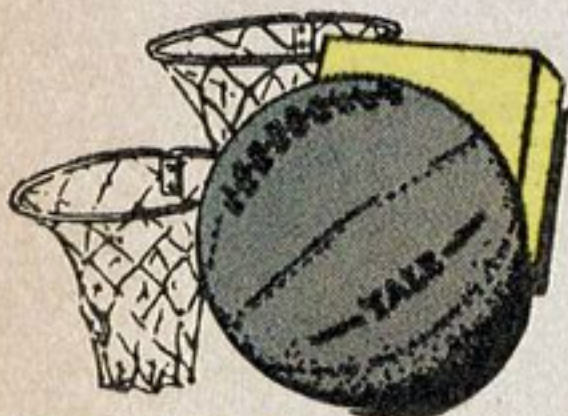
CROQUET SET
Complete set given for selling one order.



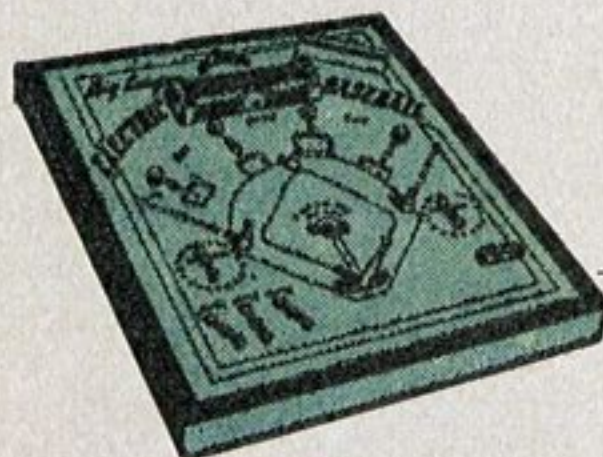
GENE AUTRY TWO-GUN HOLSTER SET



You can be a "Two-Gun Cowboy" with this fine set. Gene Autry friendship ring **FREE**.



Complete Basketball Set.
For boys and girls.



Electric Baseball Game. Hours of fun for all the family—the game you'll never tire of playing.



Boys! Girls! Get a STREAM-LINED BIKE.



GENE AUTRY GUITAR
Full size, full tone, decorated with western scene and Gene Autry's signature.

EXTRA VALUE PRIZES

Given for selling extra orders as explained in **BIG PRIZE BOOK**.
SEND COUPON TODAY



FREE! A GENUINE SINGING LARIAT GIVEN FREE FOR MAILING THE COUPON TODAY! ACT AT ONCE

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., DEPT. 820, LANCASTER, PA.
Please send my **FREE SINGING LARIAT**, the **BIG GIFT BOOK**, and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box or Street No. _____

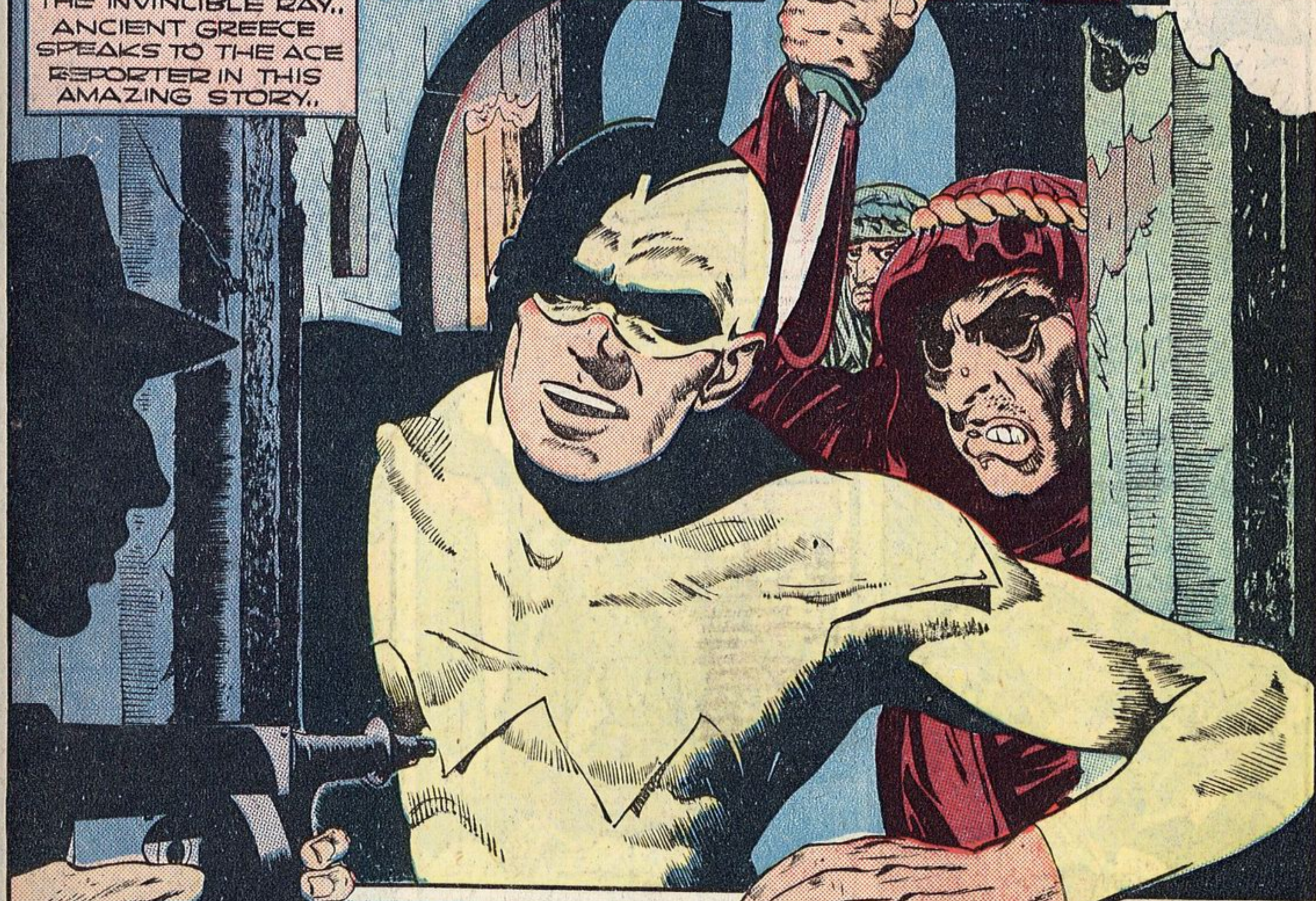
City _____ State _____

THE

RAY

by
ELECTRON

ONLY HIS LITTLE PAL,
BUD, KNOWS THAT HAPPY
TERRILL IS
THE INVINCIBLE RAY..
ANCIENT GREECE
SPEAKS TO THE ACE
REPORTER IN THIS
AMAZING STORY..



ON THE
TRANS-
ATLANTIC
CABLE..

THINGS ARE
PRETTY QUIET ON
THE SHORES OF THE
MEDITERRANEAN..

SIT TIGHT IN THE
NEAR EAST, TERRILL,
UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM
ME AGAIN..

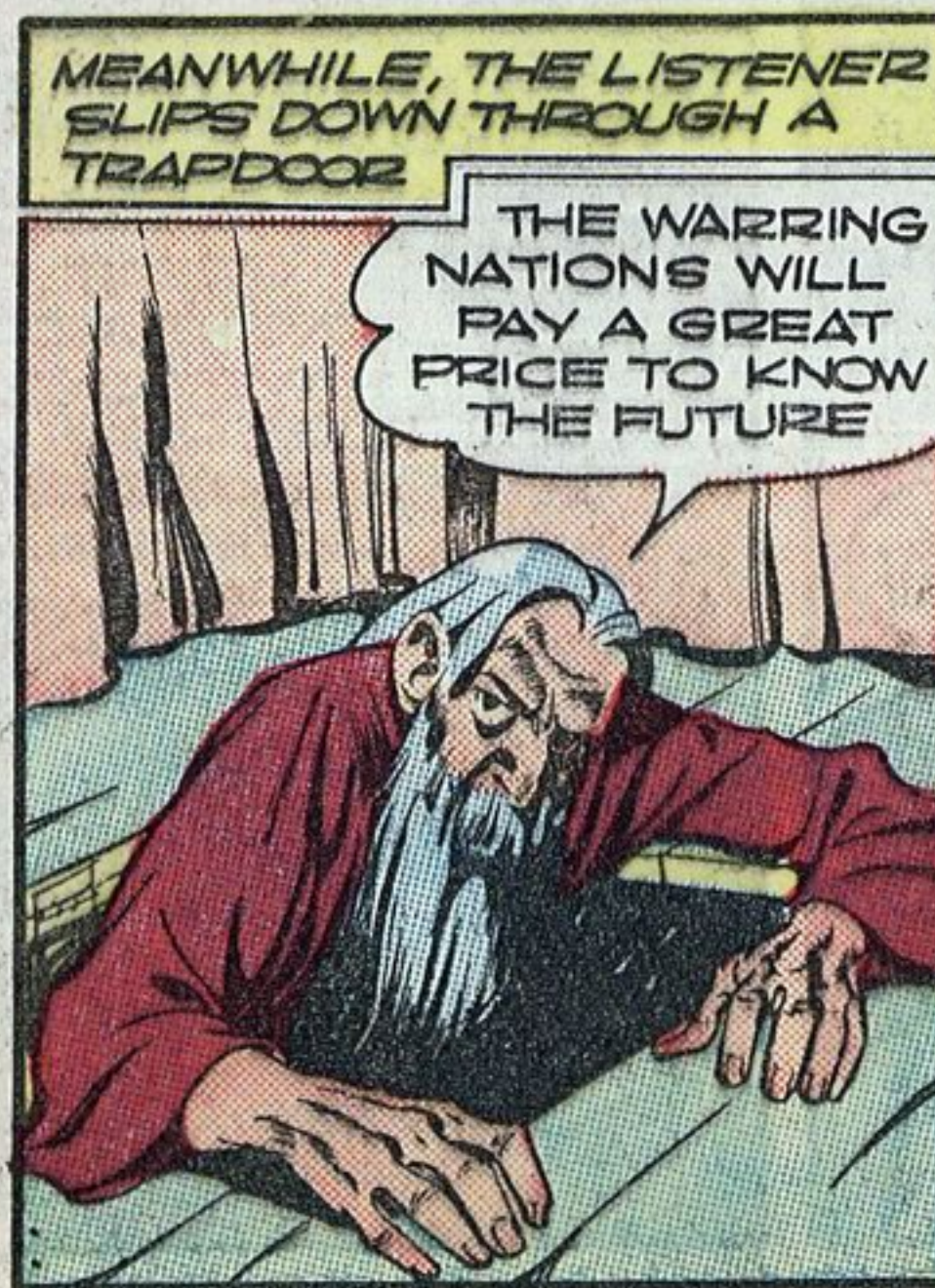
OKAY,
BOSS!!

GREAT
ADVENTURERS
HAVE COME TO
PORT HERE, BUD,
ALEXANDER,..
ULYSSES....

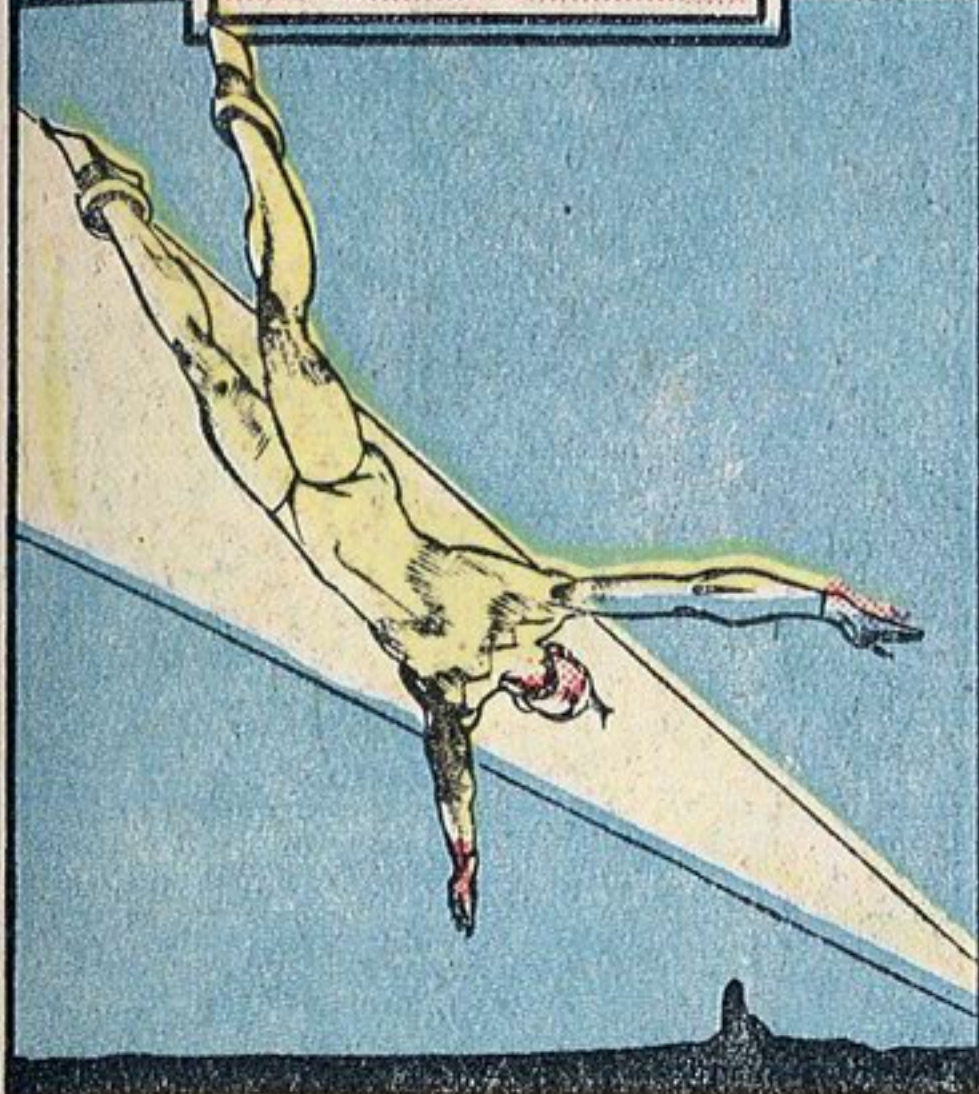
GEE!!

SA-AV!! THAT'S
A MODEL OF AN ANCIENT
GREEK SHIP... LET'S
GET IT!!





WHEN NIGHT FALLS, THE BRIGHT FIGURE OF THE RAY SHOOTS ACROSS THE SEA ON A SEARCH LIGHT BEAM.....



THE ISLE OF DARKNESS SURE LOOKS DESERTED..



NO ONE HAS BEEN HERE SINCE THE GOLDEN AGE OF ATHENS..



MEANWHILE, BUD IS FAITHFULLY SHADOWING SUE SAUNDERS, THE GIRL REPORTER..

BOY, SHE SURE GETS AROUND!!



SHE'S GETTING HIM TO FORGE NAZI PAPERS FOR HER !!



AND NOW SHE'S TALKING TO BARON HOFF... HAPPY SAYS HE'S A NAZI SPY..

MY PAPERS ARE IN ORDER, BARON..



BUD FOLLOWS HER TO A SECRET DOCK

LEAPIN' LUCIFER... SHE'S GOING TO GET A HITCH ON A U-BOAT!!

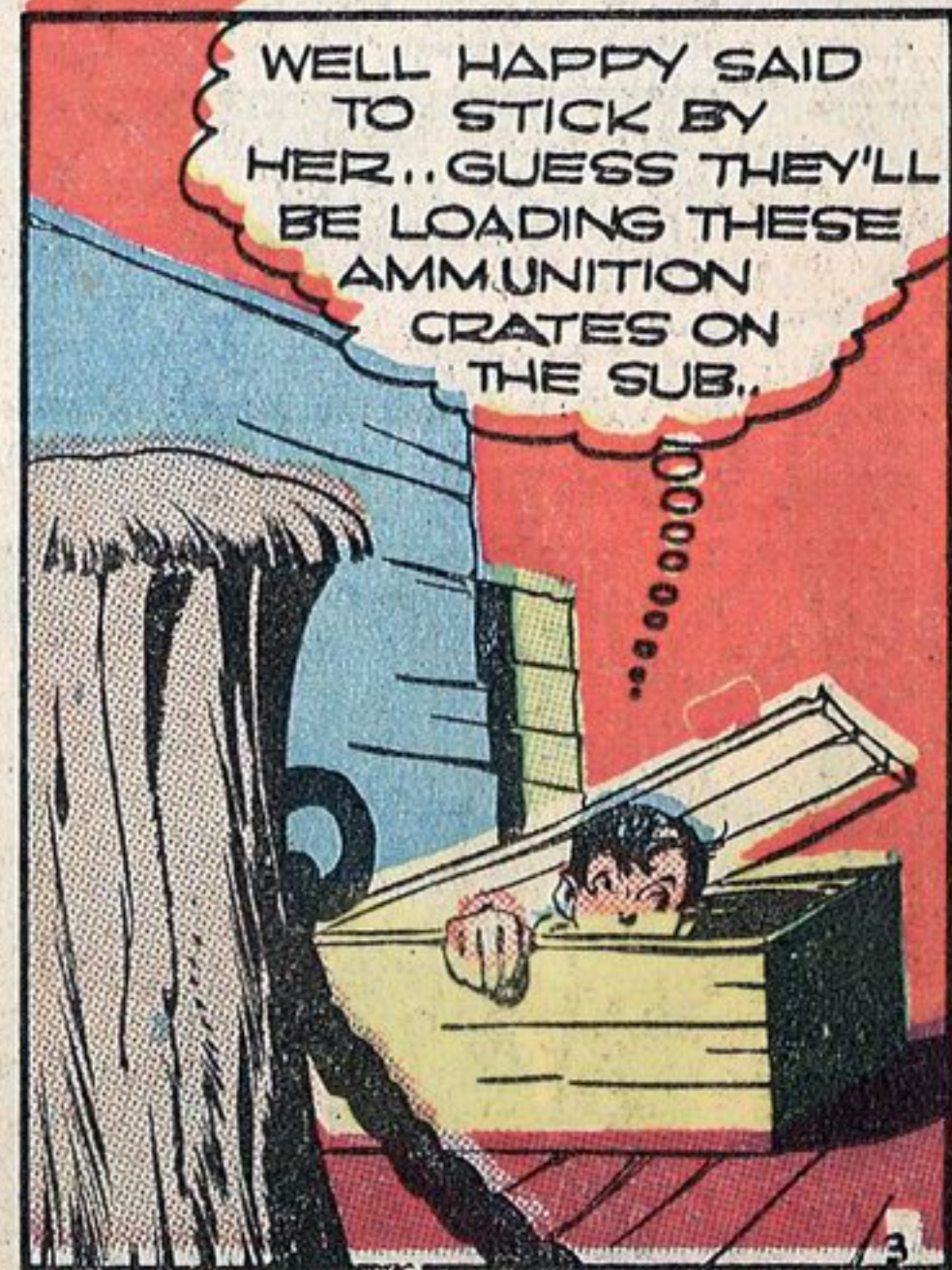
THE BARON SENT ME!!



YOU GOT TO HAND IT TO HER FOR NERVE.... HEY WHO THREW THAT ?



WELL HAPPY SAID TO STICK BY HER.. GUESS THEY'LL BE LOADING THESE AMMUNITION CRATES ON THE SUB..



SOON THE SUB IS UNDERWAY MAKING FOR THE ISLAND IN THE AEGEAN SEA...



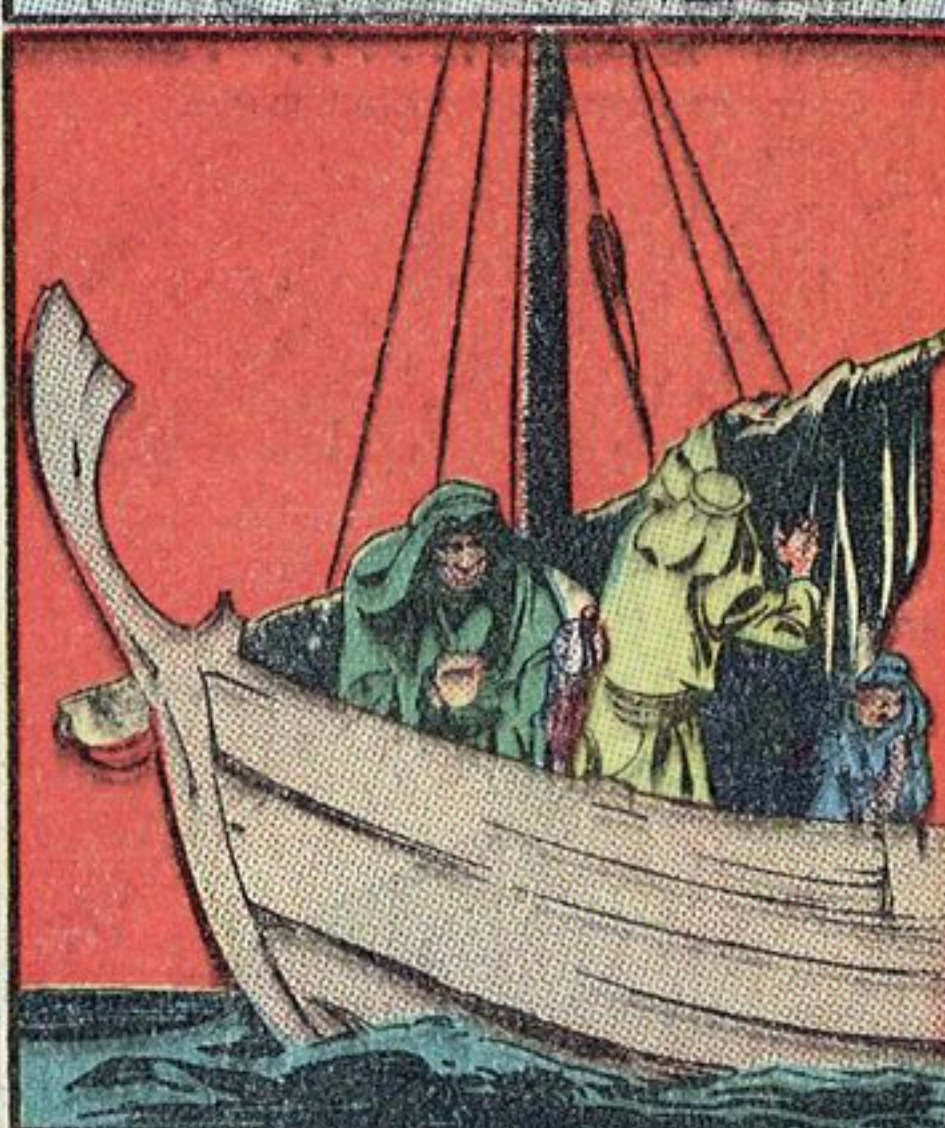
MOMENTS LATER... ANOTHER PARTY SETS OUT FOR THE ISLE...



THEIR CRAFT APPEARS TO BE A FISHERMAN'S BOAT

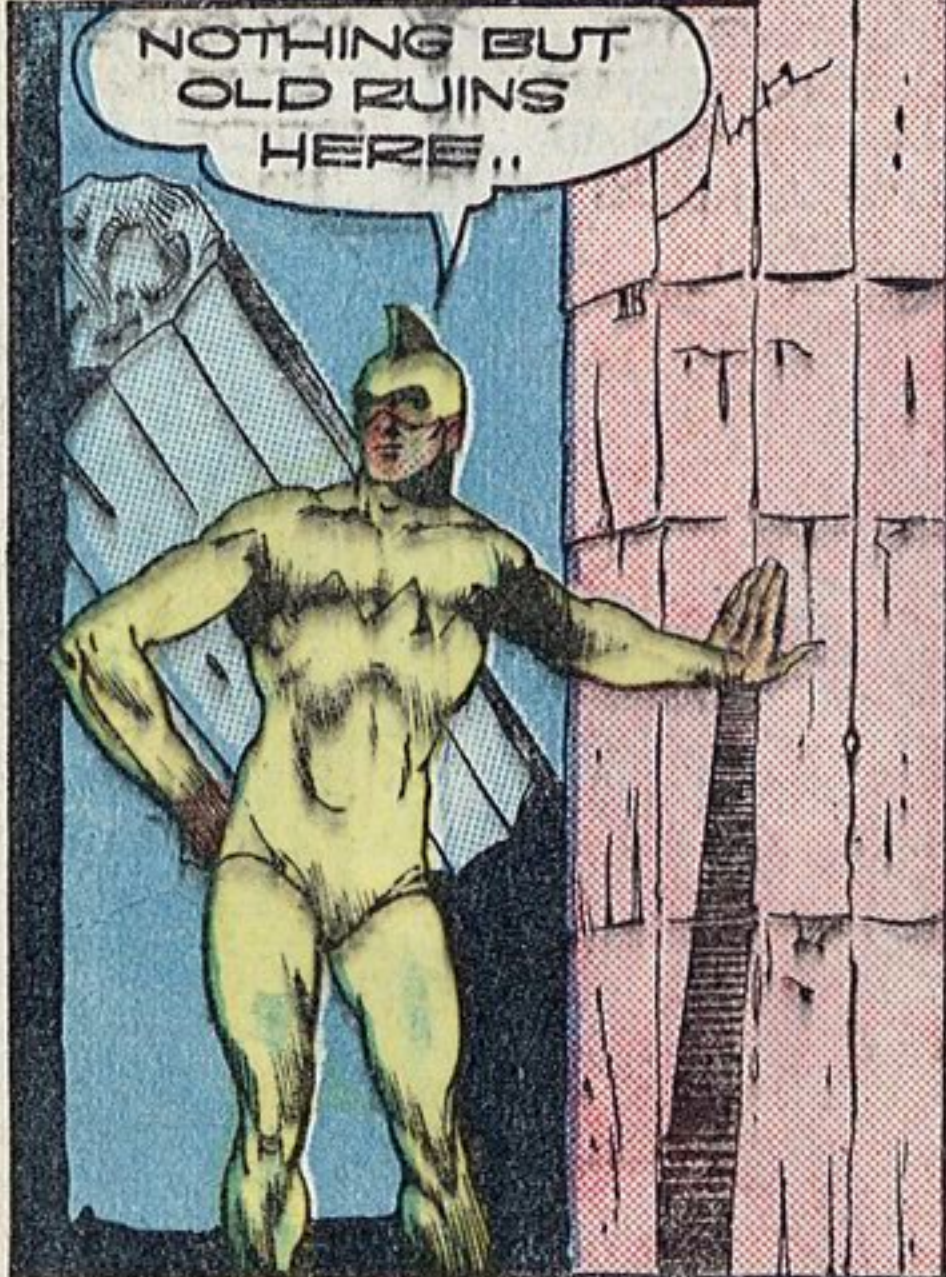


BUT, OUT OF SIGHT OF LAND, A POWER MOTOR SPEEDS IT FORWARD... AND MACHINE GUNS ARE UNCOVERED.



ON THE ISLE...

NOTHING BUT OLD RUINS HERE..



WELL I'LL BE.....!! THIS SLAB GAVE UNDER MY WEIGHT!! A STAIRWAY IN THE COLUMN!!



AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS THE RAY FINDS..

ER.. GOOD EVENING, SIR..



SUDDENLY, THE YELLOW OLD MAN DROPS TO HIS KNEES..

SURELY IT IS THE GREAT GOD MERCURY IN THE GUISE OF A GOLDEN AMERICAN..



LONG HAVE I GUARDED THE WORK OF THE PROPHET, HIPROTUS.... AND NOW I HAVE SEEN THE GOD, MERCURY.... IT IS A REWARD I DARED NOT HOPE FOR....



FEAST, OH EXALTED ONE.. THEN YOU MAY LOOK UPON THE SCROLL..

I GUESS I WON'T DISILLUSION HIM!!!



MEANWHILE, THE SUBMARINE HAS EMERGED OFF THE SHORE...

YOU WILL HAVE TO SWIM IN FRAULEIN...

THAT'S O.K., THANKS..

BOY I THOUGHT THEY'D CATCH ME SURE WHEN I LEFT THE SUB..

STILL ANOTHER FIGURE SWIMS IN FROM THE U-BOAT...

THE CAPTAIN DOESN'T TRUST HER.. SHE SAID SHE WAS SEARCHING FOR A BRITISH AMMUNITION STORE.. BUT..

SUE HAS FOUND ANOTHER UNDERGROUND ENTRANCE BUT TO HER HORROR..

THIS IS A LABYRINTH.. I'M LOST IN A MAZE!!

BUD HAS LOST SIGHT OF HER...

GEE WHIZ!! THERE'S NO WAY OUT!!!

THE NAZI SAILOR IS ALSO CAUGHT IN THE ENDLESS TUNNELS

HIMMEL!! AH.. I HEAR HER FOOT-STEPS.. MAYBE I FIND HER..

SUDDENLY AT THE CROSSING OF TWO PATHS..

SUE!!

BUD!!

OH TO BE SAFE AT HOME IN THE U.S... WHY DID I LEAD US INTO THIS MESS?

AW, WE'LL GET OUT!!

JUST THEN...

SO!! HOME IS IN THE U.S.! JUST AS WE THOUGHT!! YOU ARE NOT A GESTAPO AGENT!!

HELP!!

AND AT THAT MOMENT, THE BAND OF SYRIAN GANGSTERS LANDS ON THE ISLE OF DARKNESS..

AS THE NAZI LUNGES MURDEROUSLY TOWARD SUE, BUD DECIDES TO TAKE THE OFFENSIVE....



THIS IS THE WAY THE RAY WOULD DO IT..



EYOWW!!

WHAT'S THAT?

SOMEONE IS IN THE MAZE ABOVE..



I WILL OPEN THE CEILING TO SEE WHO THE INTRUDER IS...



COMPANY DROPS IN FOR SOUP!!!

A NAZI SAILOR!!



THE NAZI ATTEMPTS TO FIGHT HIS WAY OUT BUT...

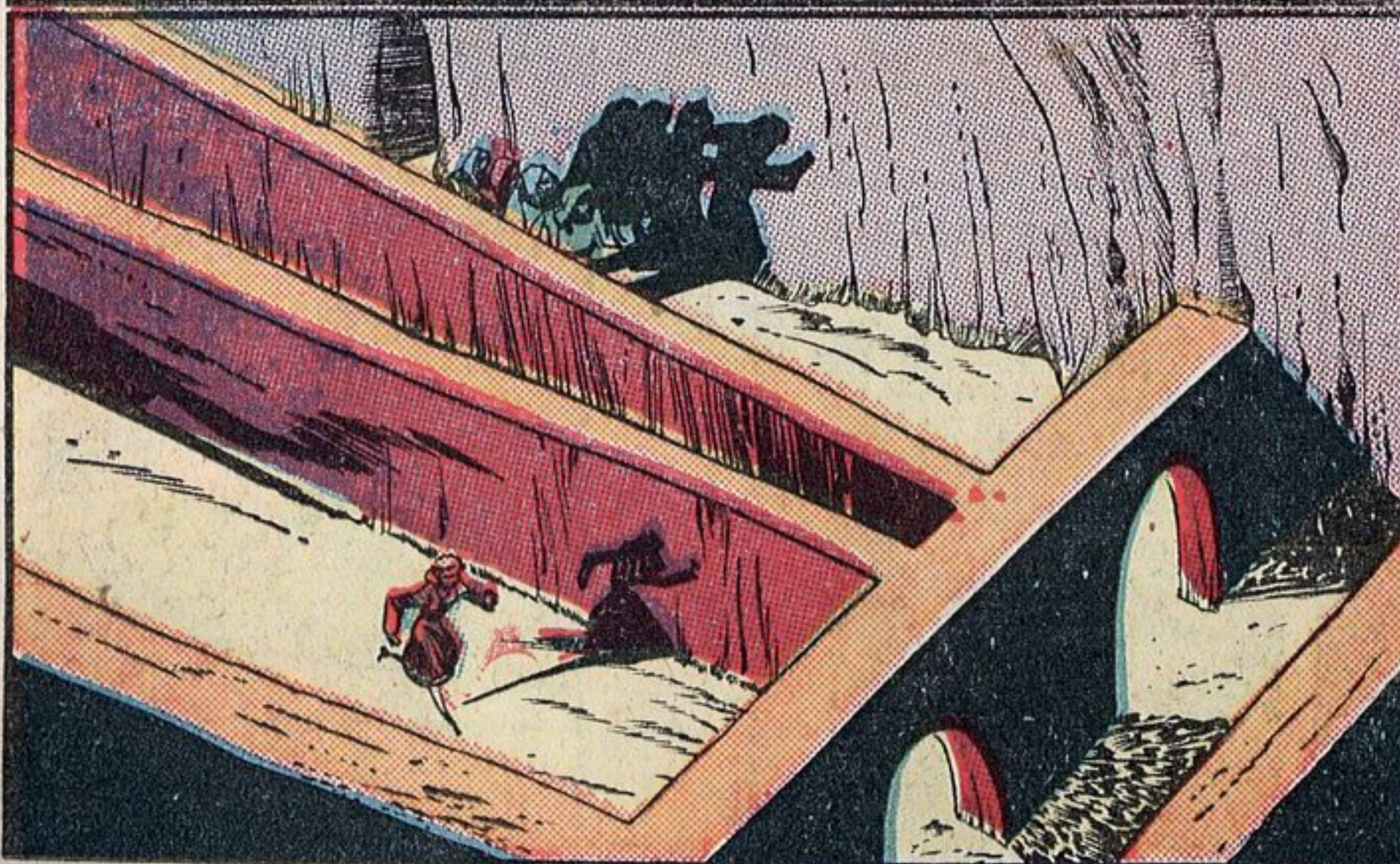
I'LL PUT YOU ON ICE FOR NOW..



GEE!! DID I DO THAT TO HIM!! OH, THE RAY! OH GEE, COME ON UP SUE JUST RAN OFF... I LOST HER AGAIN!!

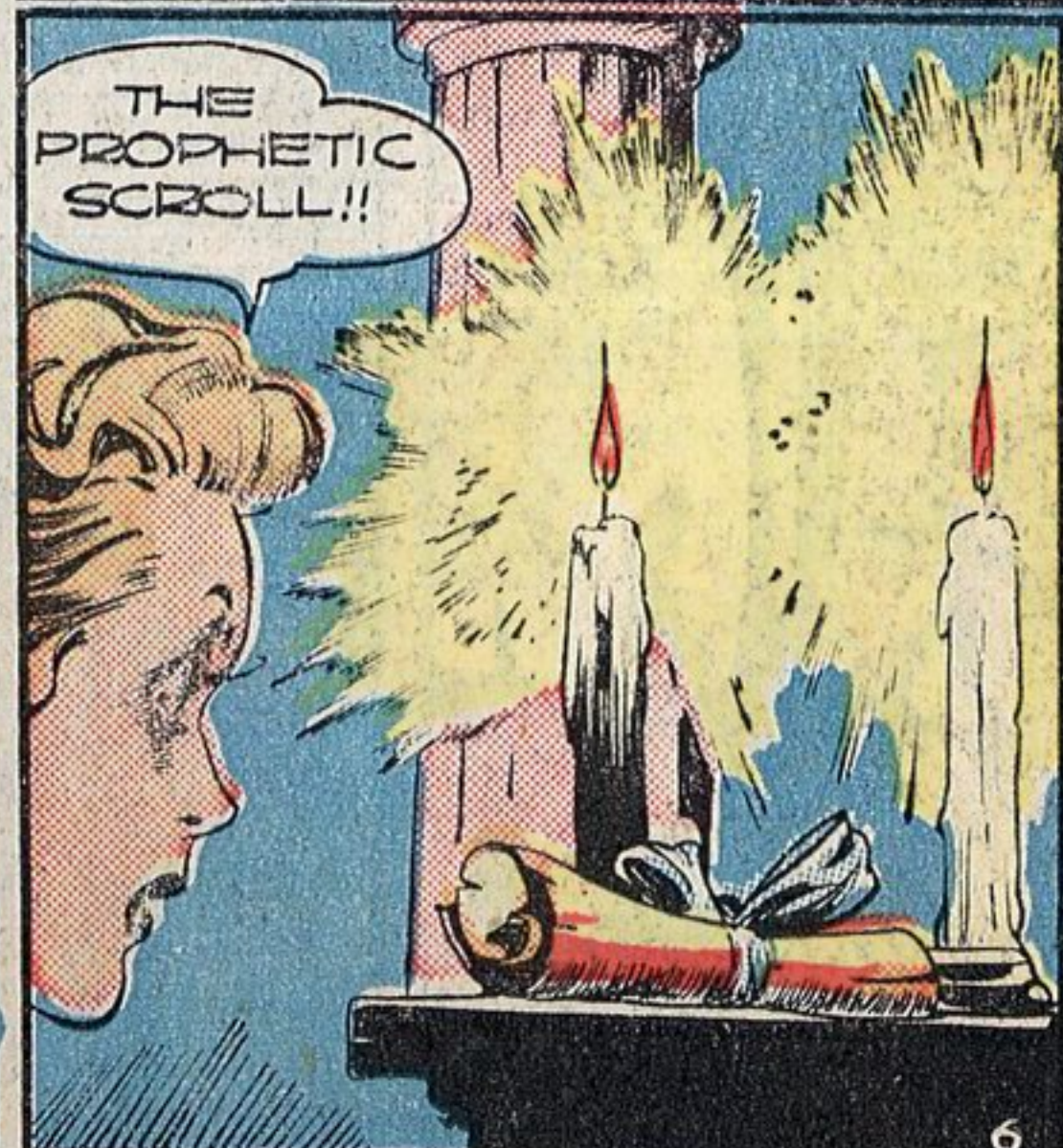


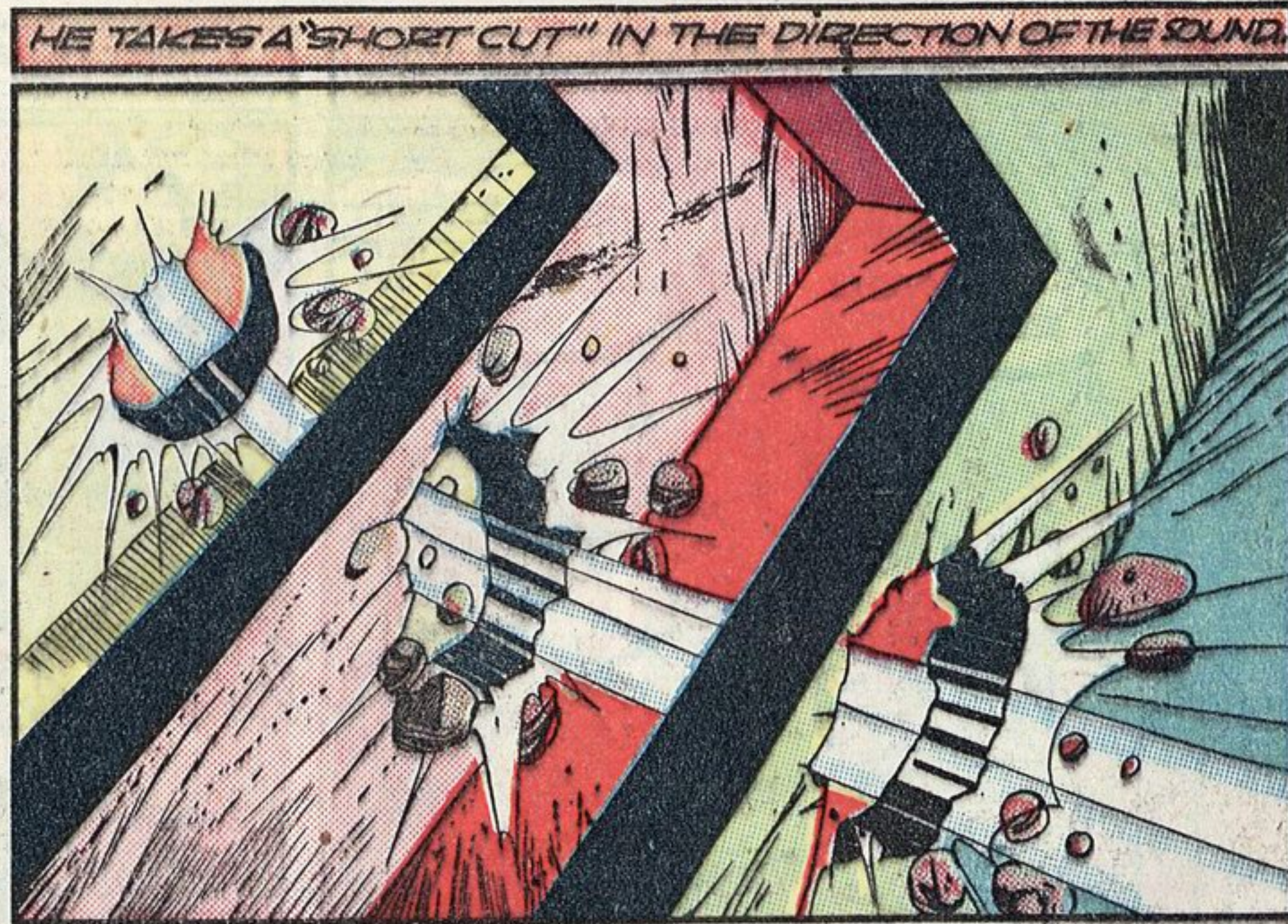
MEANWHILE THE SYRIAN MOB HAVE WANDERED INTO THE LABYRINTH AND NOW, ONLY A THIN PARTITION SEPARATES THEM FROM SUE....

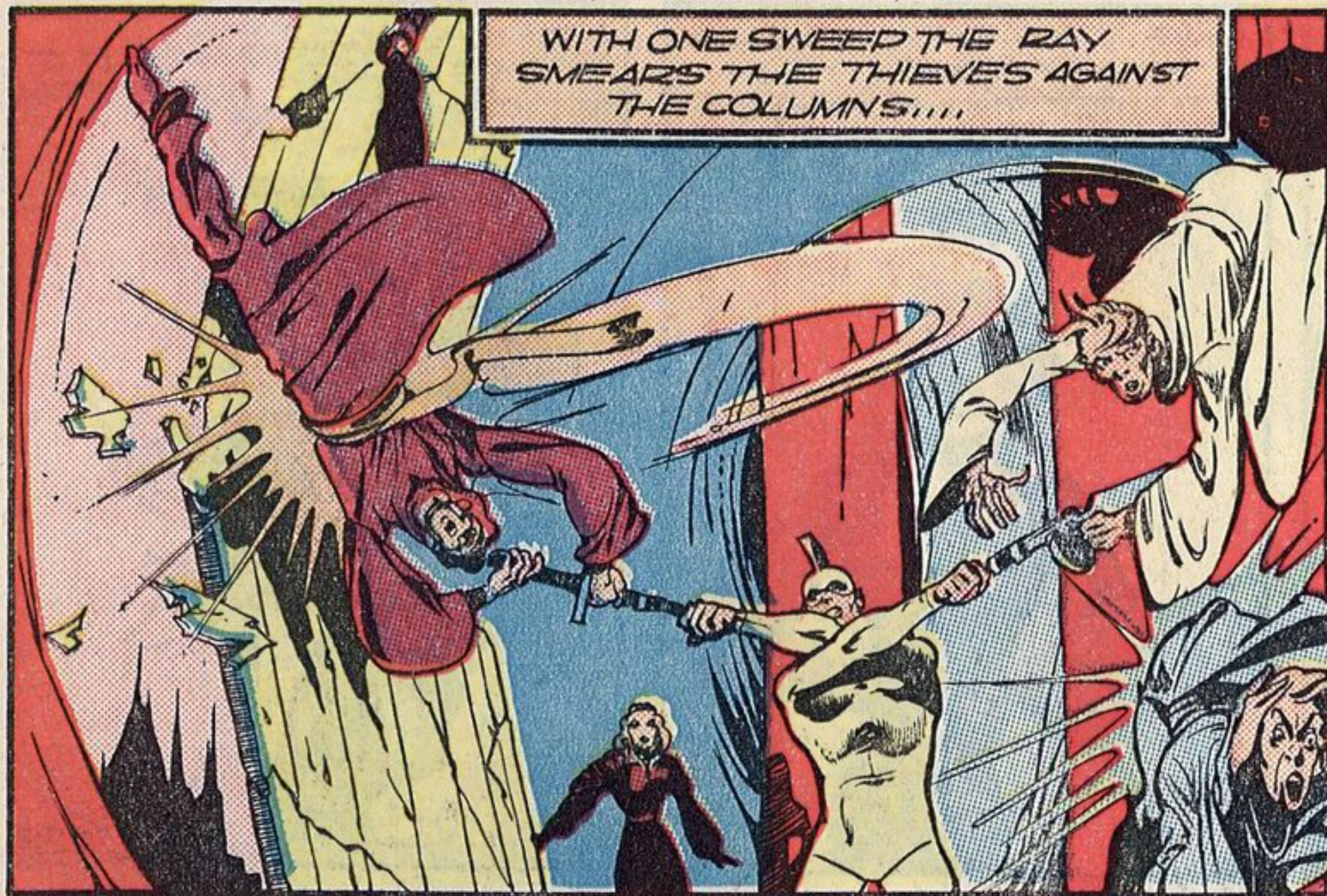


BUT SHE REACHES A SMALL CANDLE-LIT CHAMBER FIRST.

THE PROPHETIC SCROLL!!



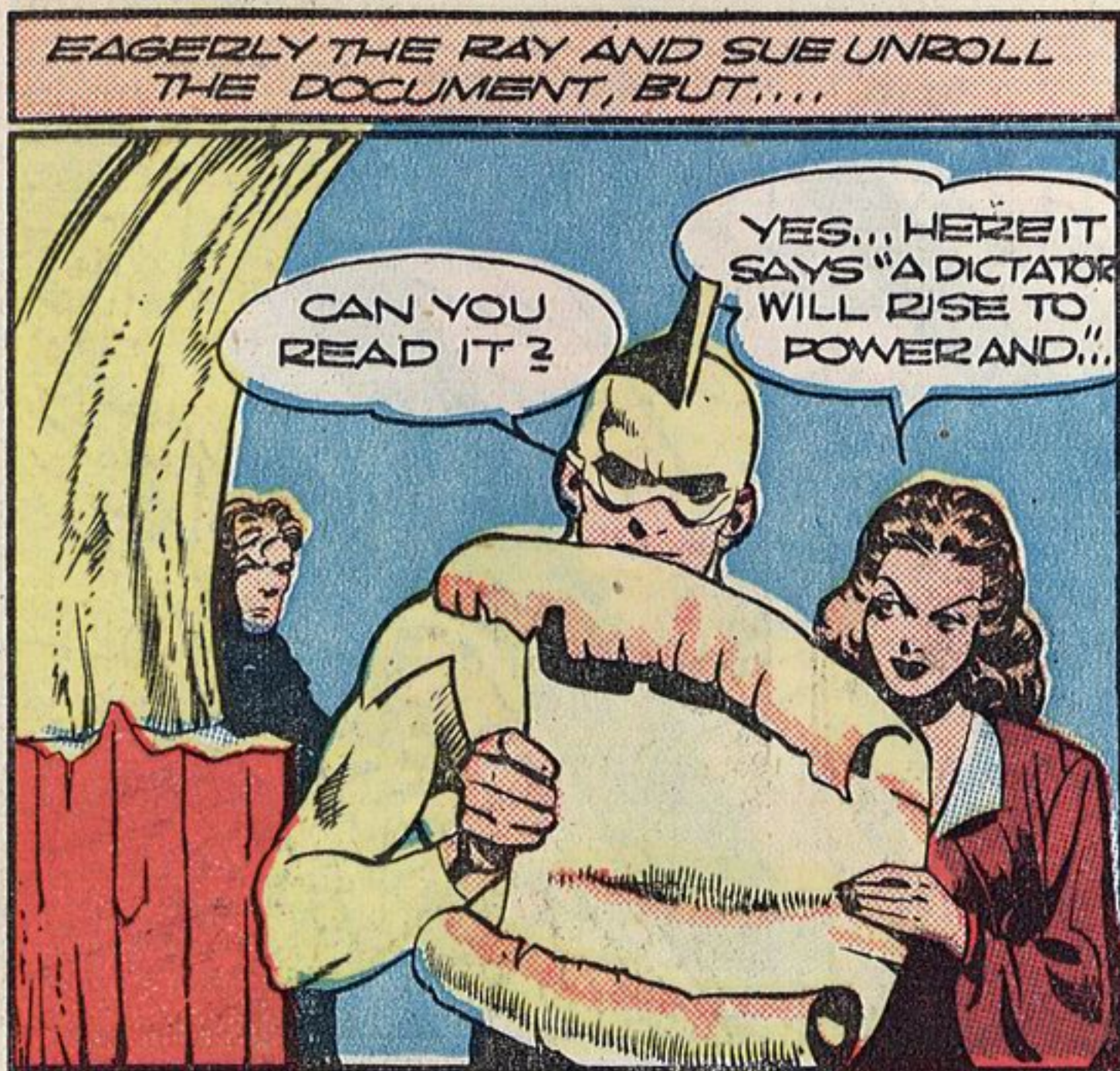




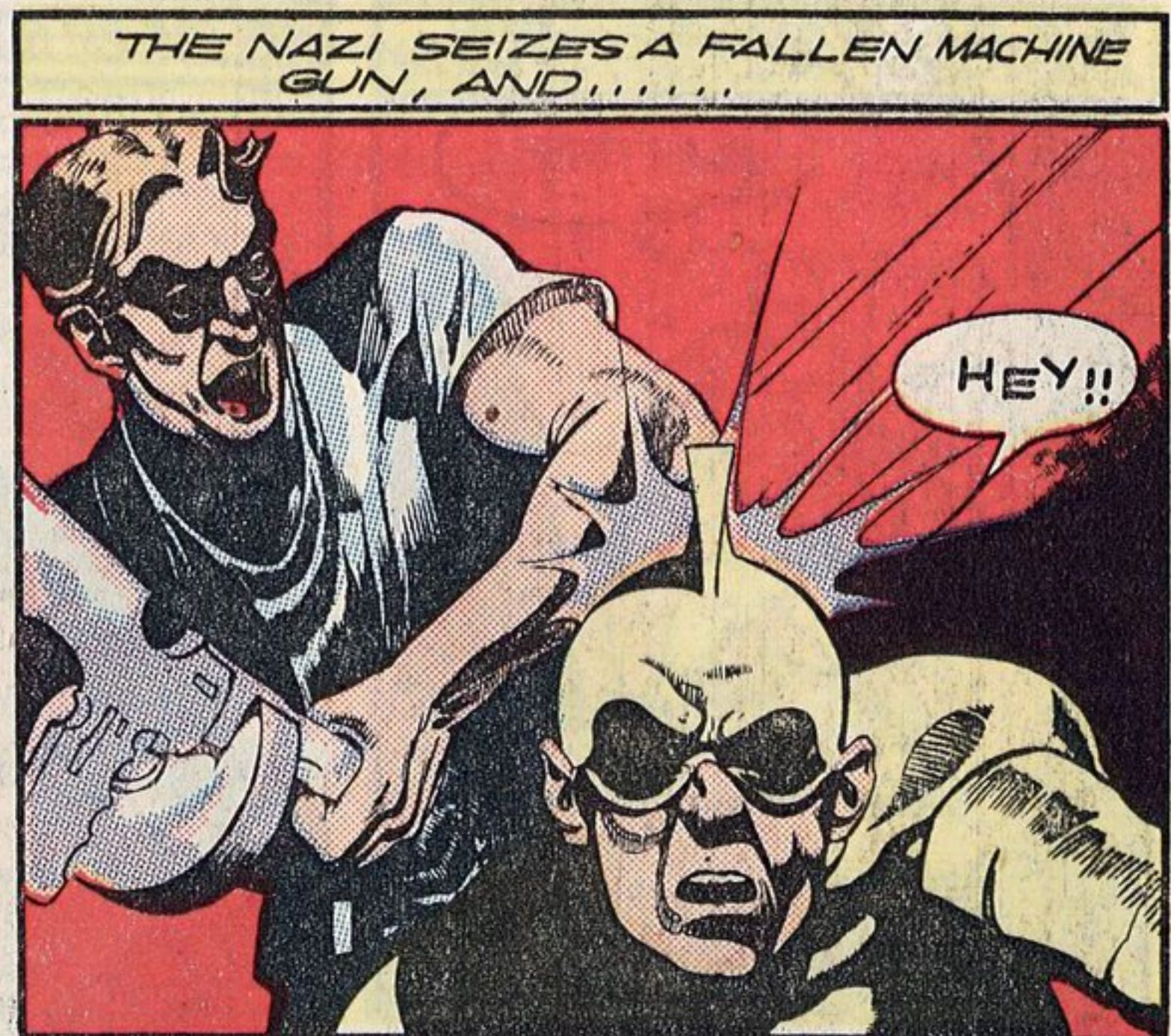
WITH ONE SWEEP THE RAY
SMEARS THE THIEVES AGAINST
THE COLUMNS....



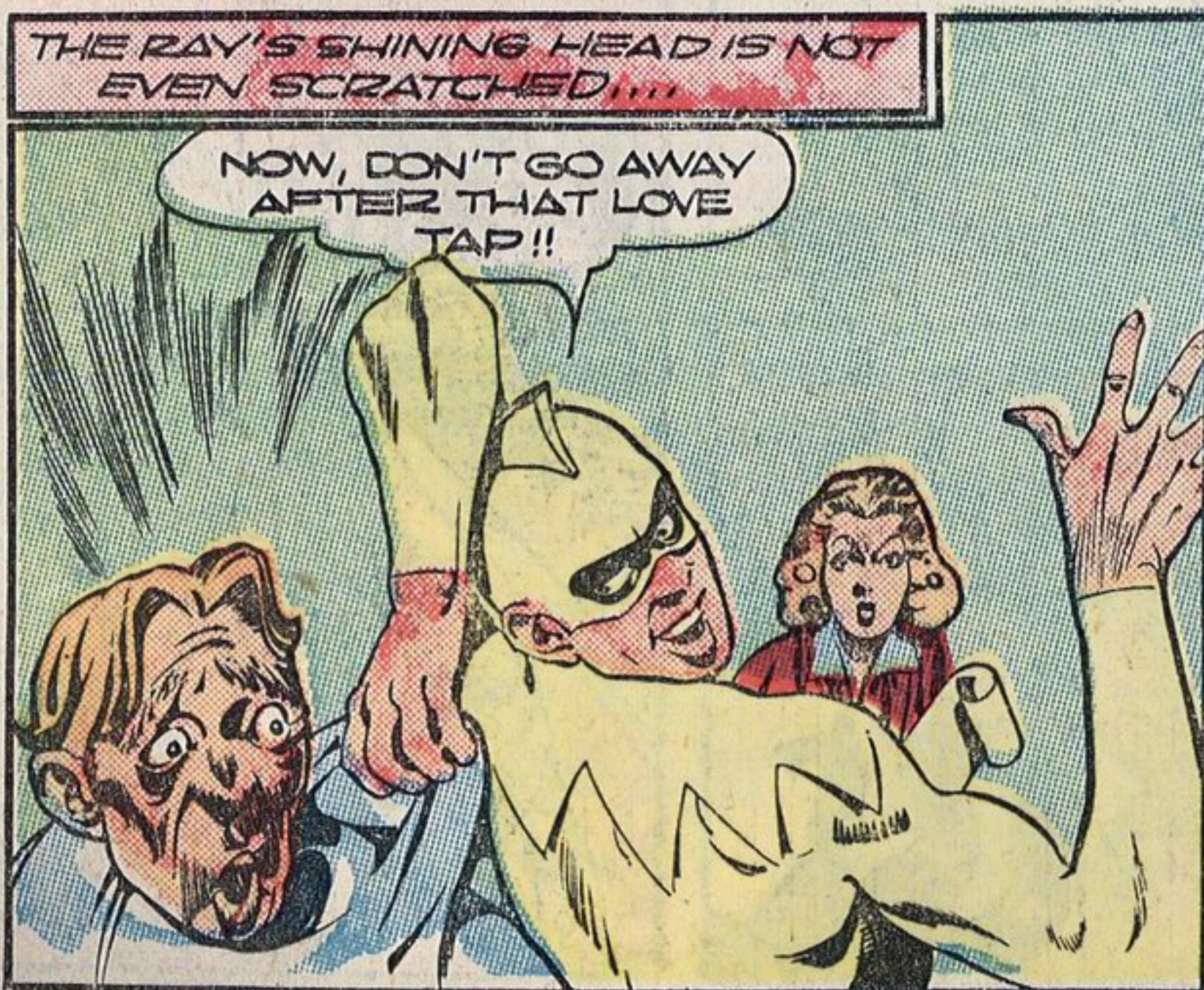
MEANWHILE THE NAZI HAS
COME TO AND GENTLY CLIPS
THE ANCIENT GREEK..



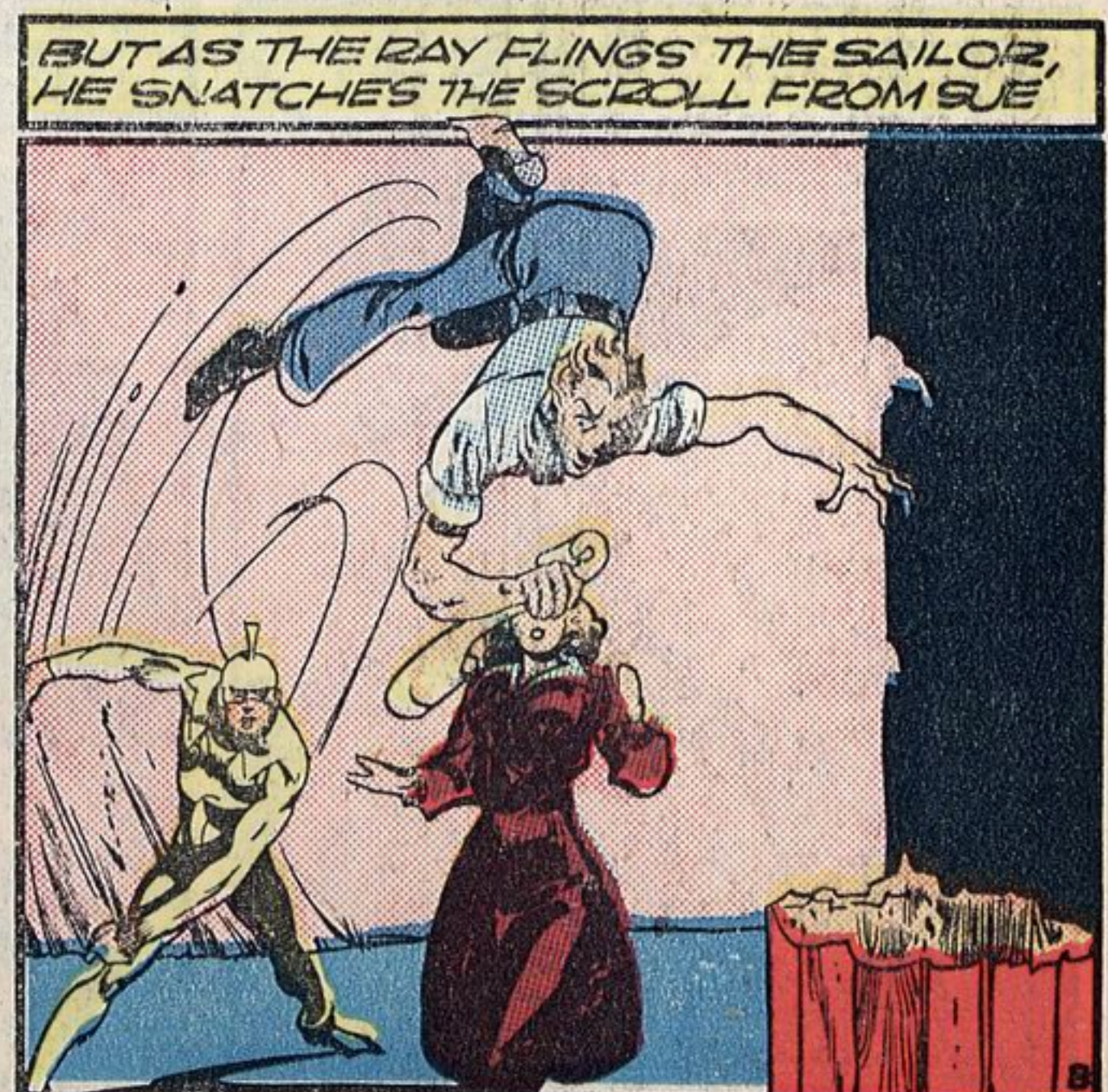
EAGERLY THE RAY AND SUE UNROLL
THE DOCUMENT, BUT....



THE NAZI SEIZES A FALLEN MACHINE
GUN, AND.....



THE RAY'S SHINING HEAD IS NOT
EVEN SCRATCHED....



BUT AS THE RAY FLINGS THE SAILOR,
HE SNATCHES THE SCROLL FROM SUE

AND THE PRECIOUS PARCHMENT IS TOSSED INTO THE FLAMES AND IS CONSUMED!!



JUST THEN THE GREEK ENTERS..



WE'RE SORRY.. IT WAS AN ACCIDENT...



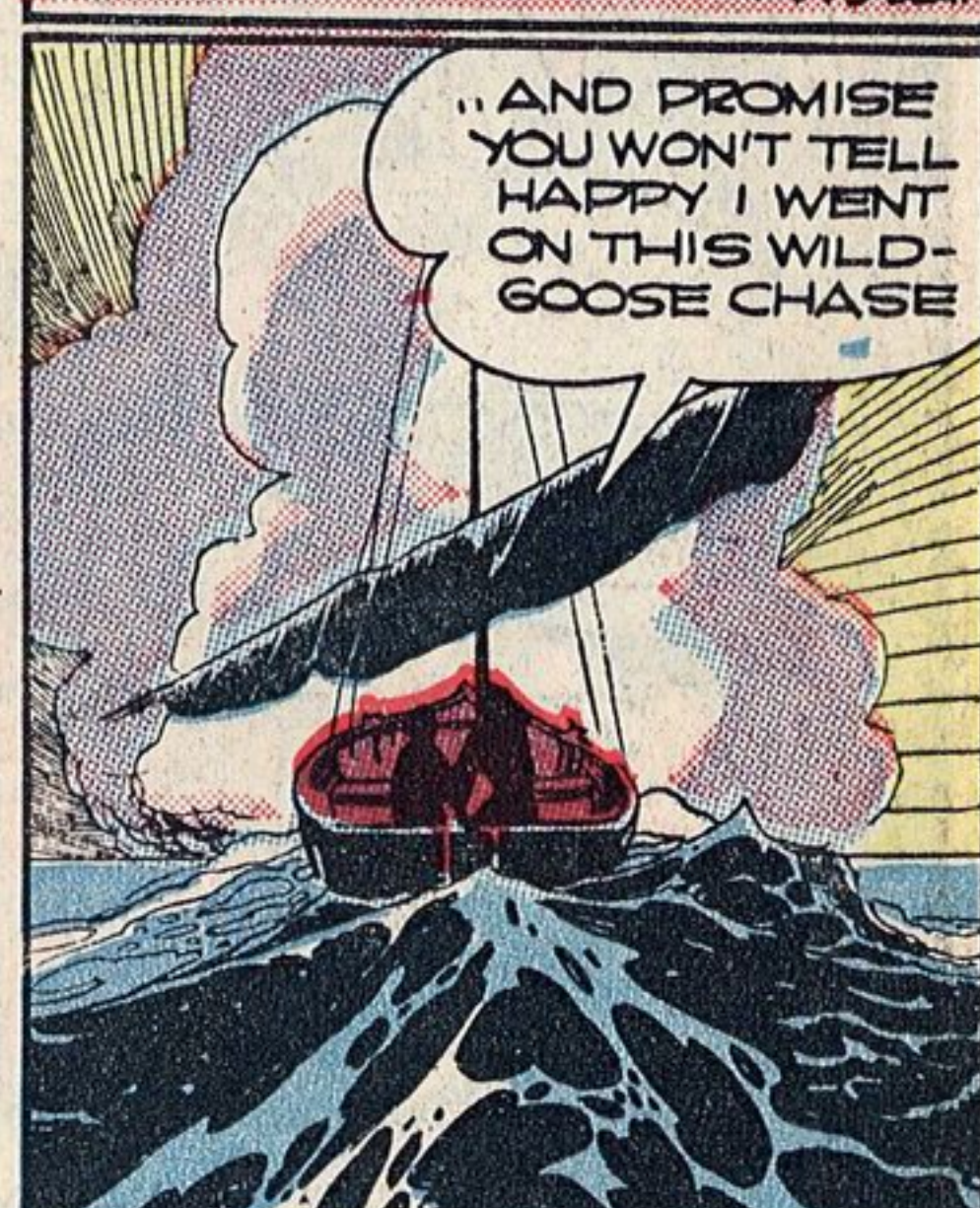
THE ANCIENT ONE FOLLOWS THE SCROLL INTO THE FLAMES



TOO BAD THE OLD FELLOW FELT THAT WAY... BUT PERHAPS IT IS BEST THAT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE HAS IN STORE FOR US...



THE RAY SENDS BUD AND SUE BACK IN THE SYRIAN'S BOAT



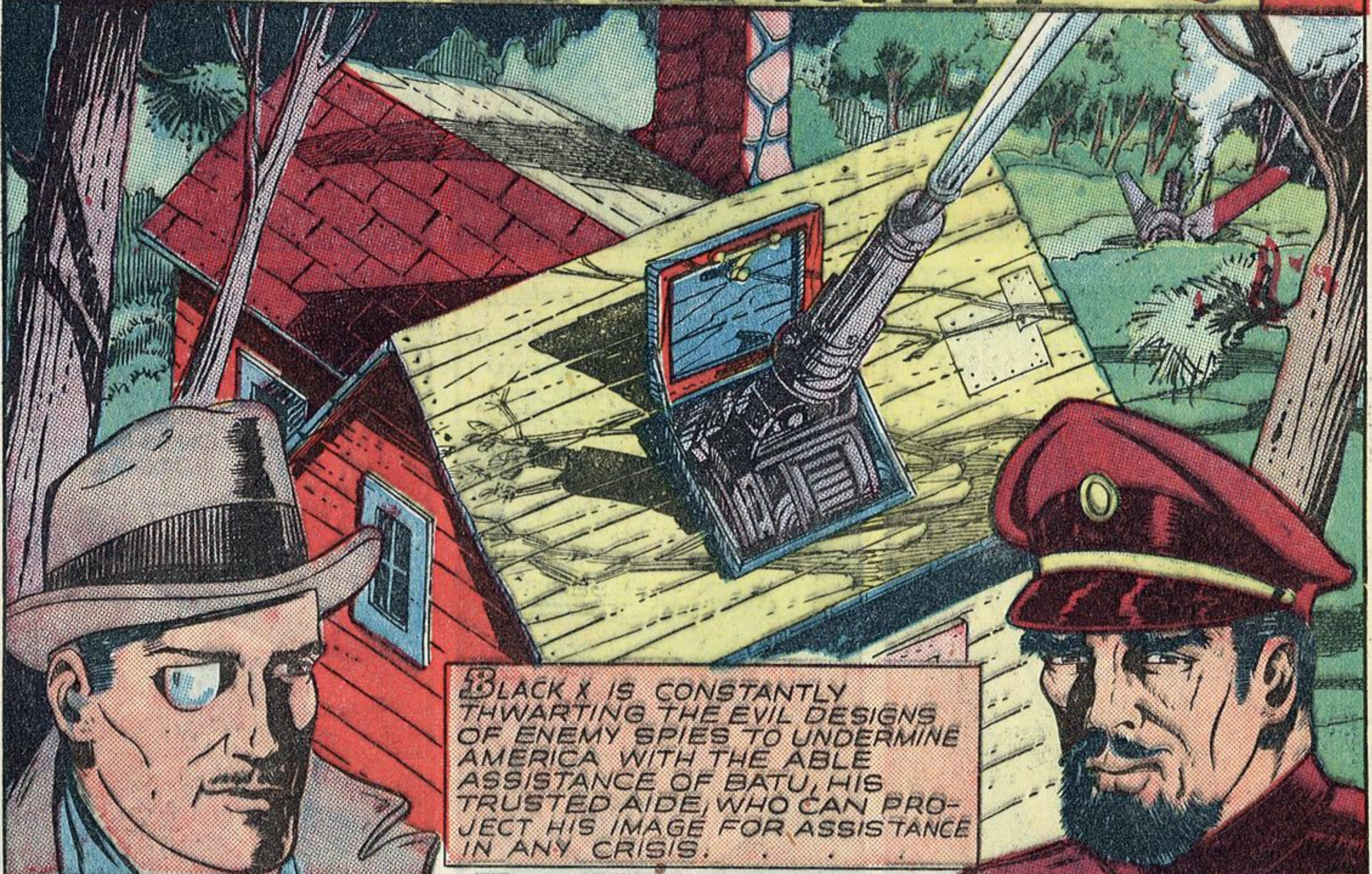
NEXT DAY...



Watch for the next sensational episode of The Ray.

ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X

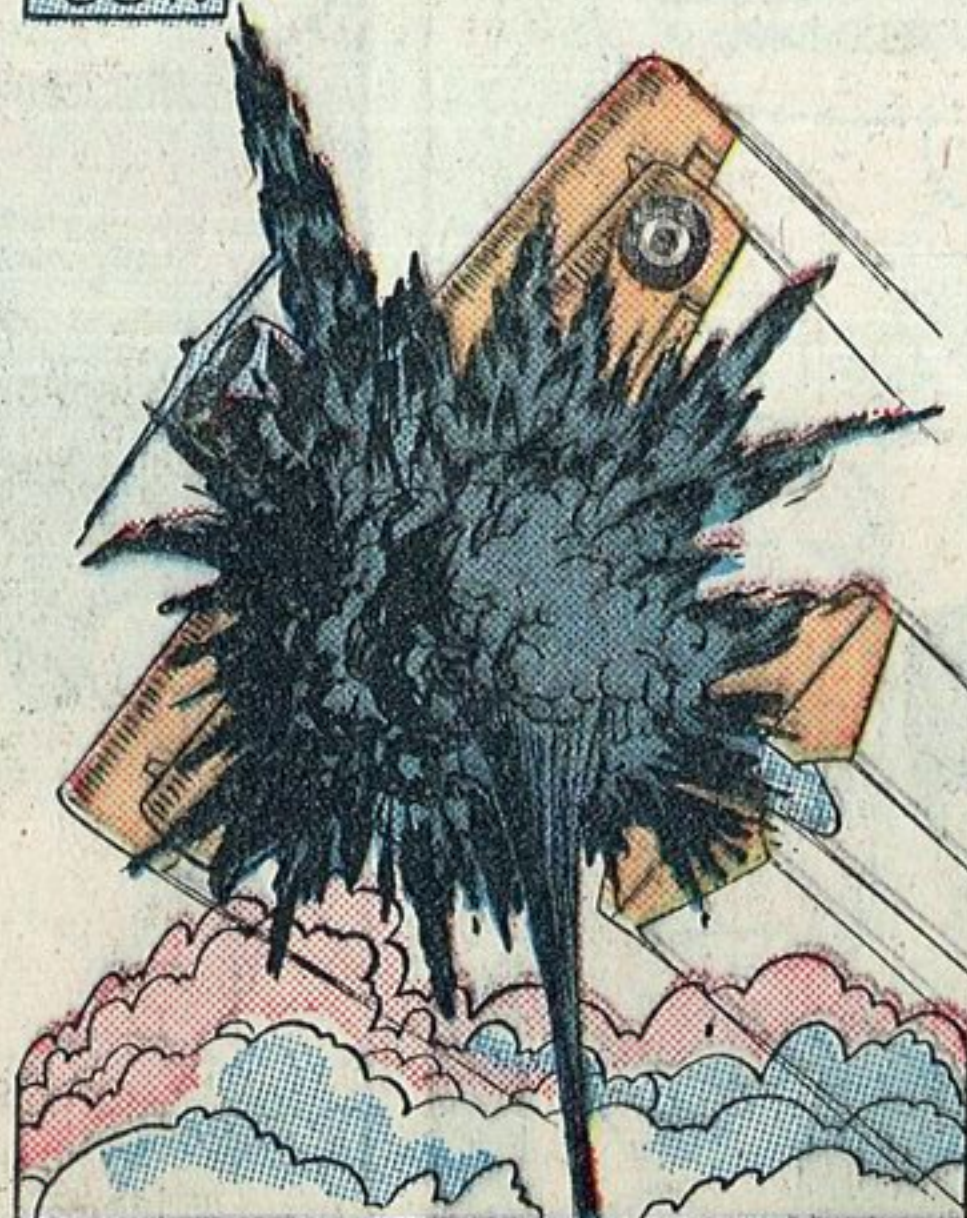
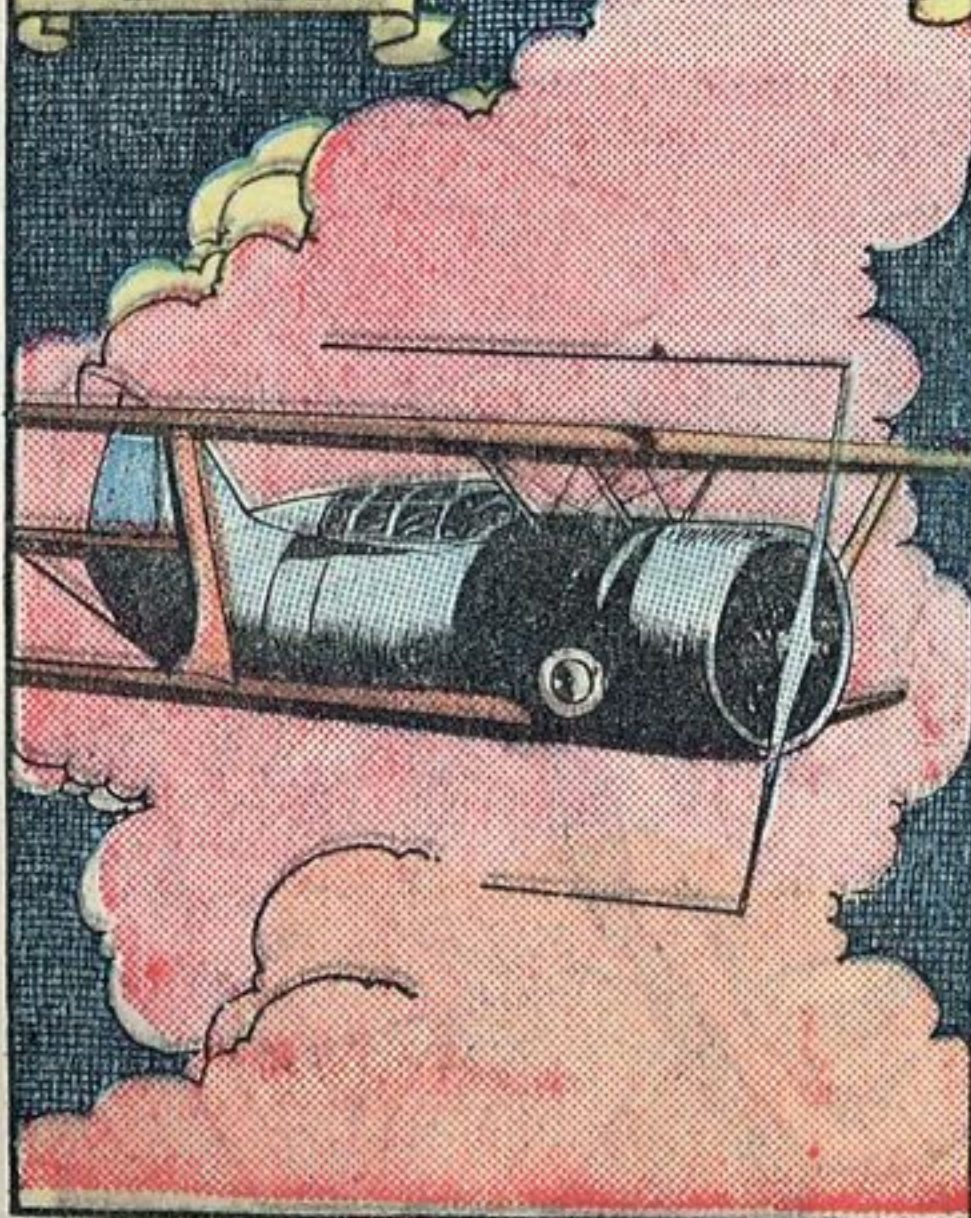


BLACK X IS CONSTANTLY THWARTING THE EVIL DESIGNS OF ENEMY SPIES TO UNDERMINE AMERICA WITH THE ABLE ASSISTANCE OF BATU, HIS TRUSTED AIDE, WHO CAN PROJECT HIS IMAGE FOR ASSISTANCE IN ANY CRISIS.

ACROSS THE GREAT ARIZONA DESERT, FLASHES A CURTISS HELL DIVER EN ROUTE TO THE WEST.

SUDDENLY, THE PLANE IS ENVELOPED IN THICK BLACK SMOKE. THE MOTOR CONKS OUT.

THE PLANE CRASHES IN FLAMES. SOME DISTANCE AWAY, A SOLITARY FIGURE LAUGHS HIDEOUSLY.



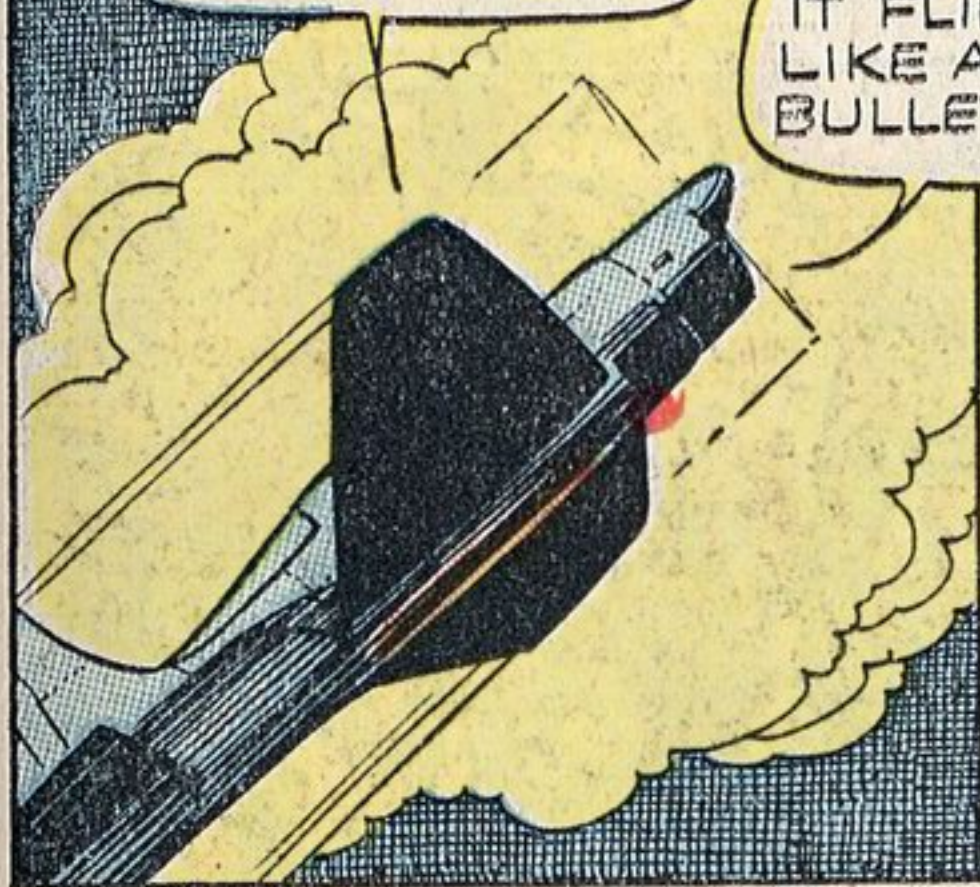
THE TOLL OF FLYERS MYSTERIOUSLY CRASHING MOUNTS HIGHER, AND THE MAJOR CALLS THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

YOU'VE GOT TO GET SOMEONE OUT HERE AT ONCE! I CAN'T MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF IT!



THIS LITTLE SPEED DEMON SHOULD GET US THERE IN A FEW HOURS, BATU...

YES, MASTER! IT FLIES LIKE A BULLET!



SHARP COM.MANDS ARE BARKED AND FEVERISH ACTIVITY TAKES PLACE.



I GIF IT TO YOU SOON!

WESSEL! GET READY TO FIRE THE SMOKE GUN... HANS! VOT ISS DER POSITION OF DER PLANE?!

GOLONEL ATWATER CALLS FOR BLACK X, FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL AGENT.

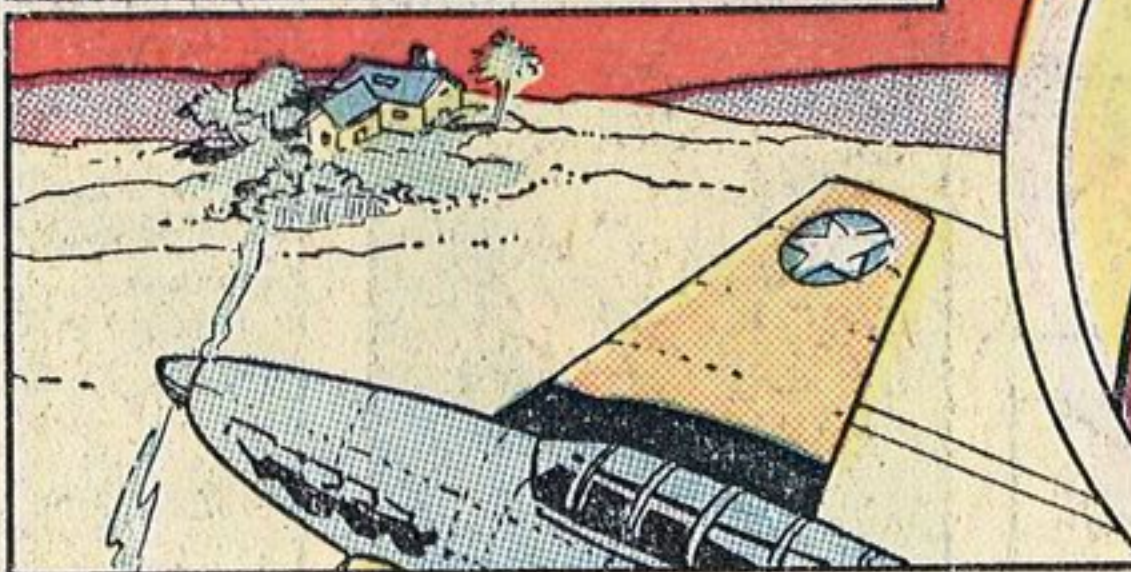
HOP A PLANE FOR THE WEST COAST AND CHECK THOSE MYSTERIOUS CRASHES!

WE'LL LEAVE IMMEDIATELY, CHIEF!



BUT HOSTILE EYES IN THE CABIN ARE TRAINED ON THE STEEL BIRD.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE PLANE WINGS OVER A SMALL SHACK SITUATED IN THE HEART OF THE DESERT.



HERR WETZPLETZ! A PLANE COMES!



A SECTION OF THE ROOF OPENS AND THE UGLY SNOUT OF THE GUN SLIDES OUT.

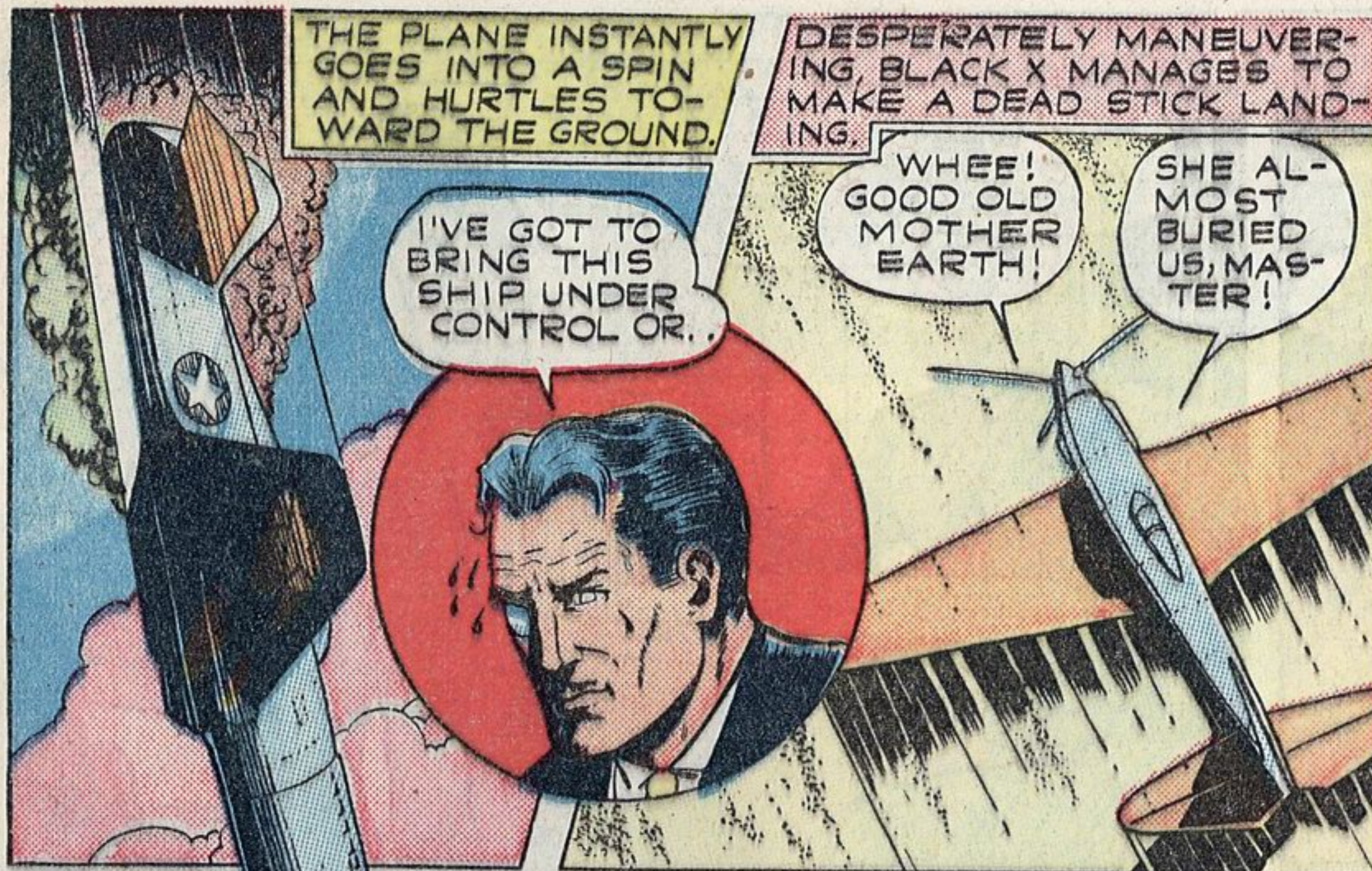
READY.. FIRE!!



A THICK, FILMY CLOUD OF SMOKE SURROUNDS THE PLANE.



WHAT'S THAT?



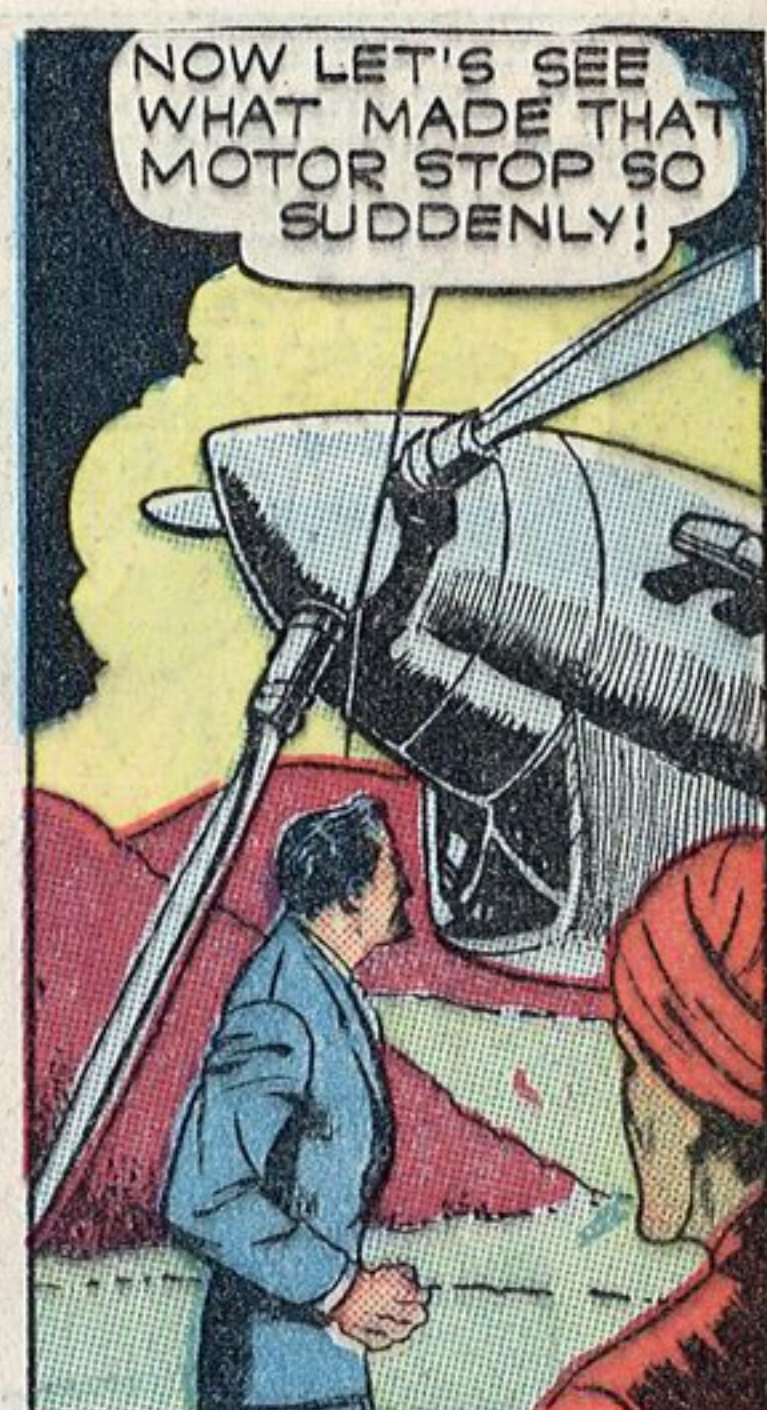
THE PLANE INSTANTLY GOES INTO A SPIN AND HURTTLES TOWARD THE GROUND.

DESPERATELY MANEUVERING, BLACK X MANAGES TO MAKE A DEAD STICK LANDING.

I'VE GOT TO BRING THIS SHIP UNDER CONTROL OR...

WHEE! GOOD OLD MOTHER EARTH!

SHE ALMOST BURIED US, MASTER!



NOW LET'S SEE WHAT MADE THAT MOTOR STOP SO SUDDENLY!

BUT BLACKX AND BATU ARE FACING ANOTHER PERIL.



DEY ARE SAFE, BUT NOT FOR LONG, ADOLPH!

THE ORIENTAL SENSES THE APPROACHING DANGER.

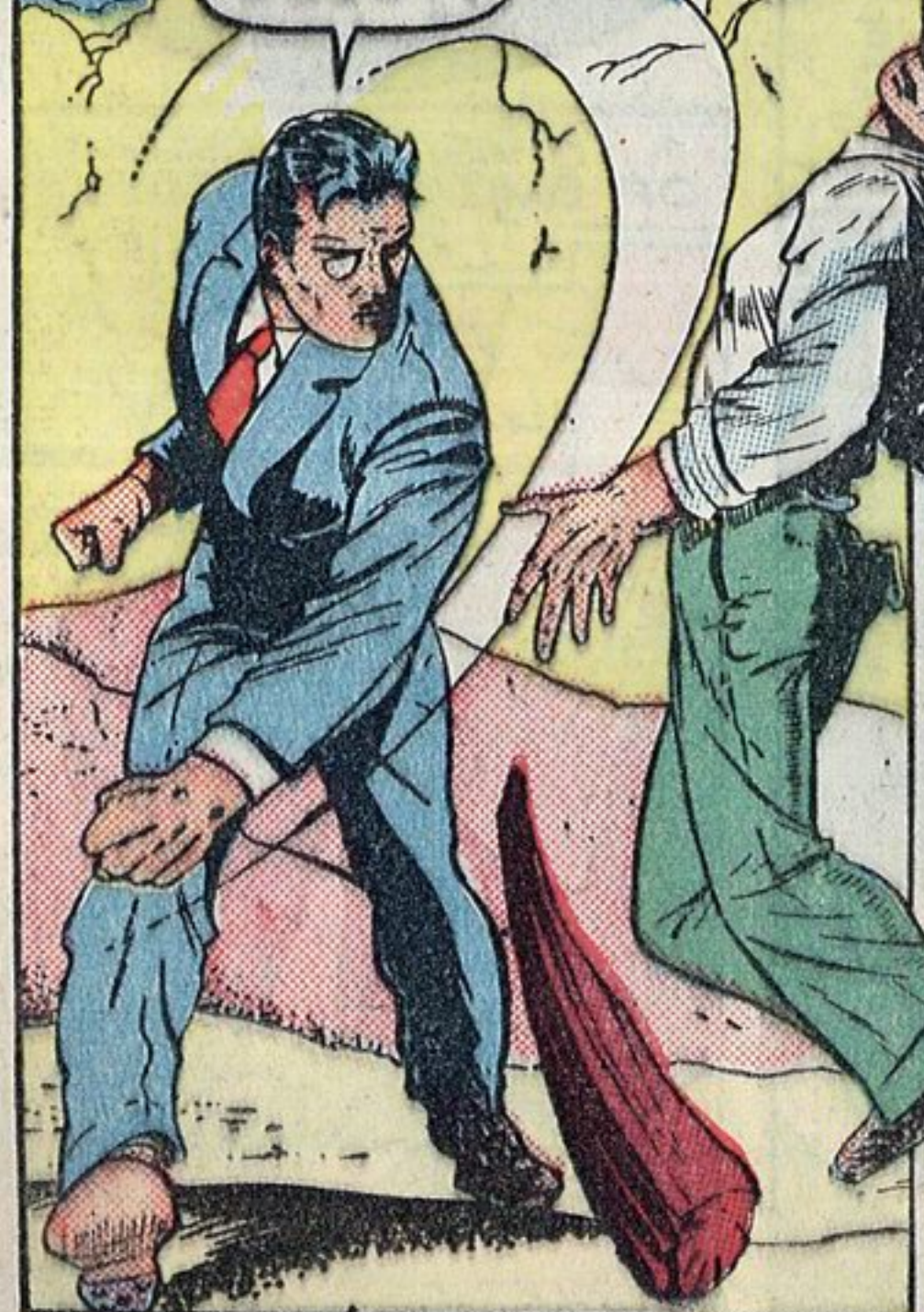


AND AS THE NAZI THUGS CHARGE, BATU PROJECTS HIS IMAGE BACKWARD.

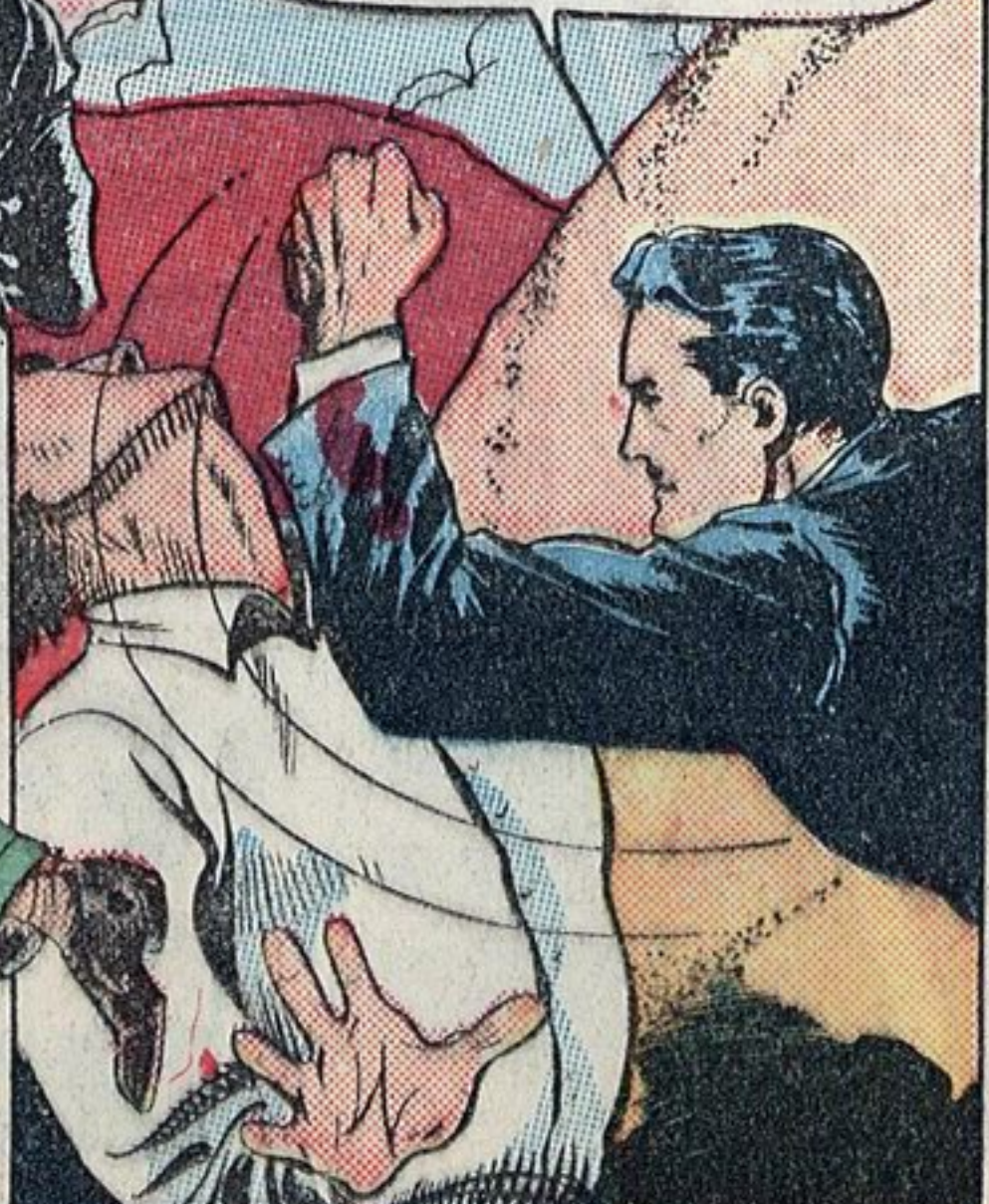


OOF! VOT ISS? ISS NOTHING!!

STRANGE COMPANY! A NEW BREED OF DESERT RAT, NO DOUBT!



I HAVE AN IDEA WHO WAS BEHIND THOSE PLANE CRASHES!

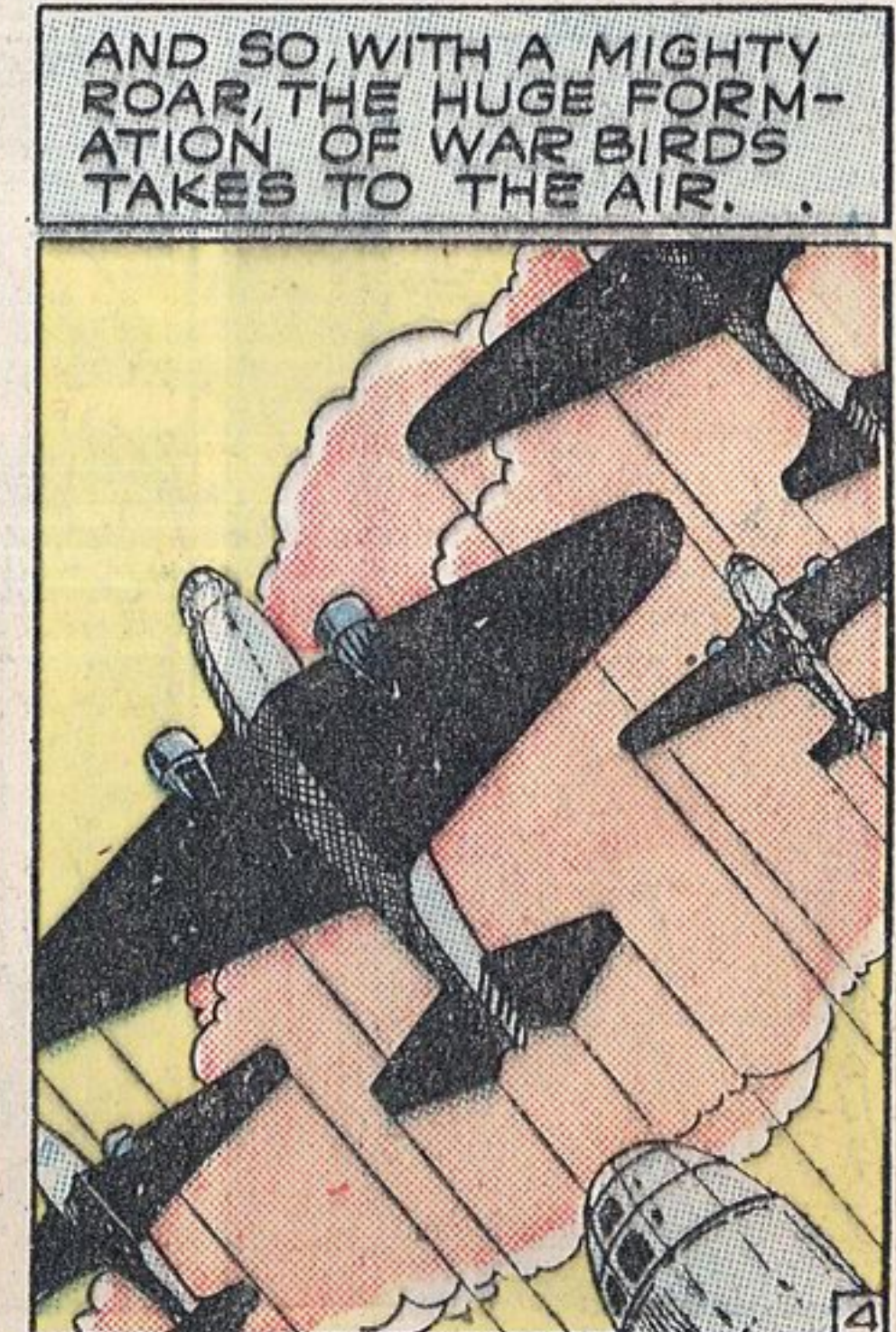
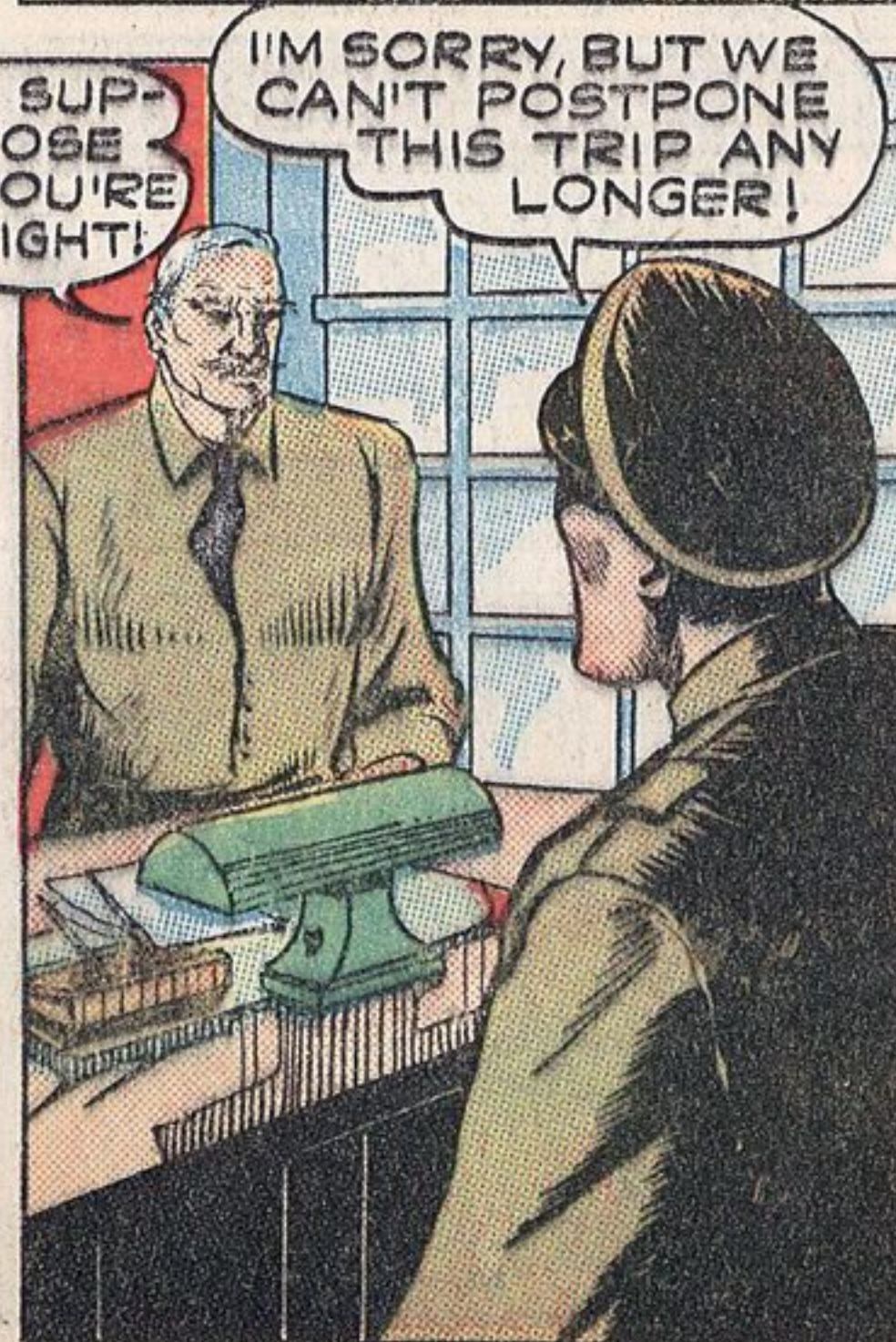
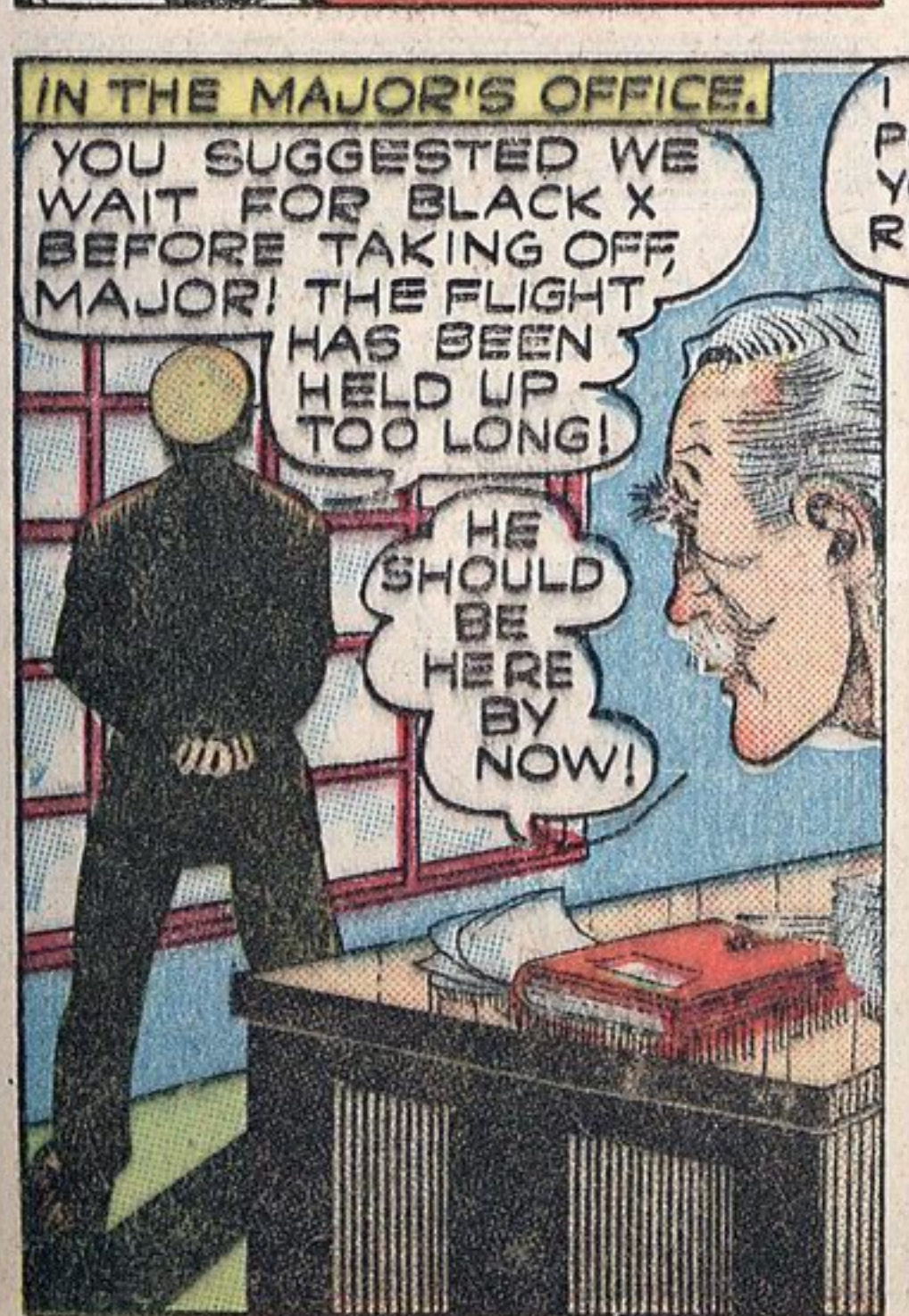
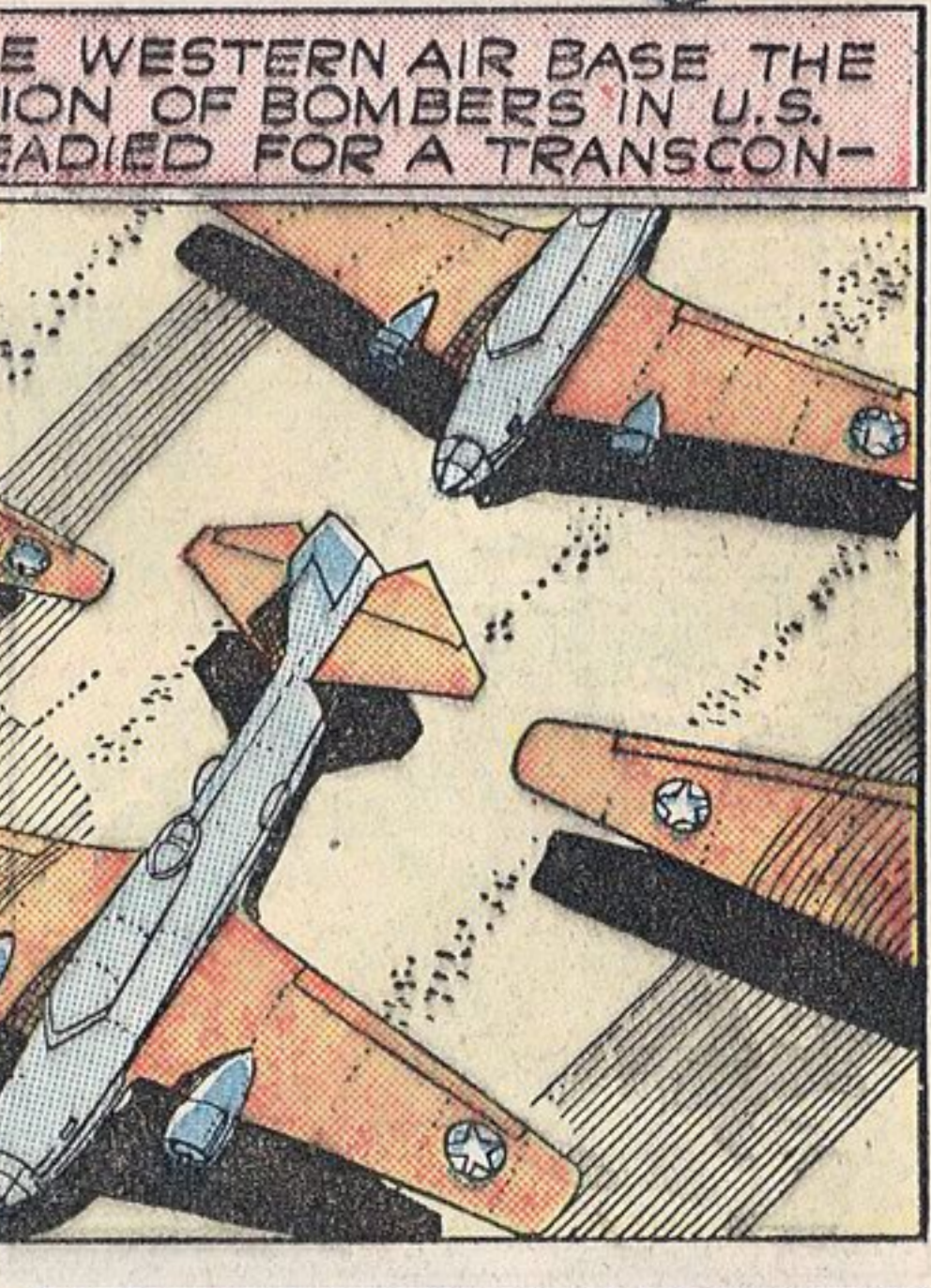
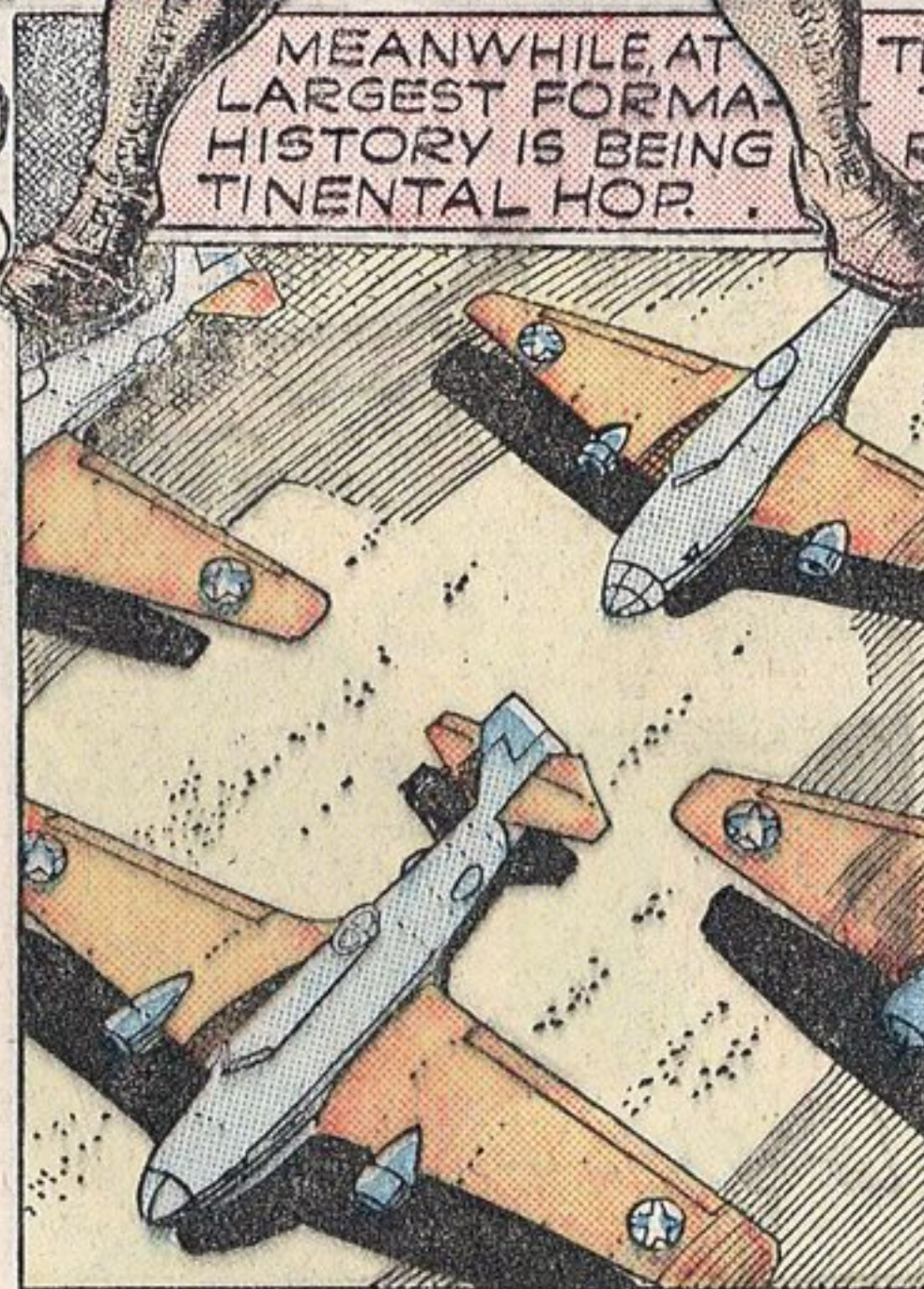
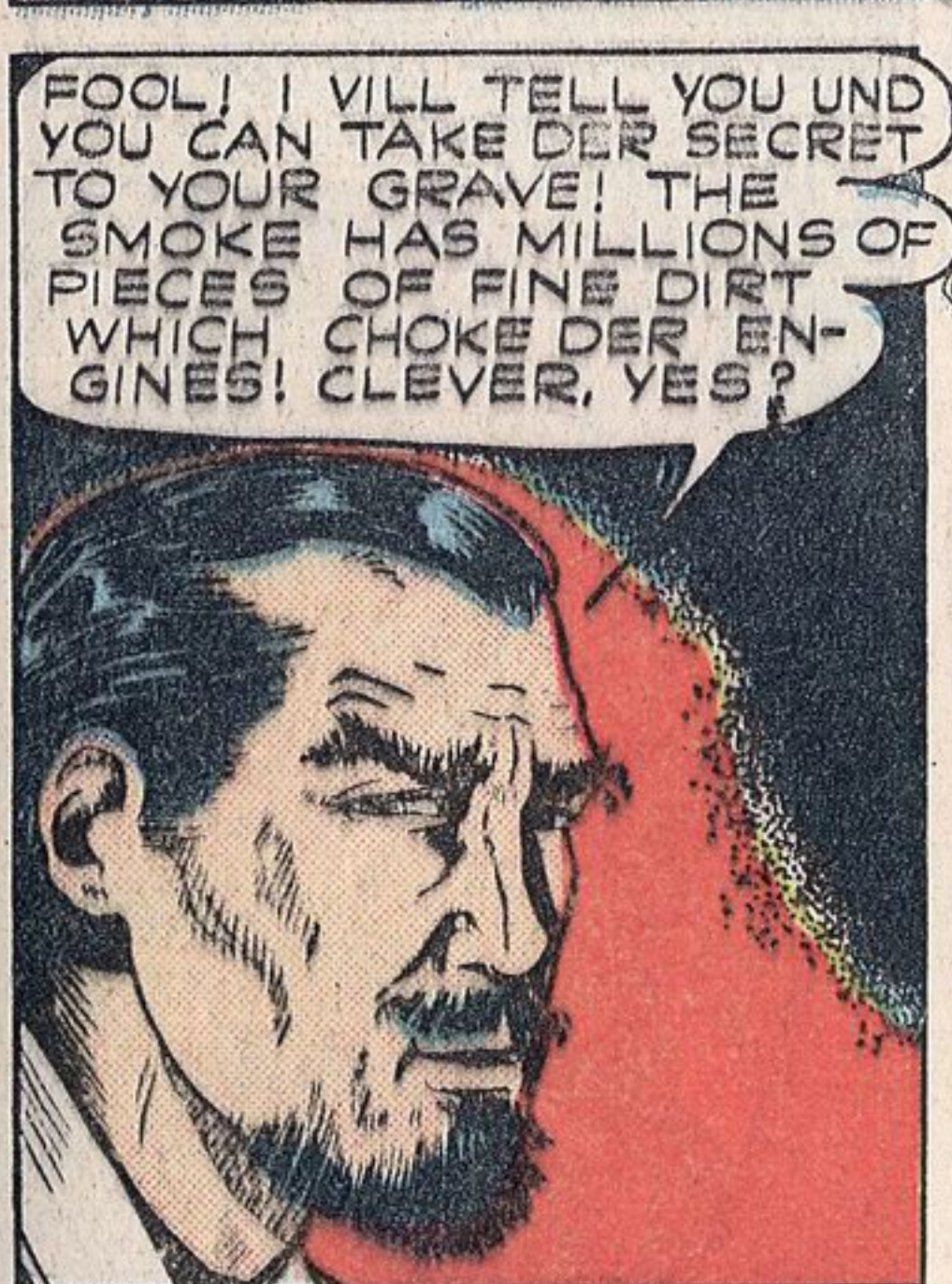
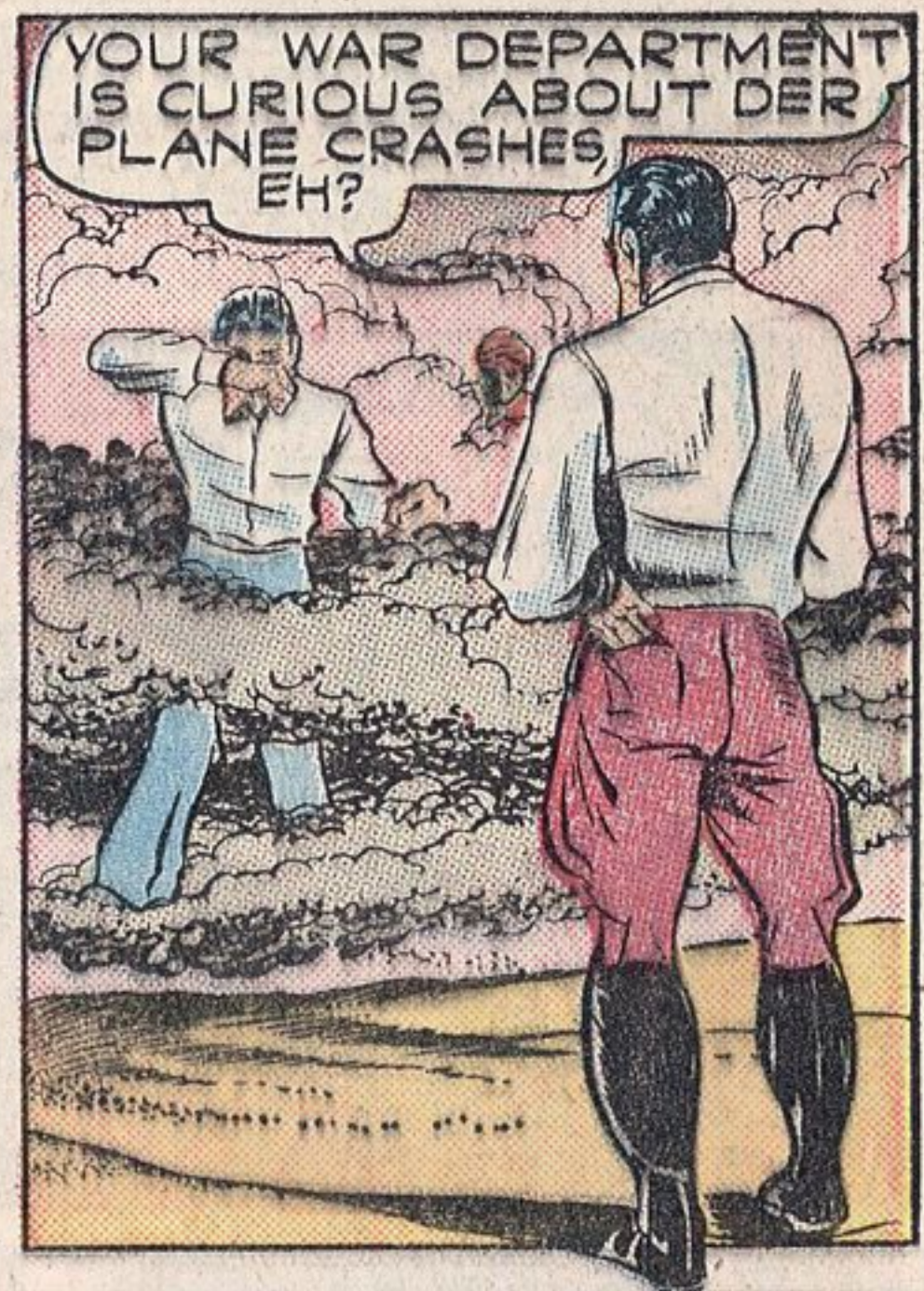
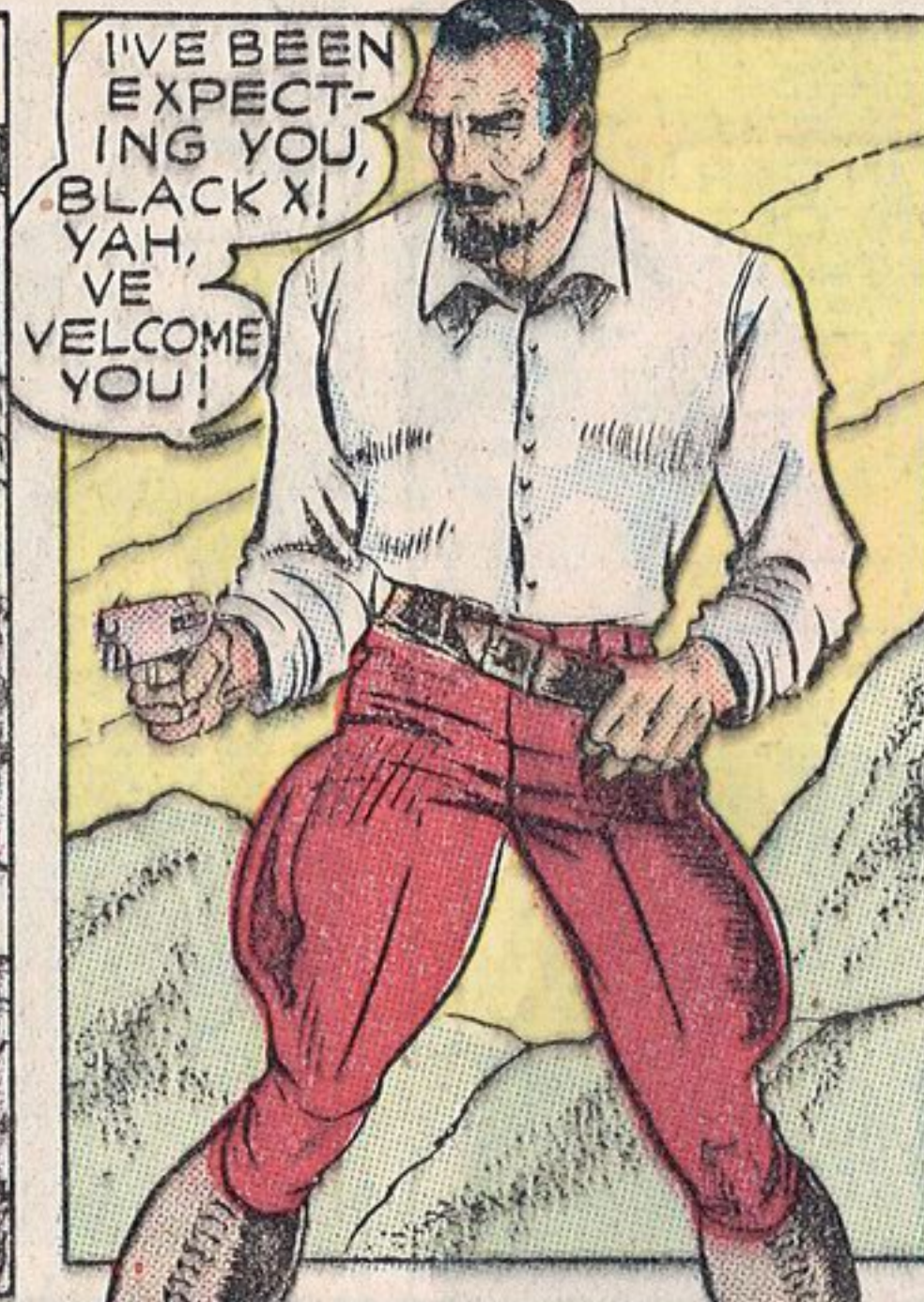


SEEING HIS CONFEDERATES LOSING THE BATTLE, A NAZI UNLEASHES A BLAST FROM THE SMOKE GUN.



DIS VILL STOP DOSE DEVILS!

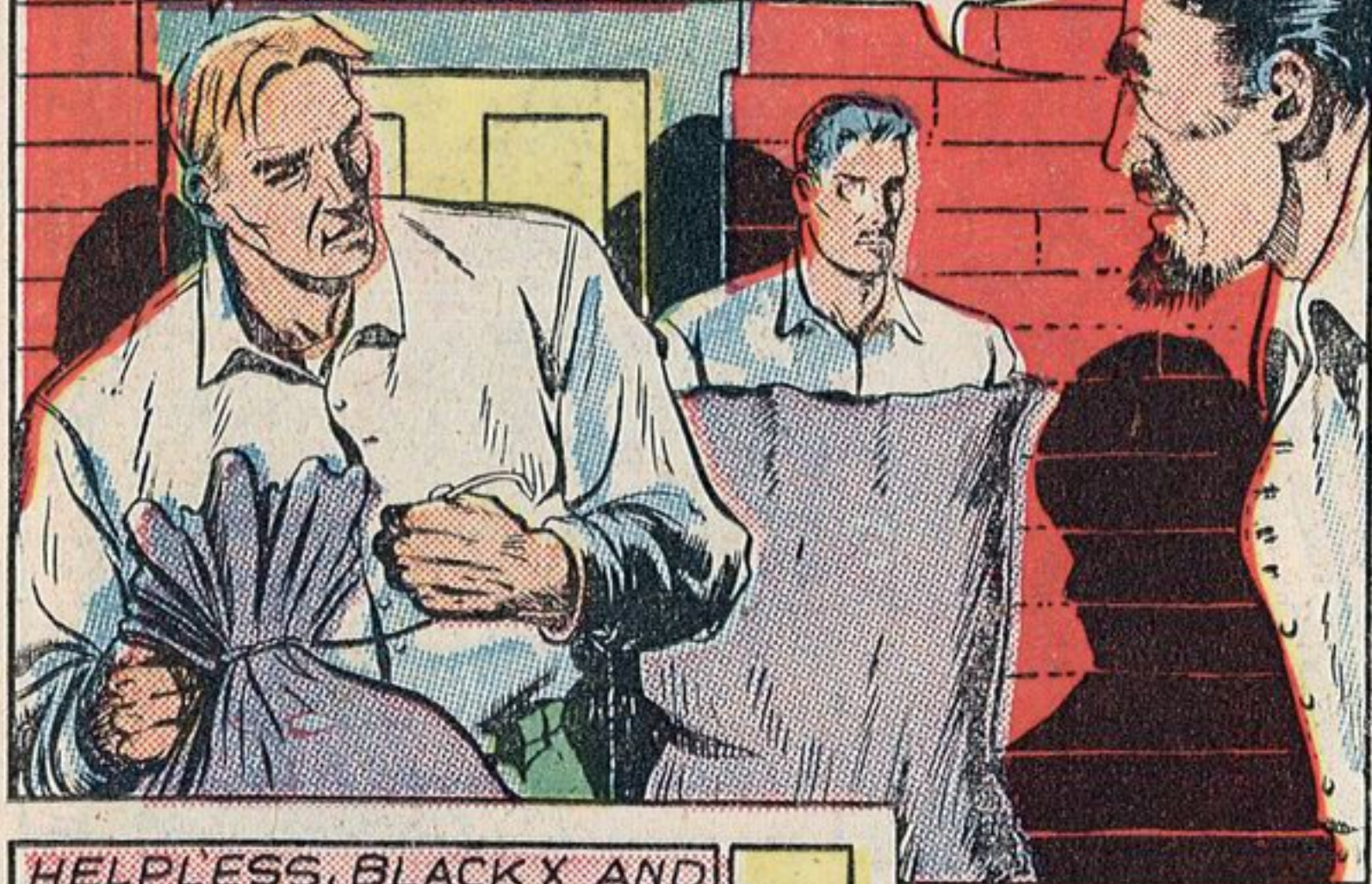
THE ACRID SMOKE PROVES TO BE AN OVERWHELMING WEAPON.



THE FIENDISH NAZI LEADER INGENUOUSLY HAS HIS TWO VICTIMS SEWN INTO BAGS.

YAH? A GOOT IDEA?

THROW THEM IN DER WATER TOWER. DOT VILL FINISH THEM?



OUR LEADER KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE OUR FOES.



HELPLESS, BLACK X AND BATU ARE THROWN INTO A WATERY GRAVE.

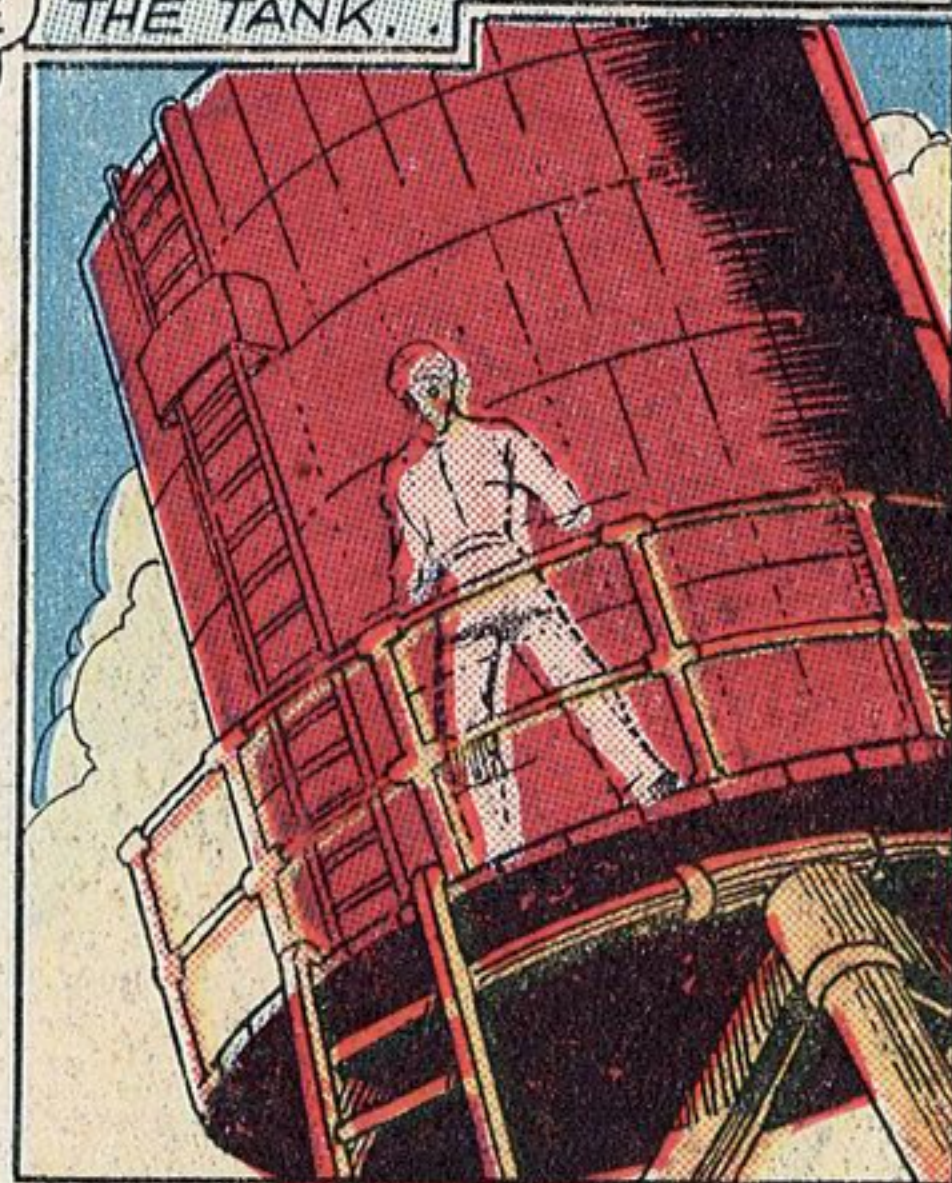


HO! HO! DEY CAN PRACTICE AN UNDER-WATER SWIMMING STROKE!

HA! HA! DEY VILL KEEP COOL IN THERE FOR A LONG TIME!



SUFFOCATING IN THE SACK, BATU PROJECTS HIS IMAGE TO RELEASE THE WATER FROM THE TANK.



THE IMAGE QUICKLY OPENS THE WATER COCK...

AS THE TANK BEGINS TO DRAIN, BLACK X KICKS HIS WAY OUT OF THE BAG.



WHEW! I THOUGHT THAT WAS THE END! BATU!! IS HE...? THANK HEAVENS! HE'S MOVING!

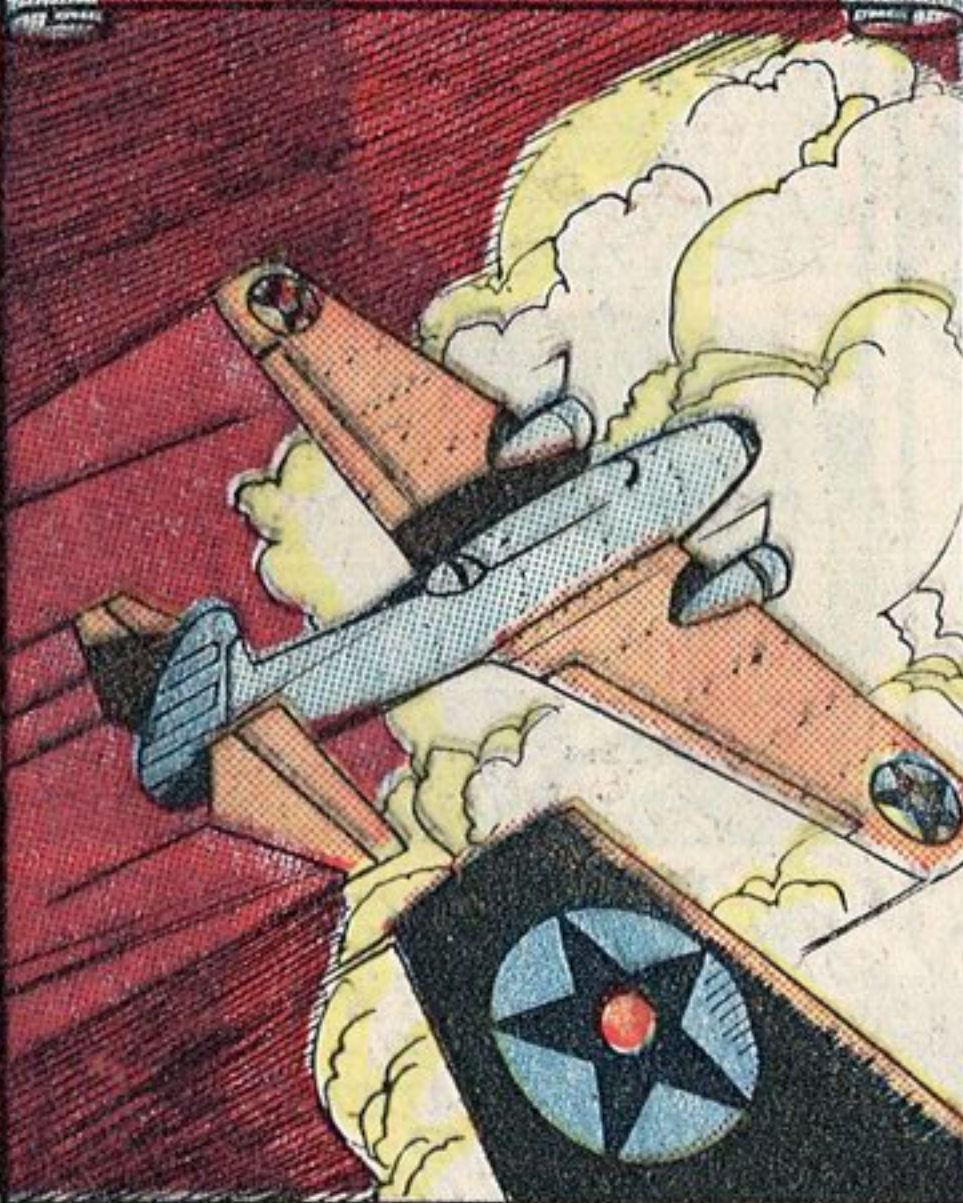


AS THEY LEAVE THE TANK, A POUNDING ROAR ASSAILS THEIR EARS.

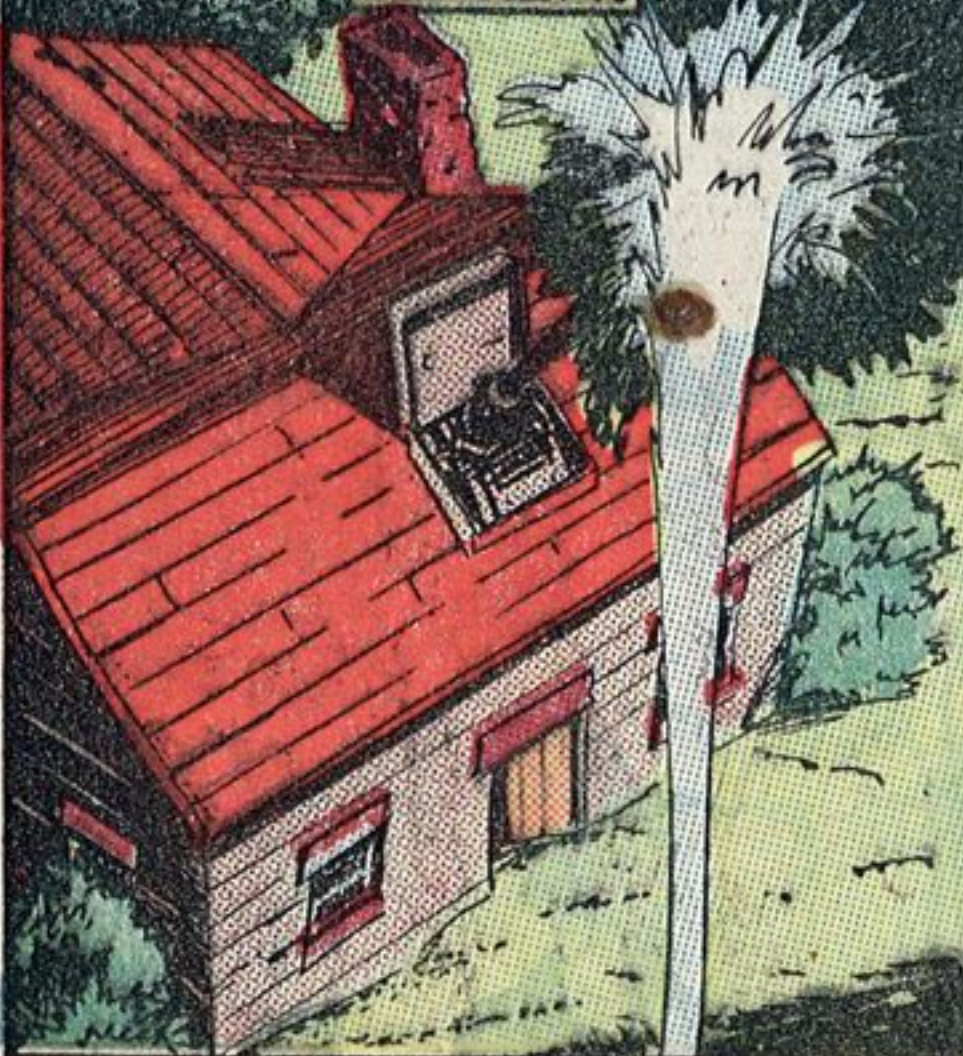
LOOK! IT'S A FLEET OF U.S. BOMBERS!



WINGING ITS WAY ACROSS THE DESERT, IS THE HUGE SQUADRON OF AMERICAN WAR BIRDS.



AS THE BLACK CLOUD OF DESTRUCTION IS FIRED, IT IS OBLITERATED BY A POWERFUL DISCHARGE OF WATER.



HURRY, BATU! TO THE OTHER TANK. THOSE PLANES ARE IN DANGER! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT SMOKE GUN!



IT'S BLACK X! HE'S FREE! SHOOT HIM QUICK!

THE SMOKE IS NULLIFIED BY THE WATER...

THANK HEAVENS. THE PLANES ARE SAFE!



BUT THE NAZIS ARE GETTING READY TO GREET THE BOMBERS WITH A MESSAGE OF DEATH.



DEY ARE OVERHEAD, ADOLPH! GET READY TO SHOOT!

... THE POWERFUL STREAM OF WATER IS TURNED ON THE MURDEROUS SPIES, KNOCKING THEM OUT.



BUT THE LEADER MANAGES TO ESCAPE IN HIS PLANE.



WATCH THOSE GUYS, BATU, I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

DASHING TO THE SMOKE GUN, BLACK X UNLEASHES A SMOKE CLOUD AT THE FLEEING SHIP.

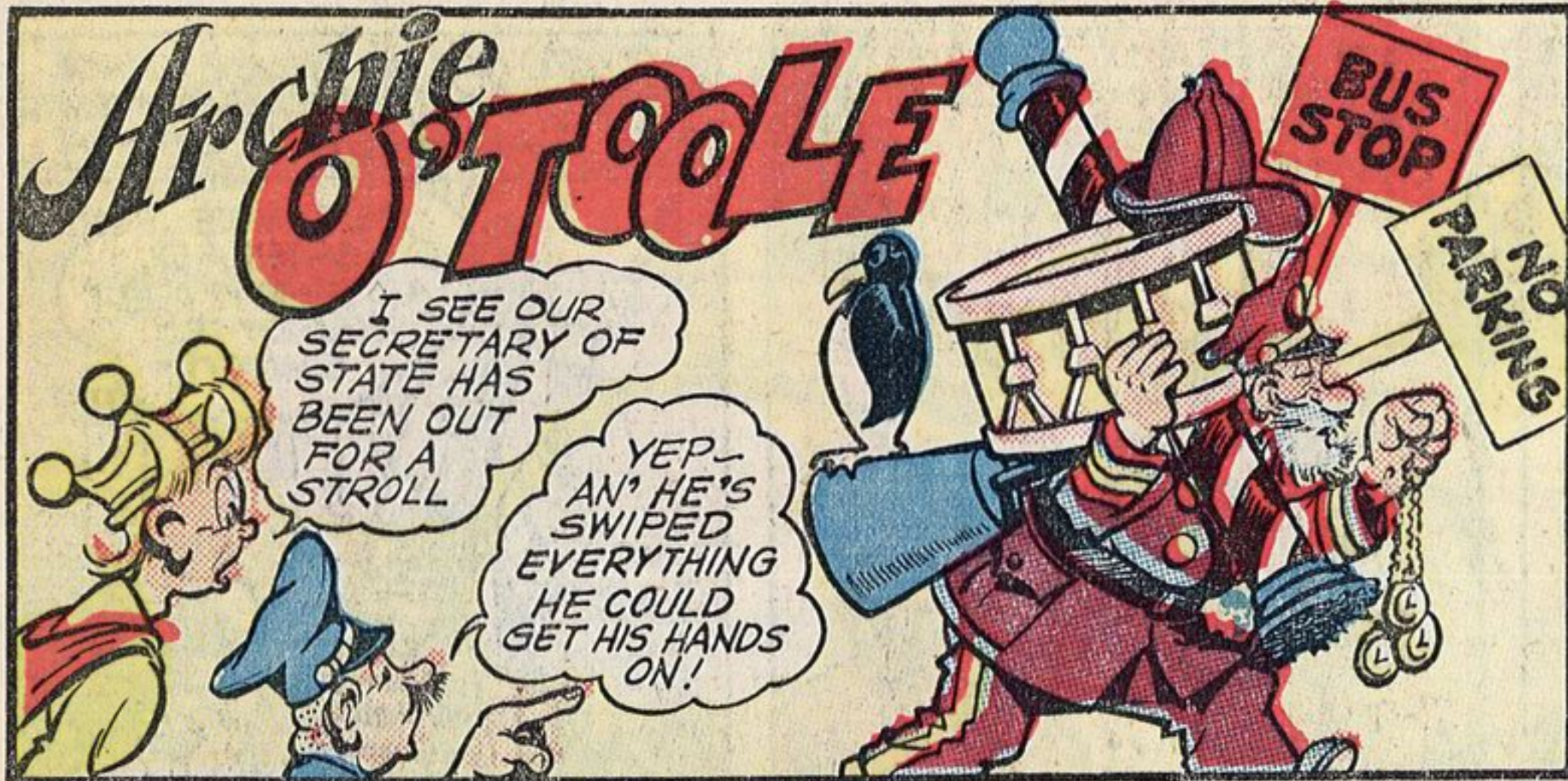


GOT HIM!

WELL, BATU! THAT'S THE END OF ANOTHER PLOT ON OUR WINGED GUARDIANS. WE'VE REGAINED THE FREEDOM OF THE SKIES!



THANKS TO YOU, MASTER!



I SEE OUR SECRETARY OF STATE HAS BEEN OUT FOR A STROLL

YEP— AN' HE'S SWIPED EVERYTHING HE COULD GET HIS HANDS ON!



HE'S CRACKED UP TRYING TO OUTSMART THESE DICTATORS WHO RUN AROUND PINCHIN' OTHER PEOPLE'S TERRITORY

AND GOT THAT WAY HIMSELF?

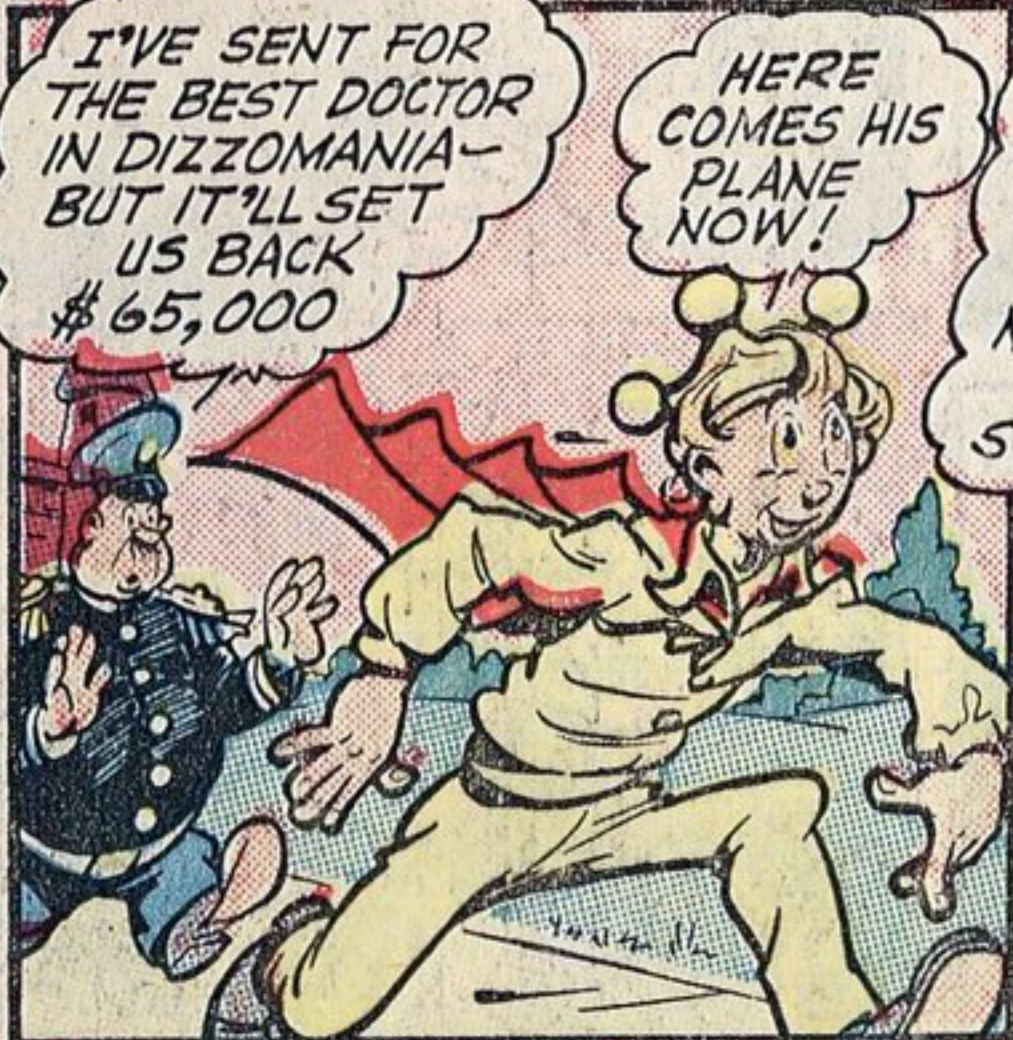


EXACTLY—AND HE'S THE ONLY GUY WE HAD SMART ENOUGH T'STOP BLITZOMANIA FROM INVADING US

CAN'T SOMETHING BE DONE?

GOOD HUNTIN'

ACME HOTEL



I'VE SENT FOR THE BEST DOCTOR IN DIZZOMANIA— BUT IT'LL SET US BACK \$65,000

HERE COMES HIS PLANE NOW!



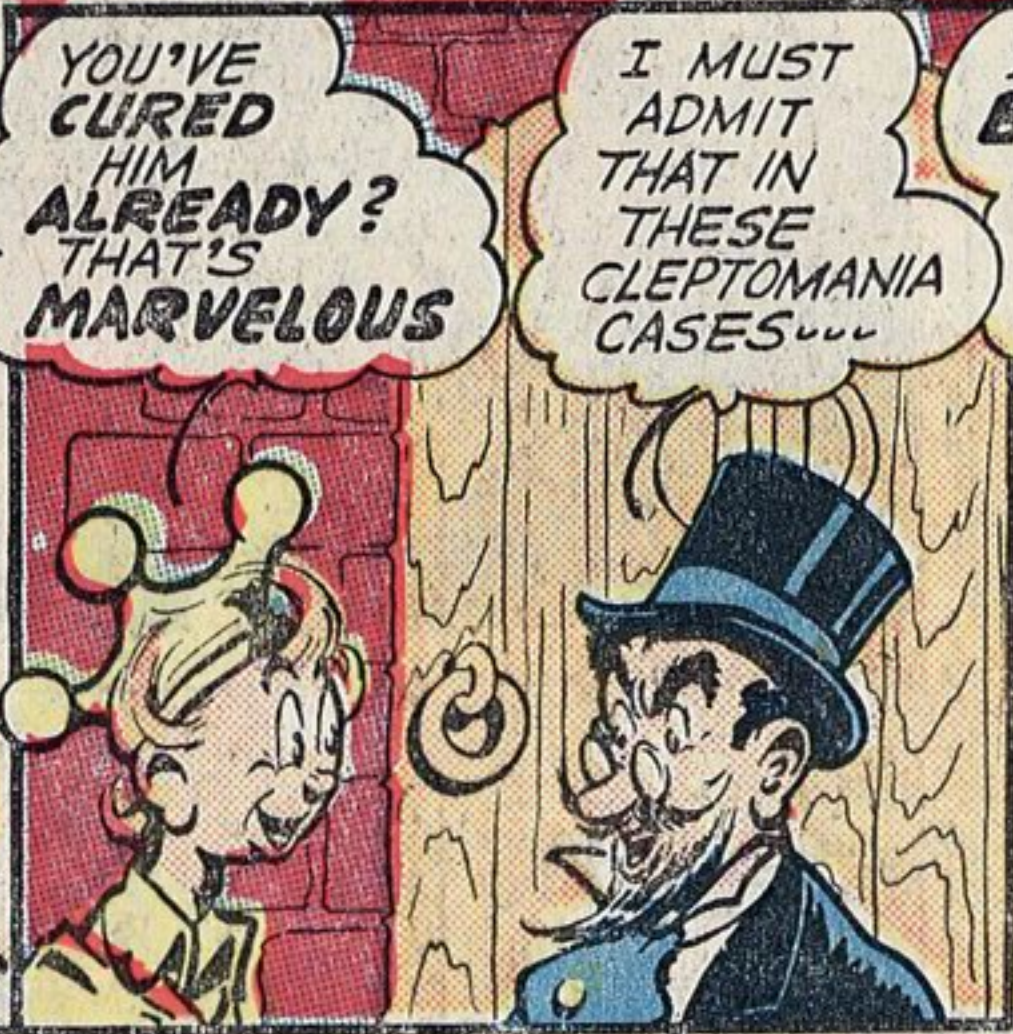
YOU GOTTA CURE HIM, DOC— OUR NATION'S AT STAKE

I NEVER FAIL! WHERE'S A TOWEL— THE PATIENT— AND \$65,000 PLEASE



SAY— NIZMUP NOVGOROD

ISTANBUL



YOU'VE CURED HIM ALREADY? THAT'S MARVELOUS

I MUST ADMIT THAT IN THESE CLEPTOMANIA CASES...



I TAKE A BACK SEAT FOR NOBODY

BUT I TOOK ONE FROM YOU, DOC!



AND THAT AIN'T ALL I GOT WHEN I CLIPPED YOUR HIP POCKET EITHER

I SNIPPED BLITZOMANIA'S SECRET WAR PLANS YOU WERE HOLDIN' AS THEIR HEAD SPY!

GET ME AN ASPIRIN— GET ME A TAILOR!— GET ME OUTTA HERE



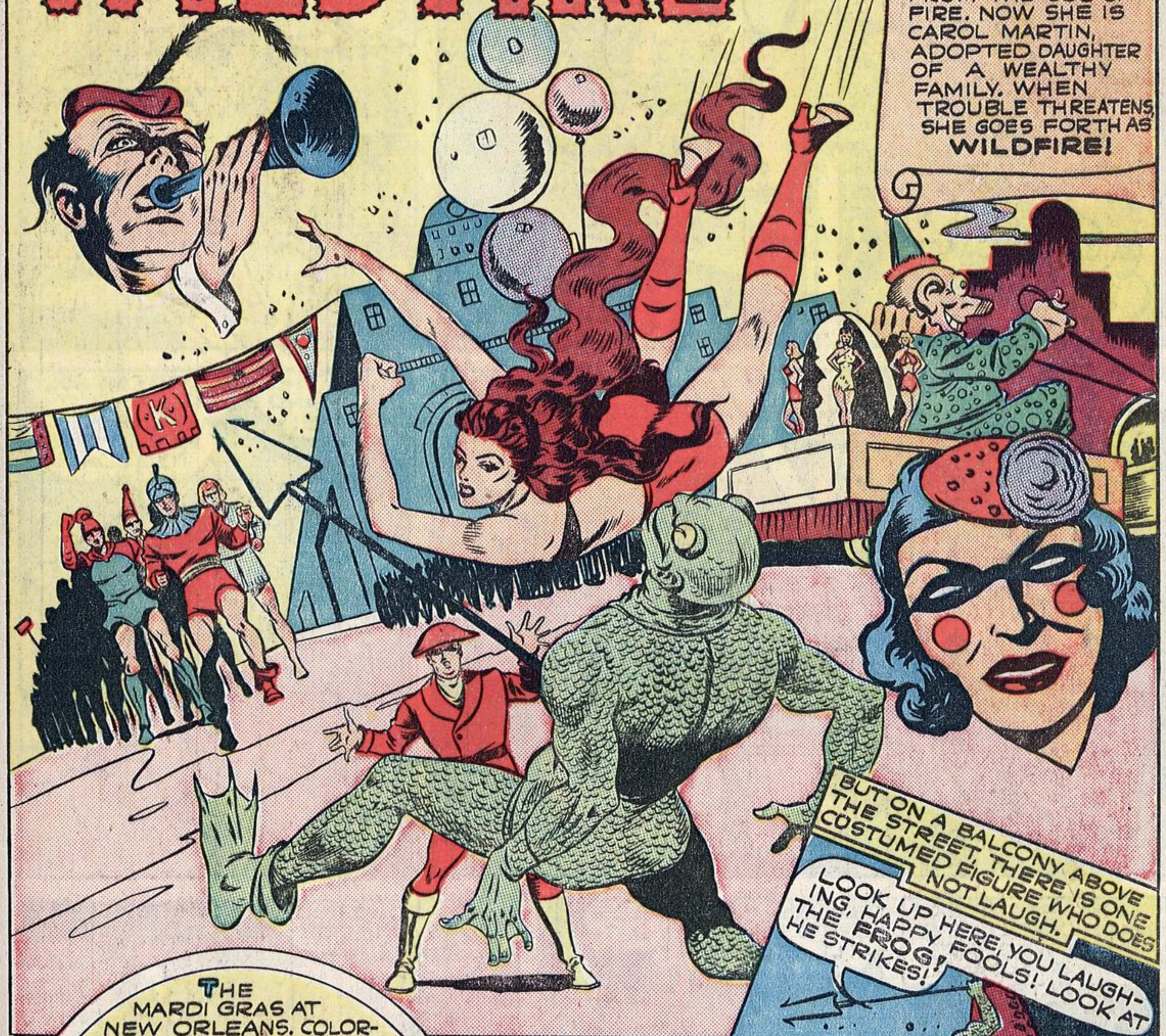
WELL— AT LEAST GET ME A DOCTOR THEN!

HELLO BLITZOMANIA? WE NIPPED YOUR INVASION IN THE SEAT OF YOUR SPY'S PANTS!

WILDFIRE

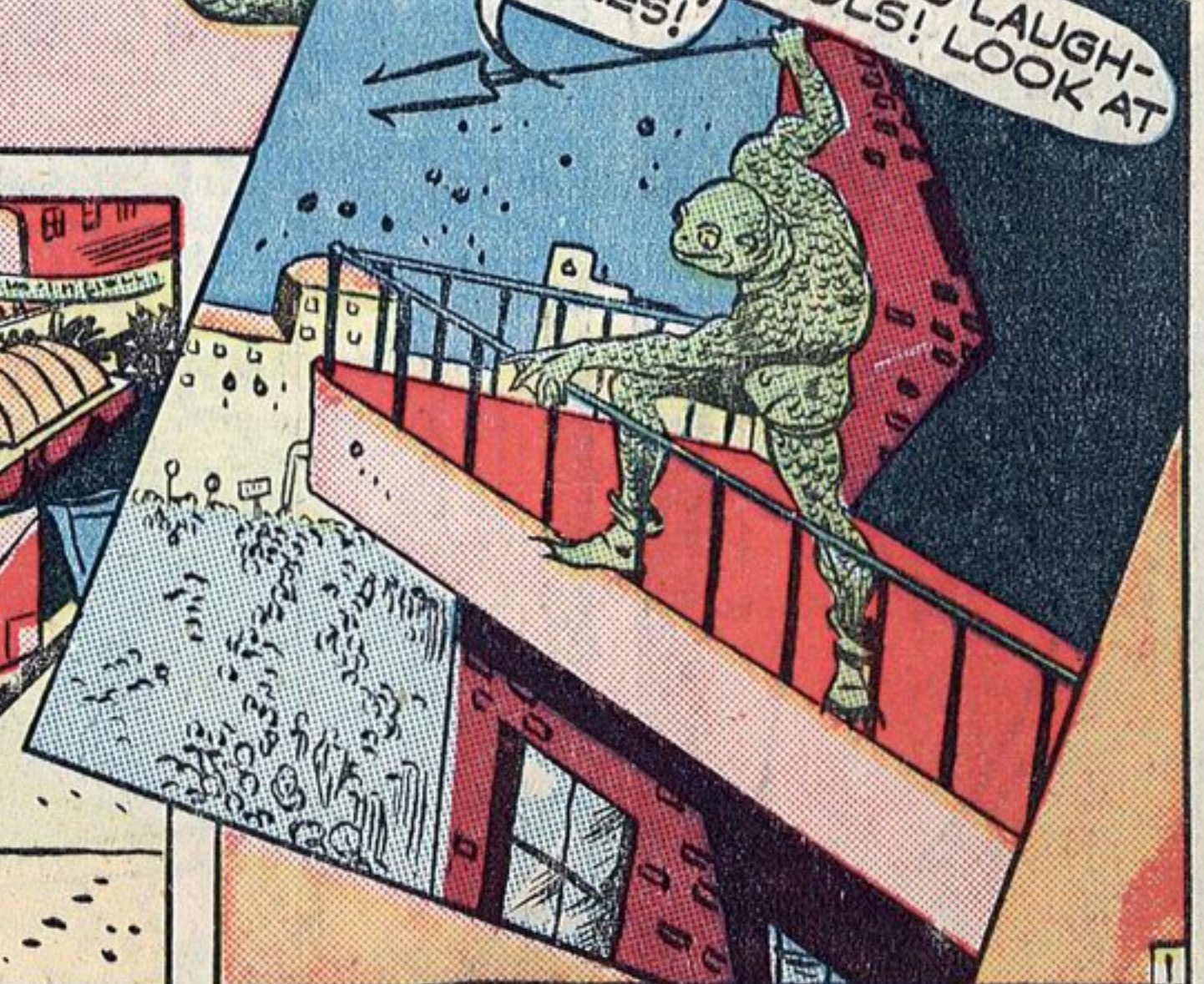
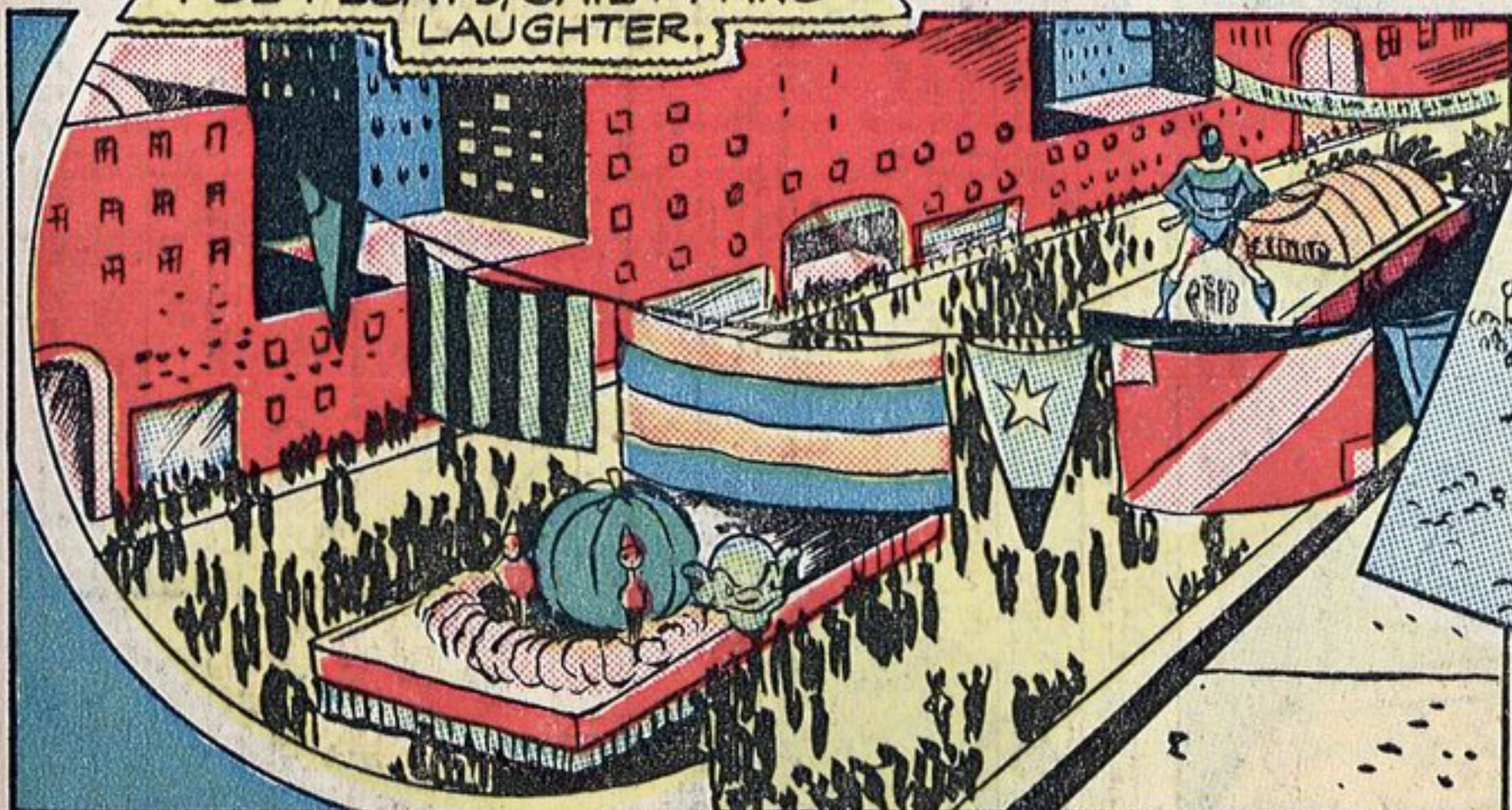
by
ROBERT
TURNER
AND
JIM MOONEY

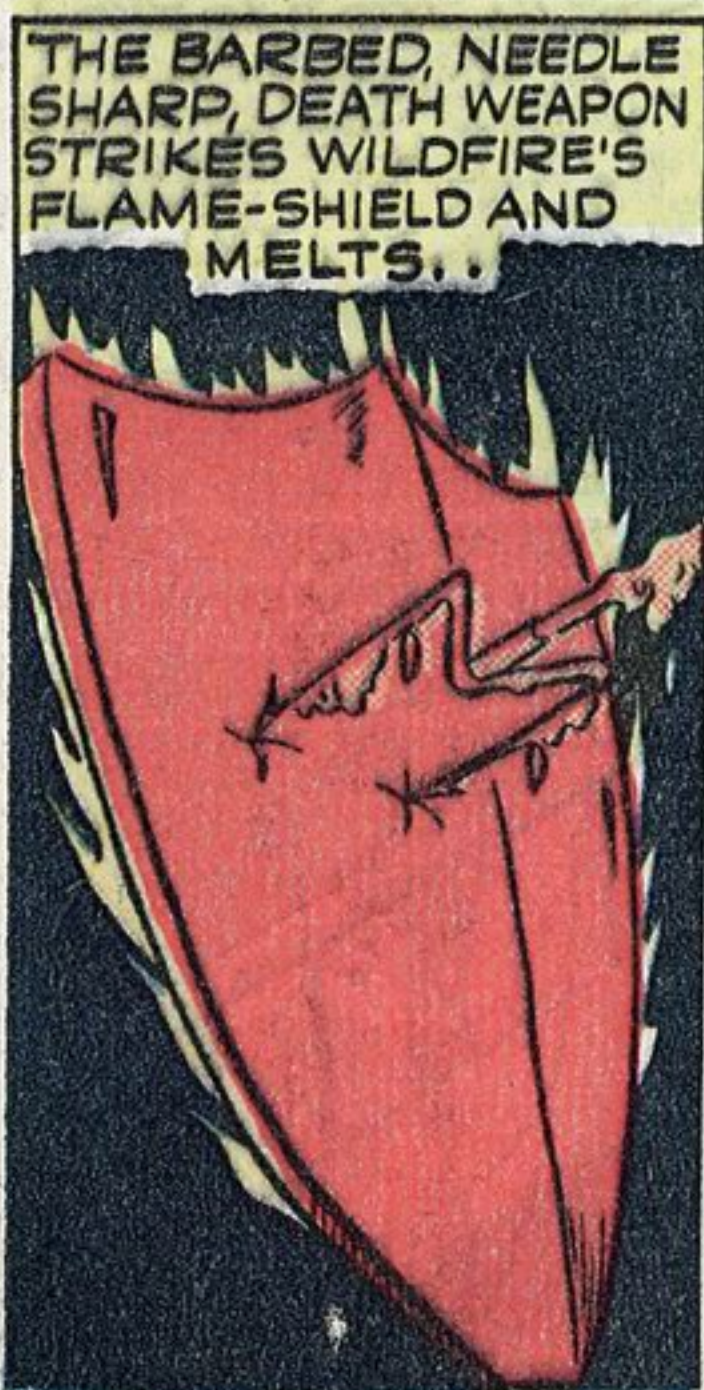
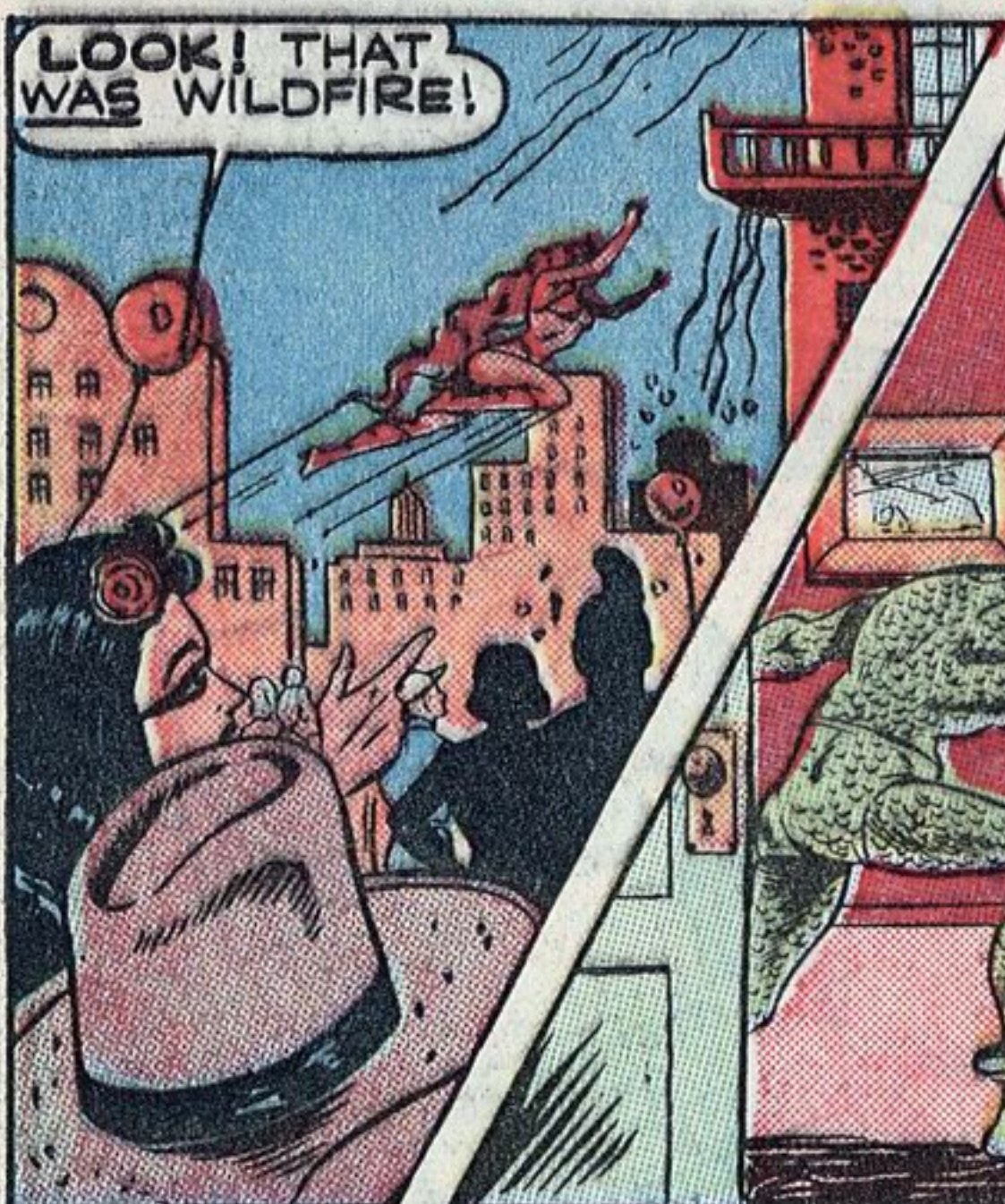
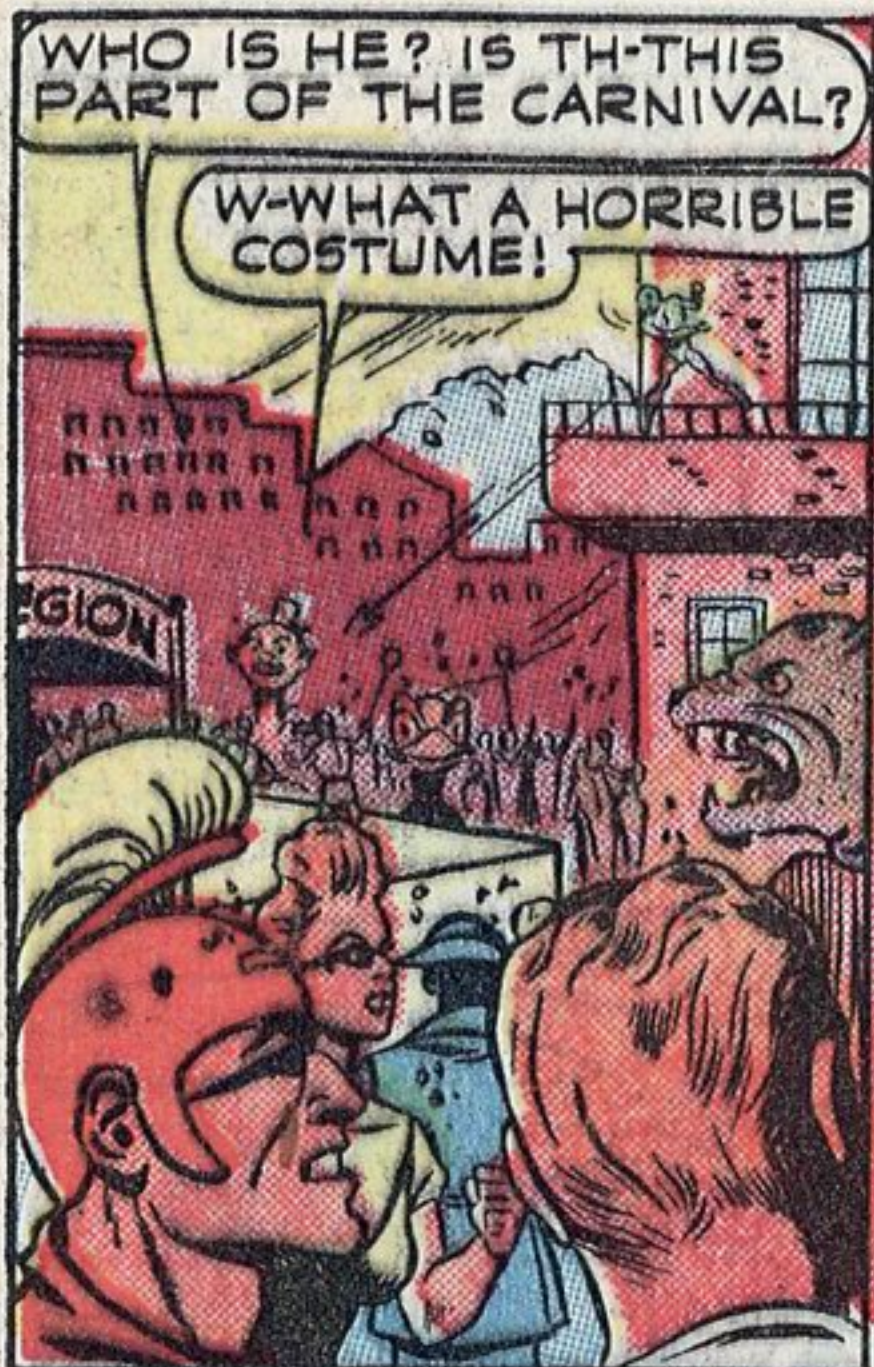
WHEN CAROL VANCE WAS ORPHANED BY A FOREST FIRE, SHE RECEIVED THE GIFT OF COMPLETE CONTROL OVER FLAME FROM THE GOD OF FIRE. NOW SHE IS CAROL MARTIN, ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF A WEALTHY FAMILY. WHEN TROUBLE THREATENS, SHE GOES FORTH AS WILDFIRE!

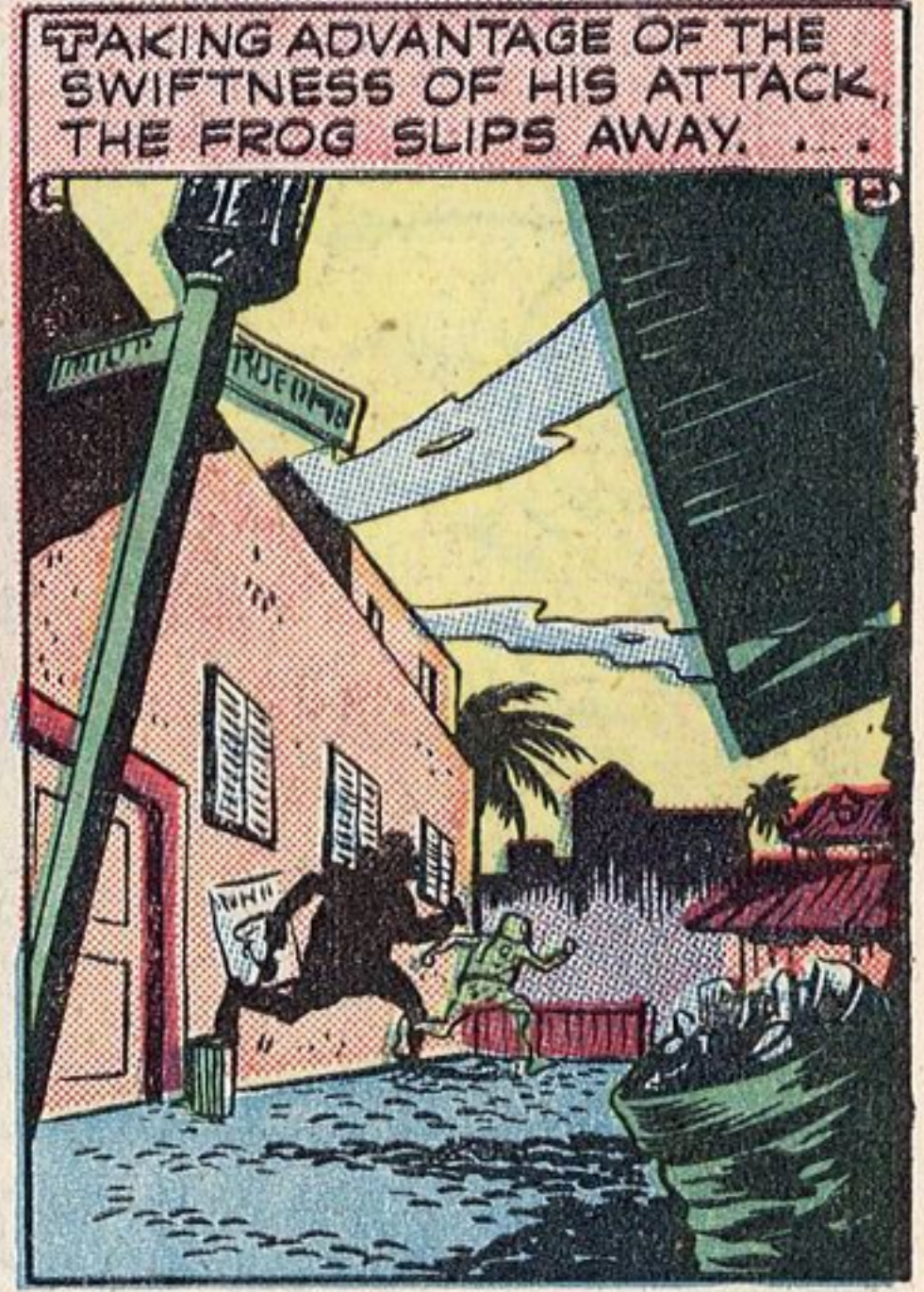
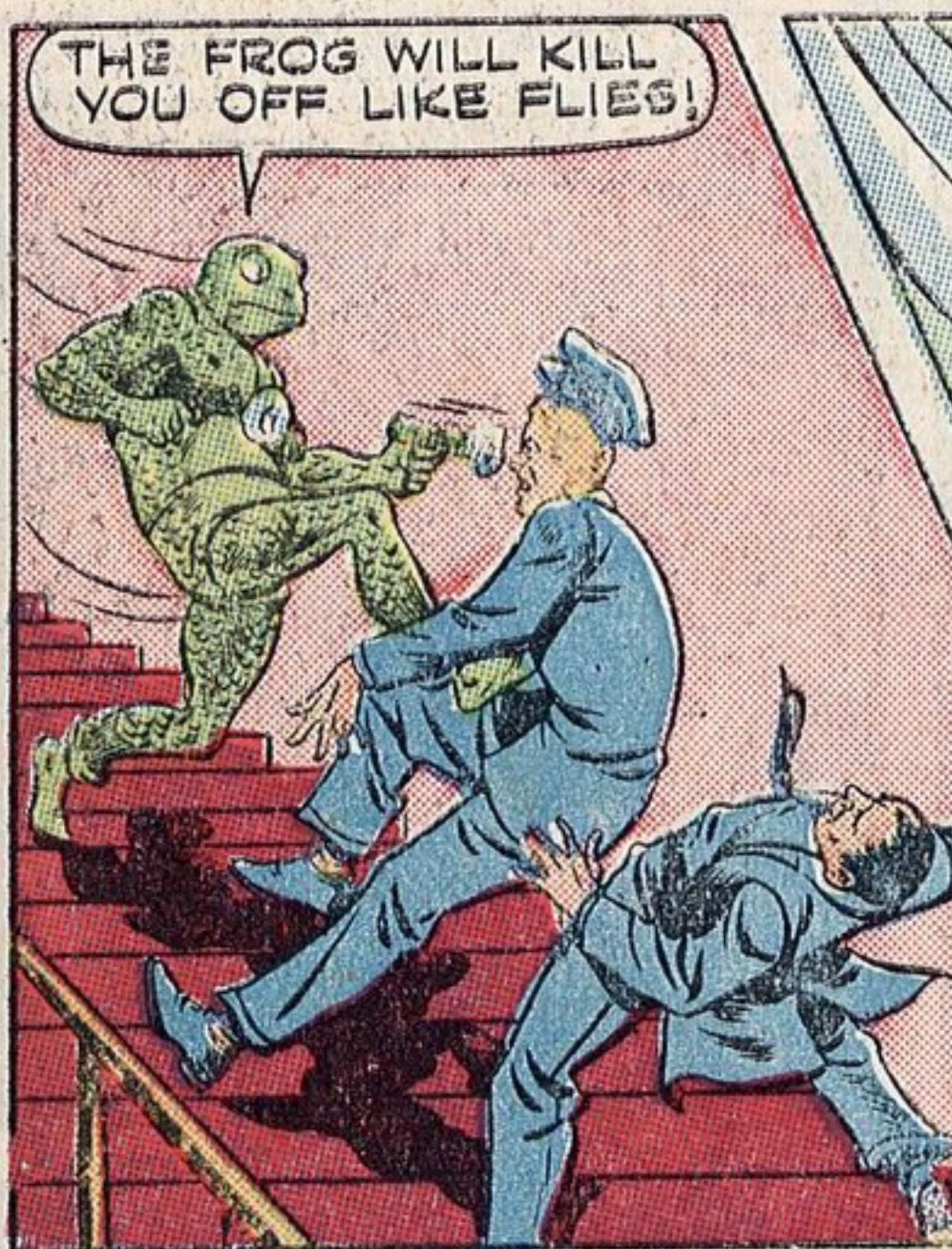


THE
MARDI GRAS AT
NEW ORLEANS. COLOR-
FUL FLOATS, GAIETY AND
LAUGHTER.

BUT ON A BALCONY ABOVE
THE STREET, THERE IS ONE
COSTUMED FIGURE WHO DOES
NOT LAUGH.
LOOK UP HERE, YOU LAUGH-
ING, HAPPY FOOLS! LOOK AT
THE FROG! HE STRIKES!







MORE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE HOTEL. WILDFIRE RECOVERED, TELLS THEM WHAT HAPPENED.

IF THAT FIRE HOSE HAD NOT BEEN SO HANDY..

TOUGH LUCK, MISS WILDFIRE, WE'RE BRINGING SOME LEGIONAIRES WHO WERE ON THE FLOAT FOR QUESTIONING. MAYBE WE'LL GET A CLUE!



HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHY THE FROG PICKED ON YOUR FLOAT, MEN?

I HAVE! I TOLD THE BOYS, BUT THEY SAID I WAS CRAZY! BUT IT MUST BE THAT, IT MUST BE!



THERE WAS A GUY IN OUR OUTFIT IN FRANCE CALLED FROGGY MILLER. WE USED TO KID HIM BECAUSE HE LOOKED JUST LIKE A FROG. . POP- PING EYES, BIG MOUTH AND BOW LEGS. . HE WAS A COWARD AND A THIEF. . WAS FINALLY BOOTED OUT OF THE ARMY. . HE SWORE TO GET REVENGE ON ALL OF US!



THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING IN YOUR IDEA... KNOWING YOUR POST WAS HOLDING A CONVENTION HERE DURING THE MARDI GRAS, IT WOULD GIVE HIM A GOOD CHANCE TO STRIKE!

IF THAT'S TRUE, NONE OF THE REST OF YOU ARE SAFE!

BUT THE MARDI GRAS GOES ON, THE SUDDEN TRAGEDY TEMPORARILY FORGOTTEN, BUT IN THE CITY'S LATIN QUARTER

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO MEET THE BOSS IN A BACK ROOM OF THIS DIVE!

I WONDER WHAT THE JOB IS!

YOUR END IS SIMPLE. SOON THE REST OF THE LEGIONAIRES WILL BE IN THEIR HOTEL ROOMS SLEEPING OFF THE NIGHT'S FESTIVITIES. WHILE I VISIT EACH OF THEM YOU ARE TO STAND GUARD!

AGAINST WHAT?

AGAINST ANY INTERFERENCE ON THE PART OF WILDFIRE. THERE MIGHT NOT BE ANY WATER HANDY, BUT THIS CHLOROFORM SHOULD DO THE TRICK!

AN HOUR LATER IN THE HOTEL WHERE THE LEGIONAIRES ARE STAYING. . . .

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA TO STAY ON WATCH HERE!

BUT SUDDENLY SHADOWY FIGURES STEAL UP BEHIND WILDFIRE.

AND THIS FIRE-EATING FRILL IS SUPPOSED TO BE TOUGH! HMMPH!

SHE LIKES TO PLAY WITH FIRE SO WE'LL MAKE THIS HER FUNERAL PYRE, HEH, HEH!

CUT THE POETRY AND LET'S GET UP AND JOIN THE BOSS!

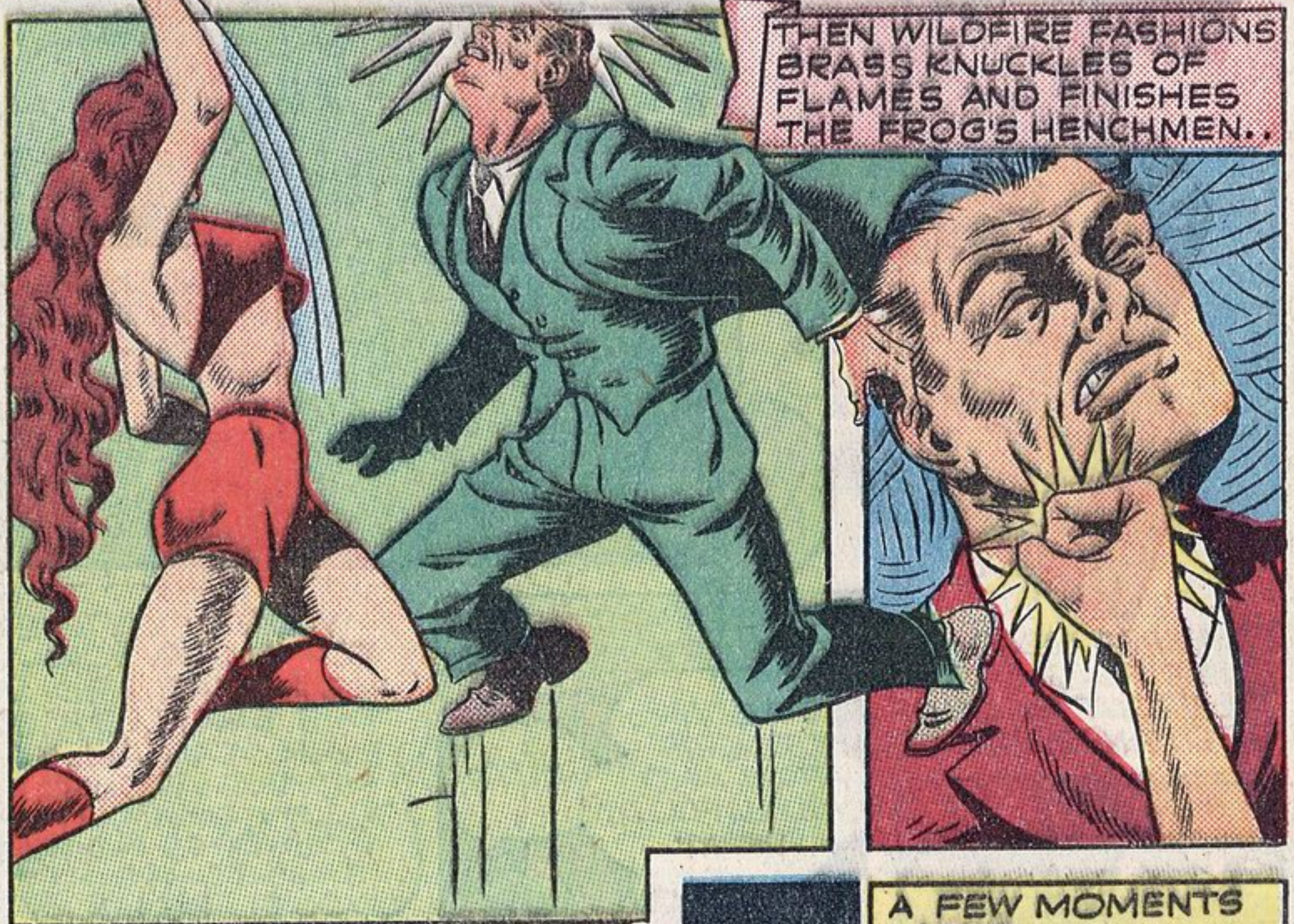
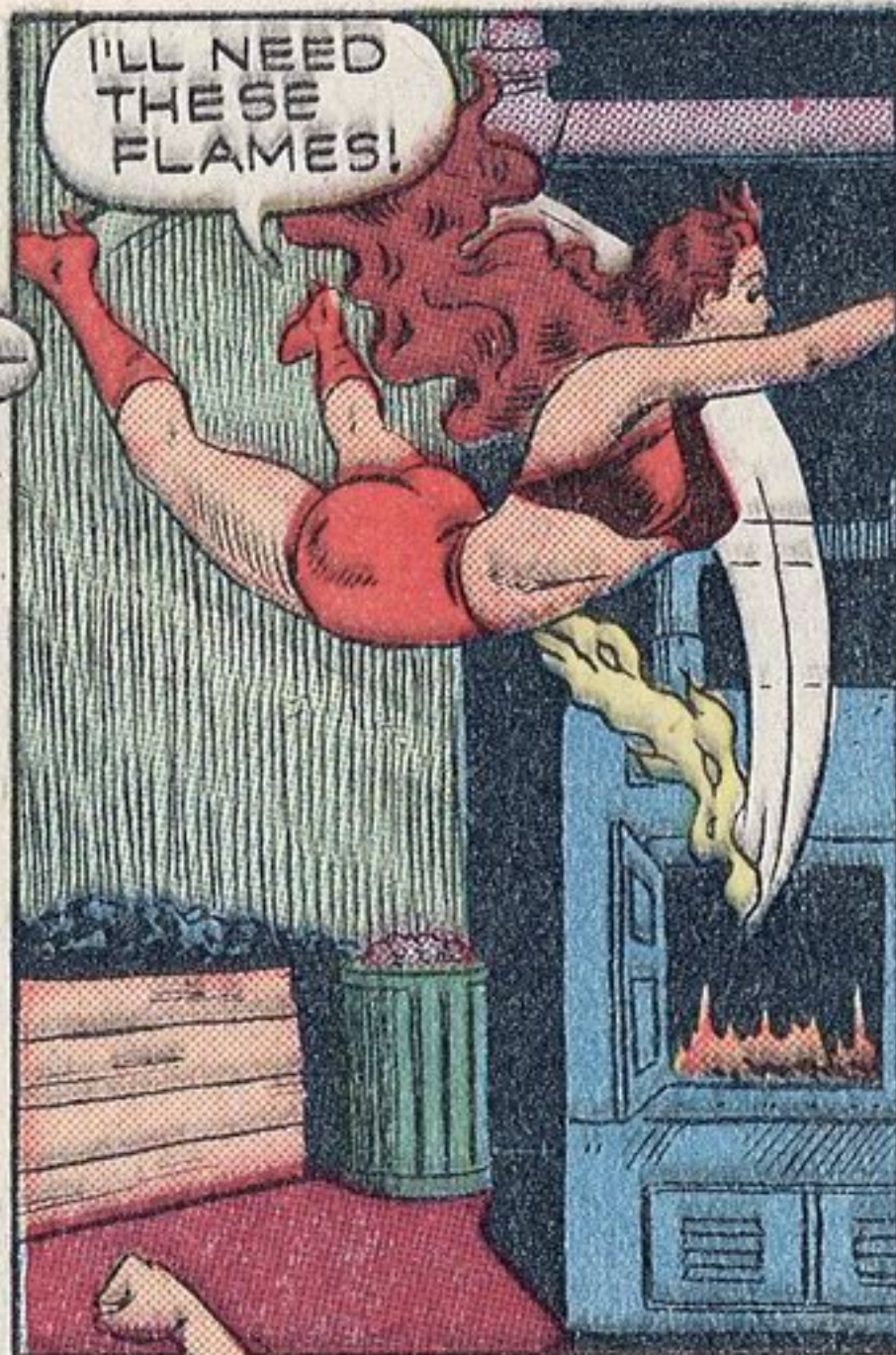
MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS, WHOLE-SALE MURDER SPREADS THROUGH THE ROOMS OF THE HOTEL

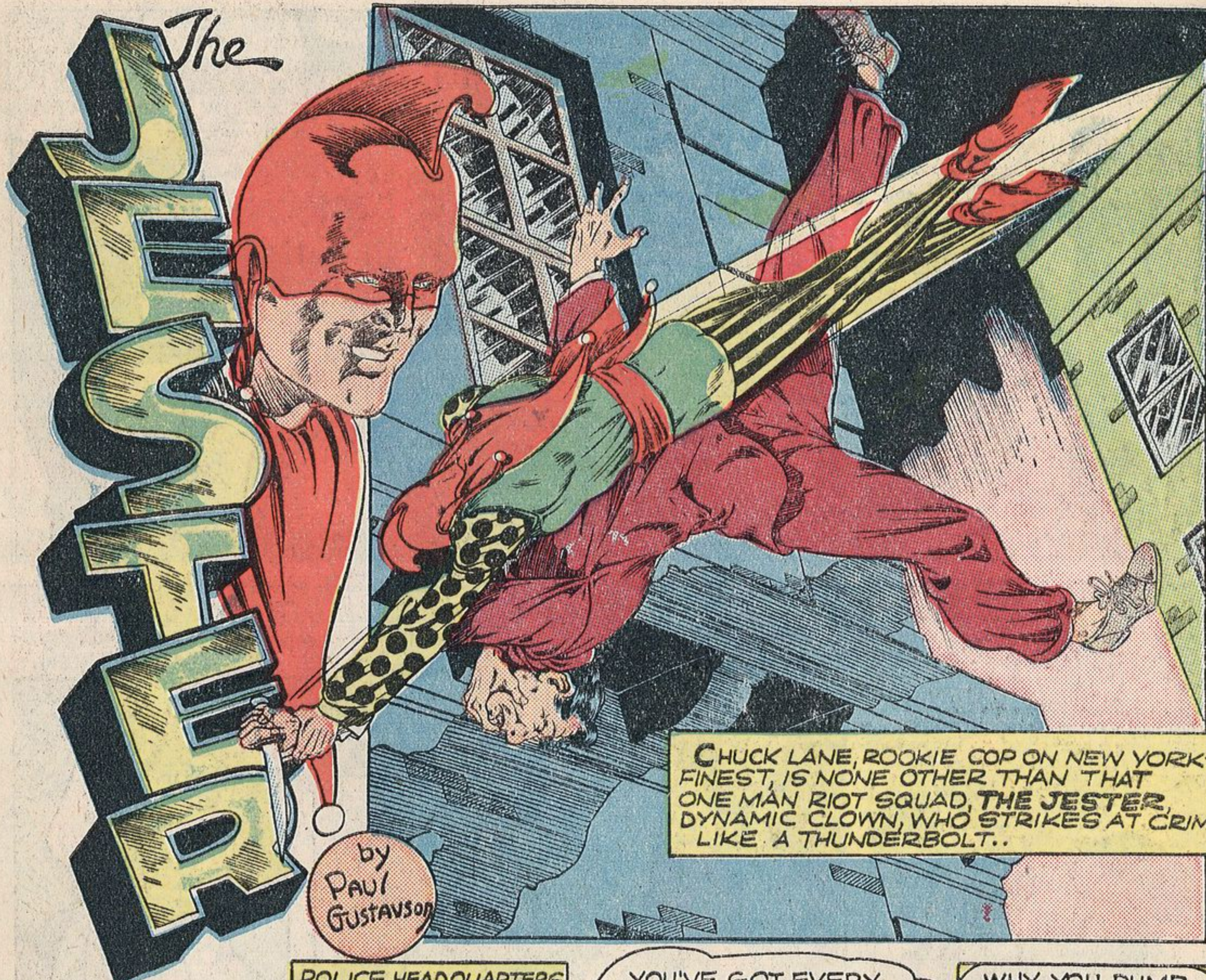
REVENGE!

NUMBER 3

NUMBER 4

NUMBER 5





CHUCK LANE, ROOKIE COP ON NEW YORK'S FINEST, IS NONE OTHER THAN THAT ONE MAN RIOT SQUAD, **THE JESTER**, DYNAMIC CLOWN, WHO STRIKES AT CRIME LIKE A THUNDERBOLT..

by
PAUL
GUSTAVSON

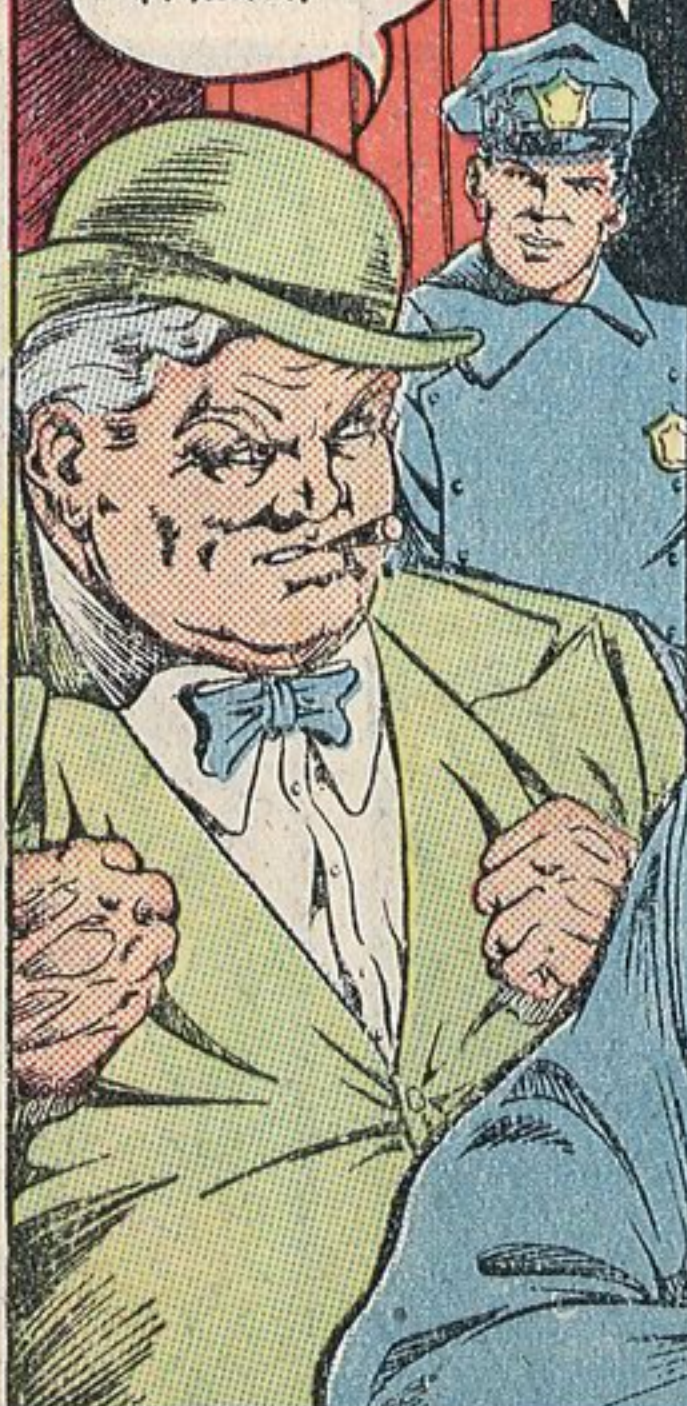
BLAZING HEAD-
LINES FLASH ACROSS
THE FRONT PAGES OF
THE CITY NEWSPAPERS..



POLICE HEADQUARTERS
IS IN A QUANDARY..

I'M GIVING
ORDERS
HERE, AND
YOU'LL FOLLOW
THEM!

NUTS!

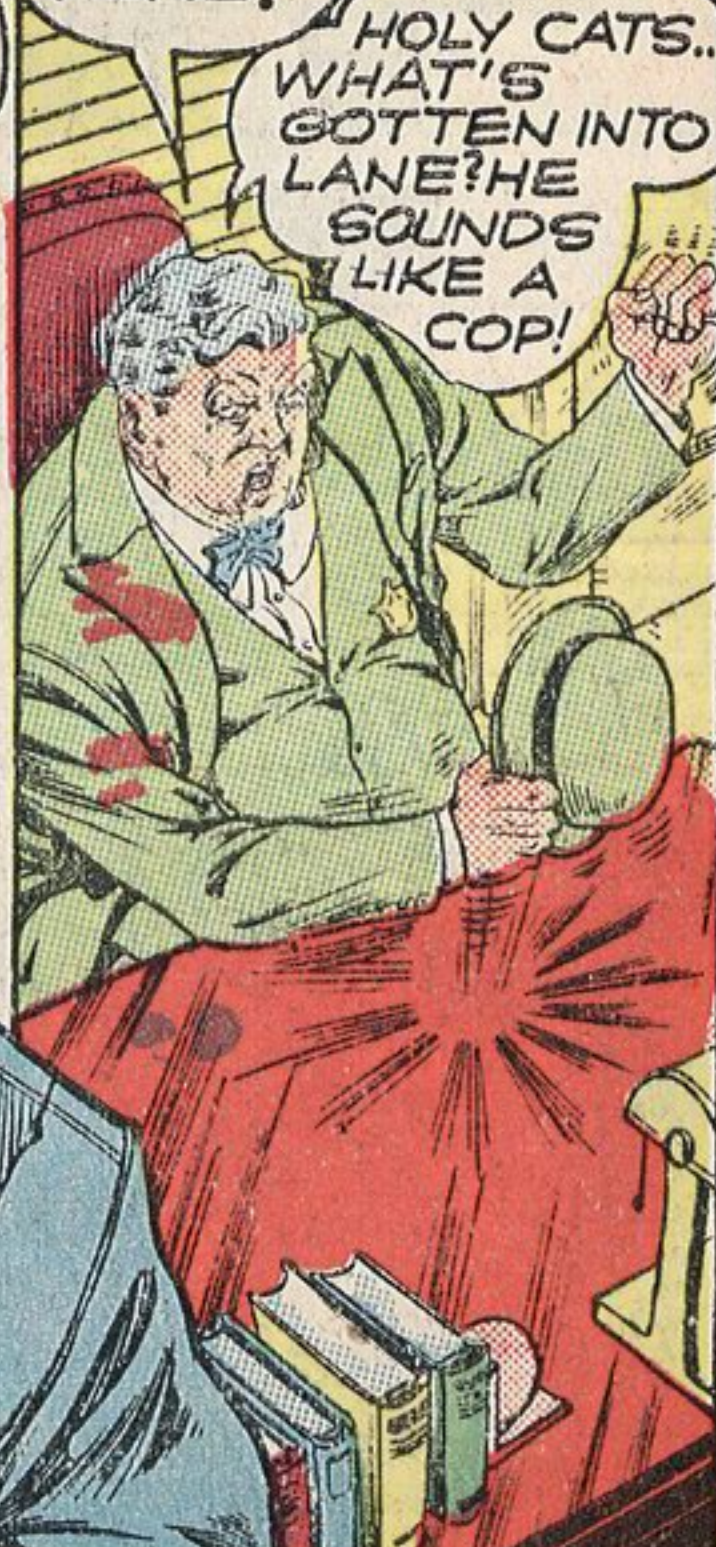


YOU'VE GOT EVERY
COP IN NEW YORK POUND-
ING A BEAT..AND WHERE'S
THIS SNATCHER, OR WHAT-
EVER YOU CALL HIM?..
MOVING AROUND IN SOME
ALLEY BEHIND HIM! I'M
POUNDING NO BEAT
TONIGHT, MCGINTY..
YOU'LL BE LUCKY TO
FIND ME..BUT I'M
GONNA BRING IN
THAT KILLER OR
QUIT!

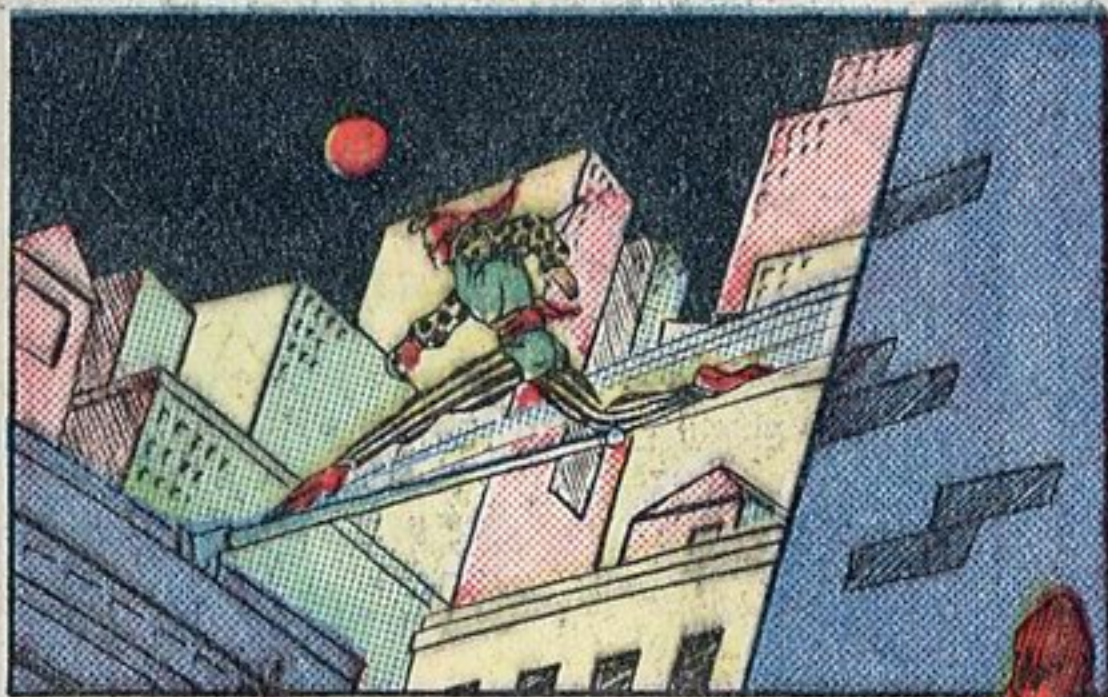


WHY YOU DUMB
ROOKIE..I'LL HAVE
YOU BROKEN BEFORE
..HEY, COME BACK
HERE!

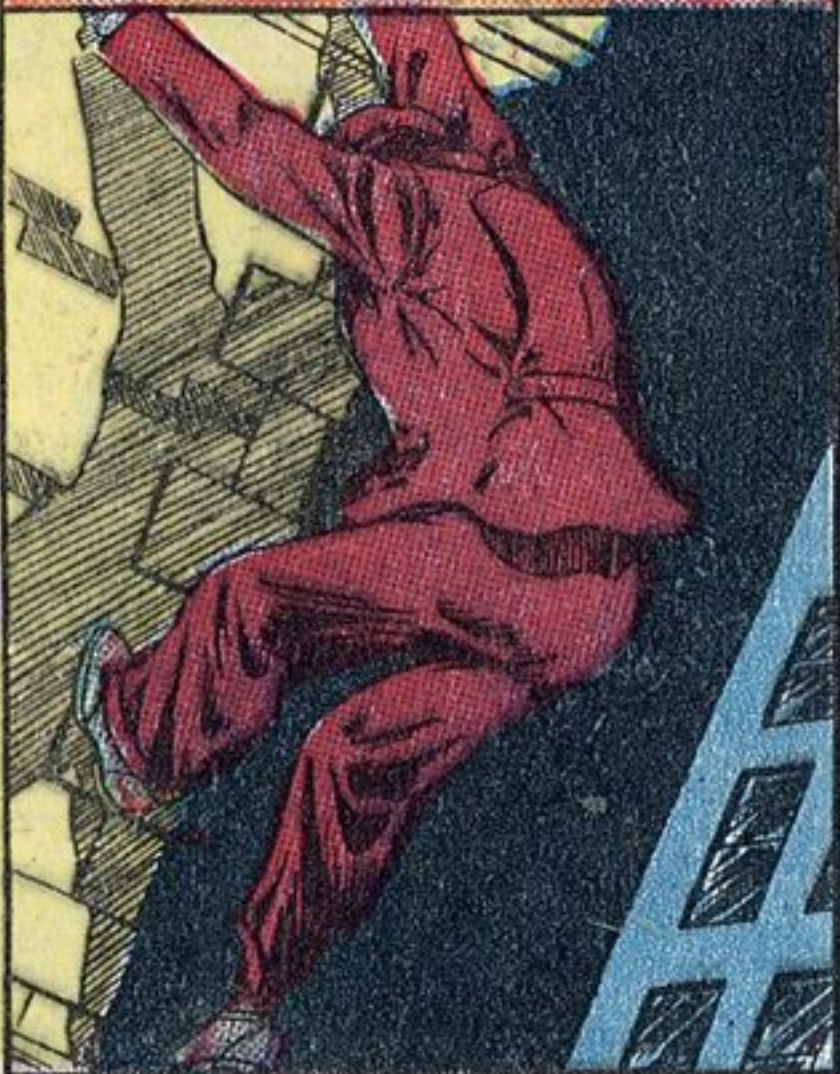
HOLY CATS..
WHAT'S
GOTTEN INTO
LANE?HE
SOUNDS
LIKE A
COP!



CHUCK LANE IS ON THE TRAIL OF THE MYSTERIOUS KILLER, BUT NOT AS THE ROOKIE COP.. HE IS NOW **THE JESTER**, MOVING SWIFTLY WHERE OTHER MEN WOULDN'T DARE TO PLACE A FOOT..



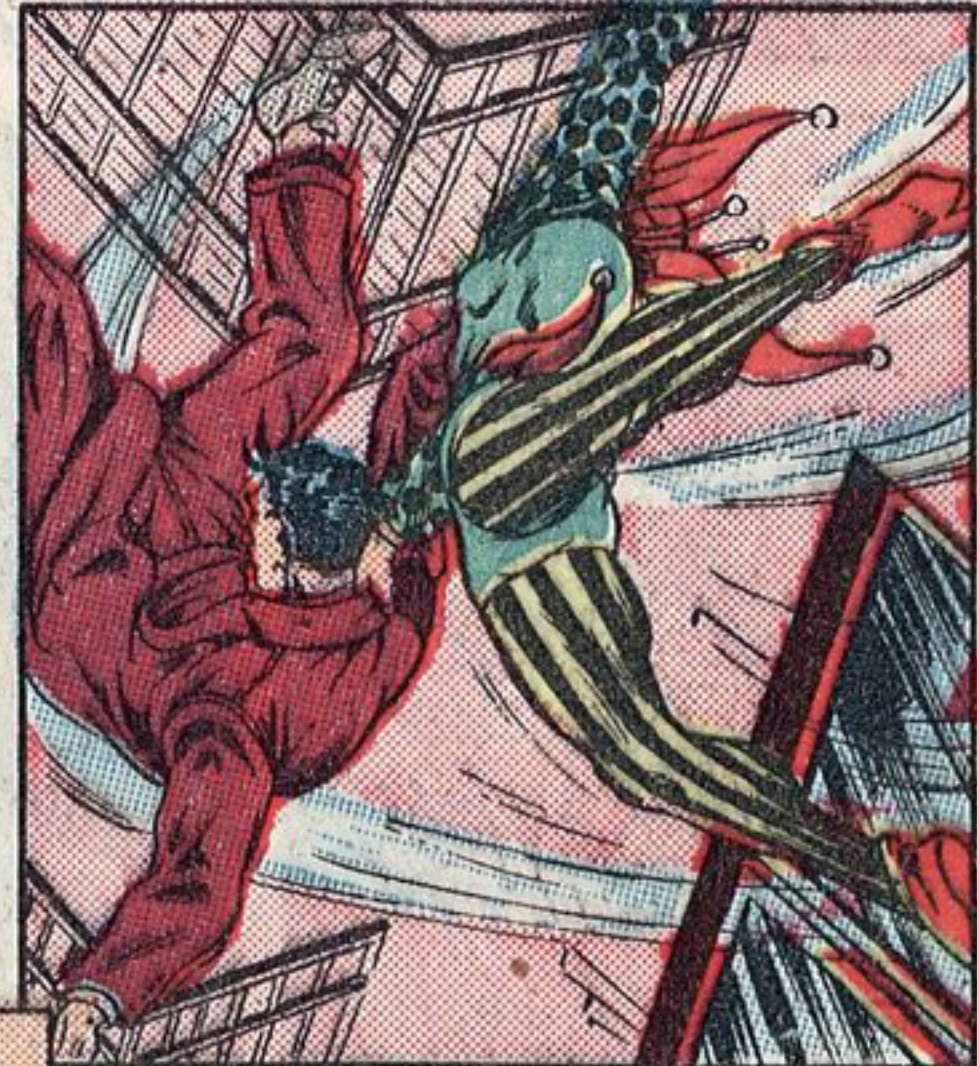
HOURS LATER A GROTESQUE FIGURE SLIPS OVER THE SIDE OF A HOTEL ROOF AND MOVES TOWARD ONE OF THE WINDOWS..



BUT SUDDENLY..



BUT A FEW STORIES FROM THE GROUND, THE JESTER'S POWERFUL ARM STRIKES OUT..



DOWN TOWARD THE CONCRETE ALLEY THE TWO PLUNGE, GAINING MOMENTUM WITH EVERY INCH..

ALRIGHT, YOU.. WHAT'S THE IDEA? TALK, BEFORE I CHOKE THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOU!



OKAY, RAT.. YOU'VE SNATCHED YOUR LAST VICTIM!



..AND THEY SWING ON-TO A FIRE ESCAPE..



TALK.. YOU
YELLOW-LIVERED
CUT THROAT!

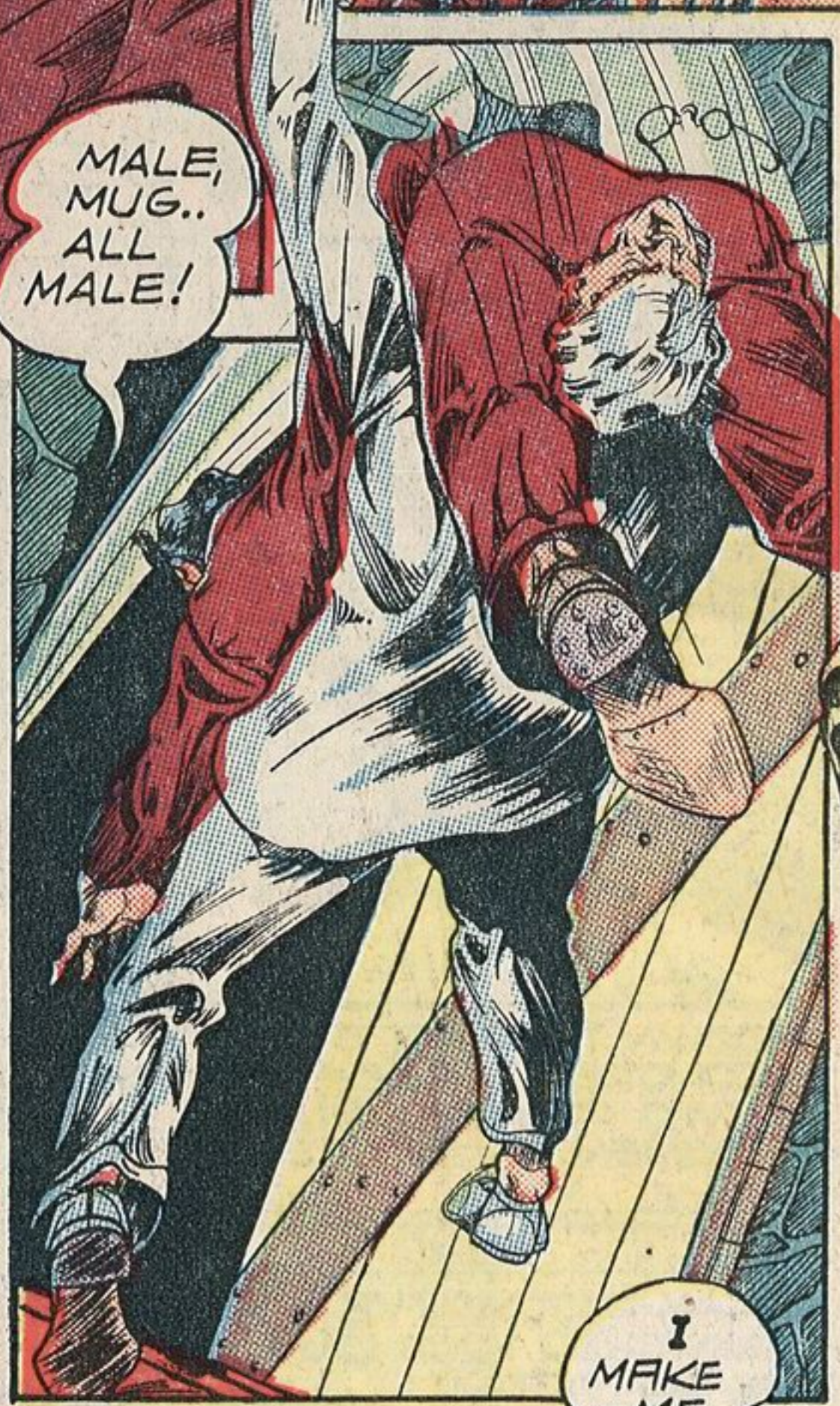
GUG..G-GG..
DOC REINHART
PAYS ME TO
DO IT.. I DON'T
KNOW NUTTIN'
ELSE!



DOC REINHART, EH?
SEEMS TO ME HE WAS
A FAMOUS DOCTOR IN
VIENNA BEFORE THE
WAR! C'MON, MUG,
WE'LL PAY THE DOC A
VISIT!



MALE,
MUG..
ALL
MALE!



HELLO, SACORIS,
WHAT HAVE YOU FOR
ME THIS TIME?
UH!!



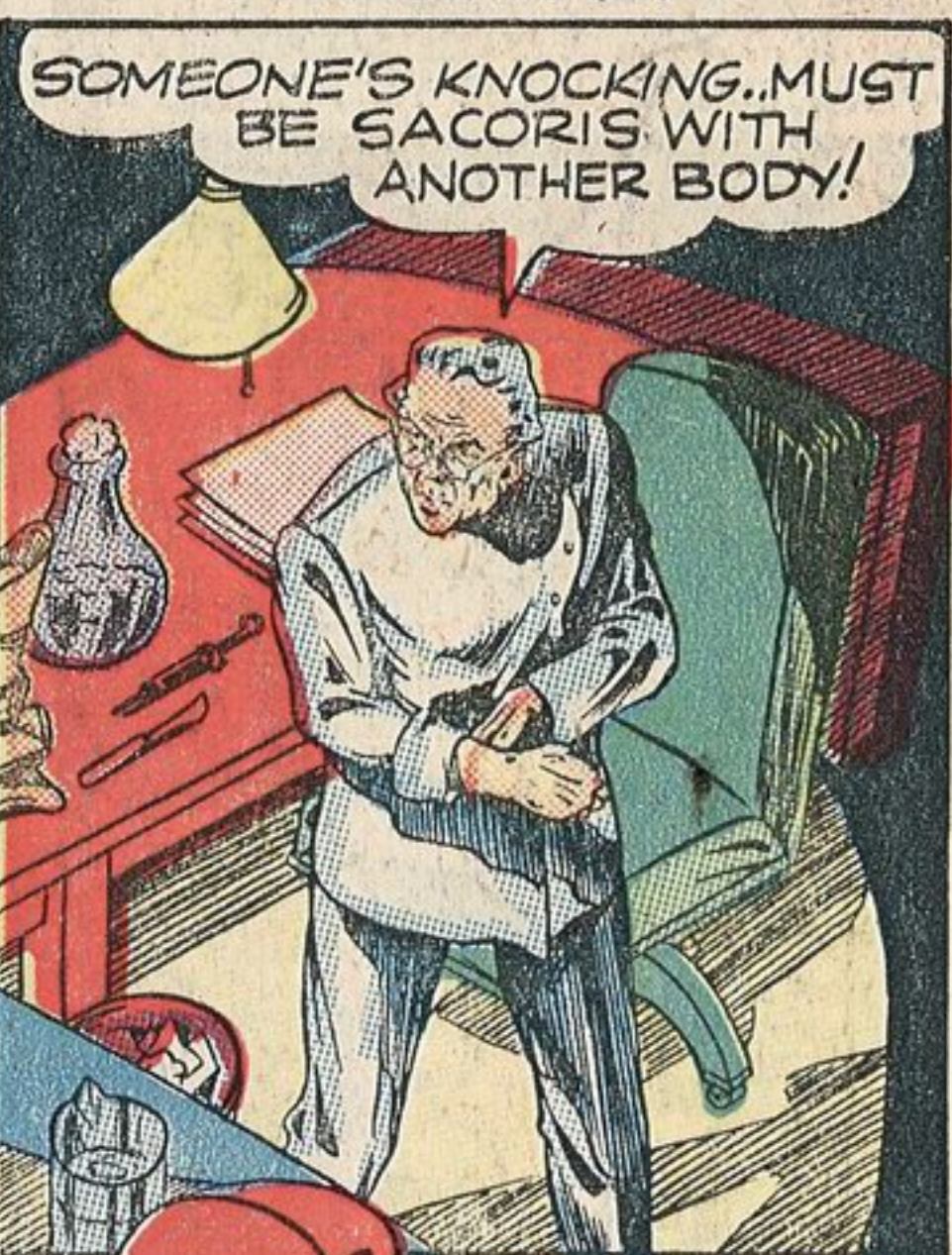
AND WHAT
MAKES YOU
THINK THAT?



I
MAKE
ME
THINK
THAT!



A SHORT TIME LATER, IN THE
SECRET HIDEOUT BENEATH
THE DIGNIFIED HOME OF
DR. REINHART..



SOMEONE'S KNOCKING..MUST
BE SACORIS WITH
ANOTHER BODY!

BUT THE WRONG
GUY CARRIED
THE CORPSE IN..
EVEN IF HE ISN'T
A CORPSE..
YET!!



YOU!

NOW, REINHART, YOU
AND I ARE GOING TO
HAVE A CONFERENCE
AND GET TO THE BOTTOM
OF THIS!



WELL, DOC, WHAT'S THE RACKET, OR DO I HAVE TO START TALKING WITH MY HANDS?



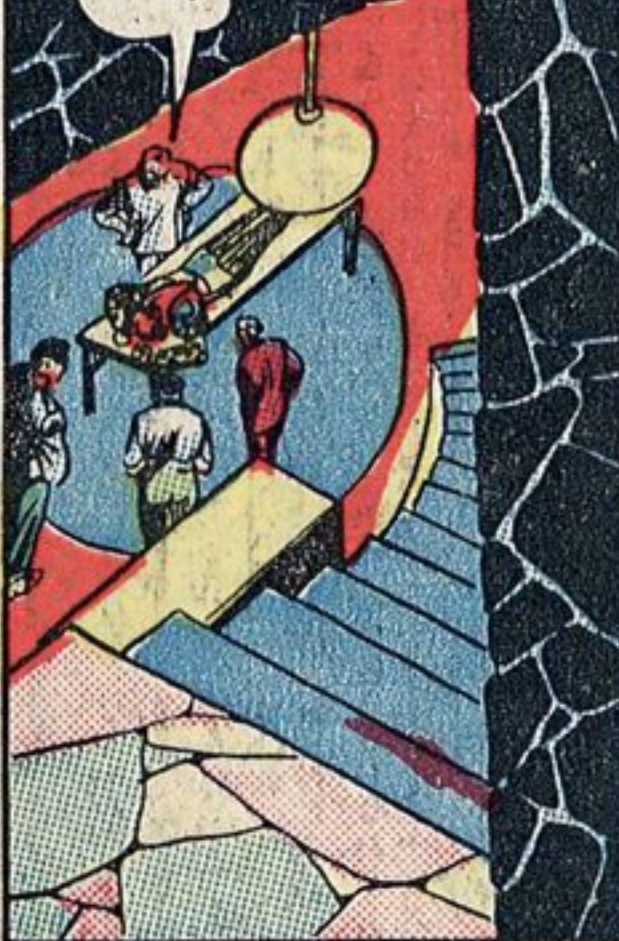
T'AIN'T NO RACKET.. WE JUST GIVE TH' STIFFS A FUNERAL!



I WANTED TO GIVE YOU THE PLEASURE OF SEEING WHAT A NOBLE DEED YOU ARE DOING FOR MY COUNTRY!

SOME TIME LATER..

SO, MY FINE JESTER, YOU ARE COMING TO!



NICE "KONKING" BOYS! HOW COME I'M NOT A CORPSE YET?



YOU ARE NOW A TRUE GERMAN WHO WANTS HIS REMAINS SENT BACK TO THE FATHERLAND TO BE BURIED.. AH, BUT BEFORE YOU BECOME A CORPSE, I'M GOING TO SEW THESE PLANS INSIDE YOU SO THE FEDERAL MEN WON'T FIND THEM!



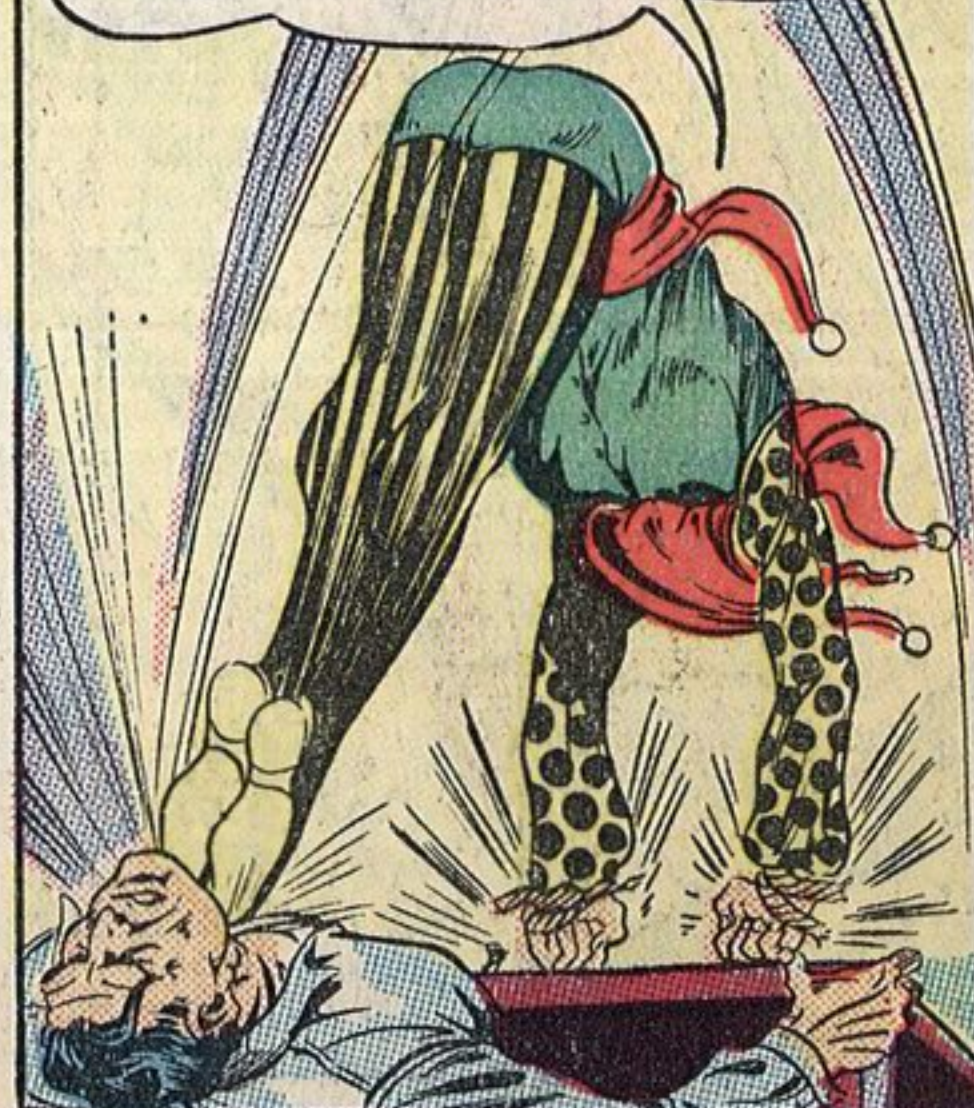
THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD TRICK! MIND IF I SHOW YOU ONE TOO? YOU FORGOT ONE THING WHEN YOU TIED MY FEET OVER MY SLIPPERS.... THEY'RE BIG AND ROOMY!

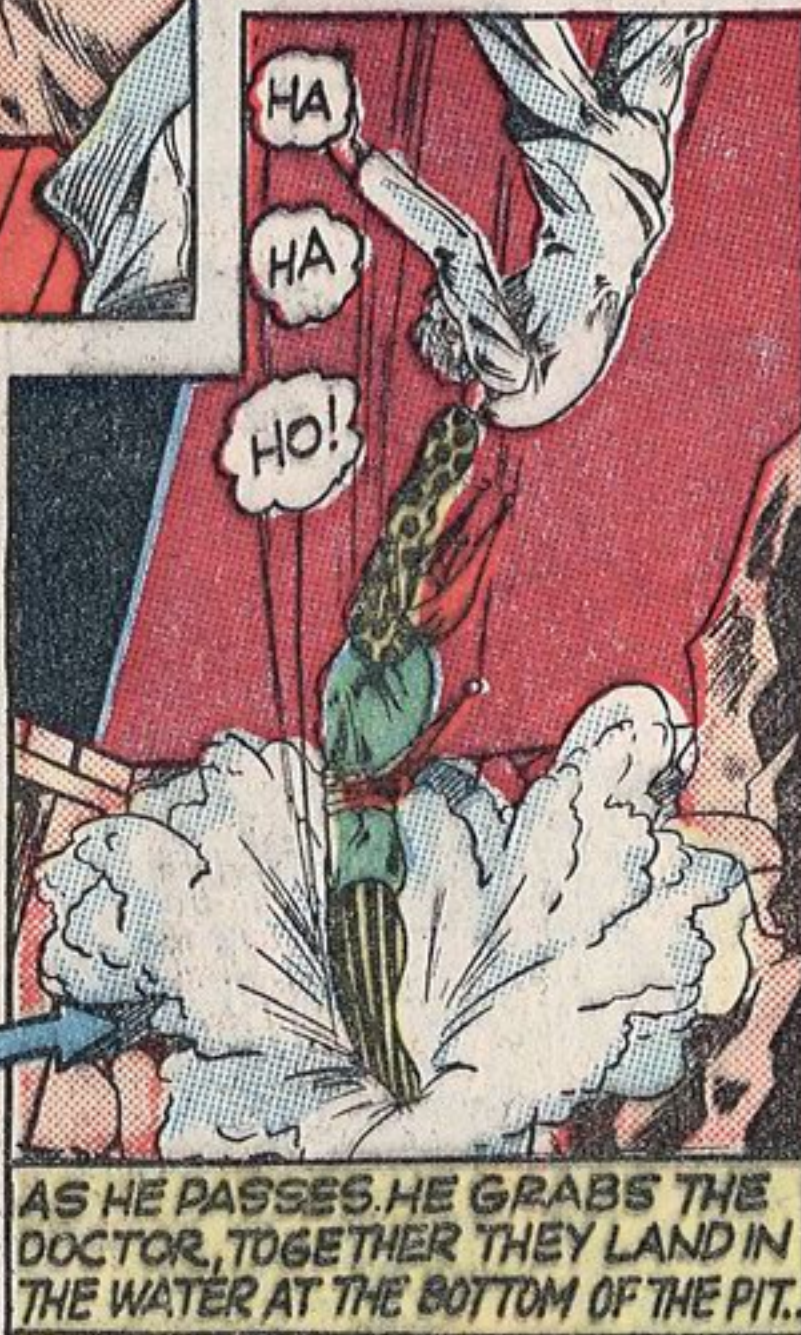
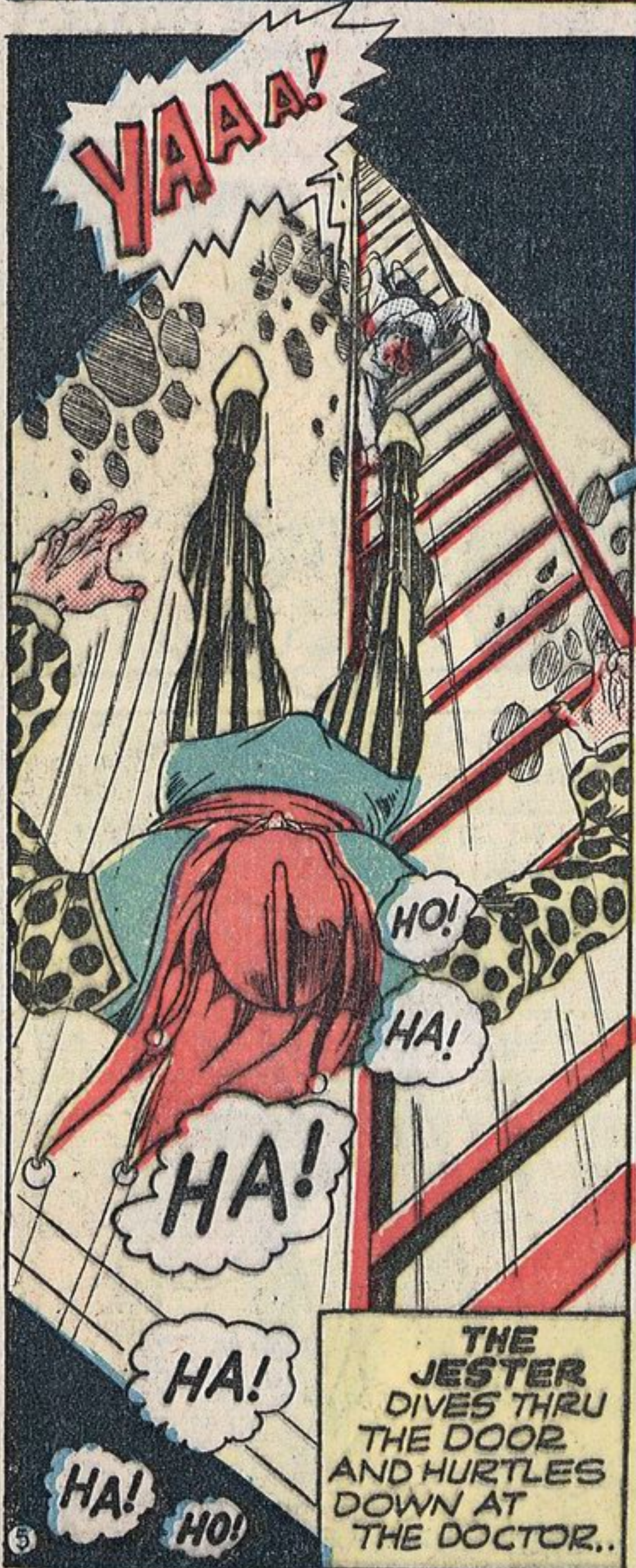


ALL I HAVE TO DO IS SLIP OUT OF THEM..

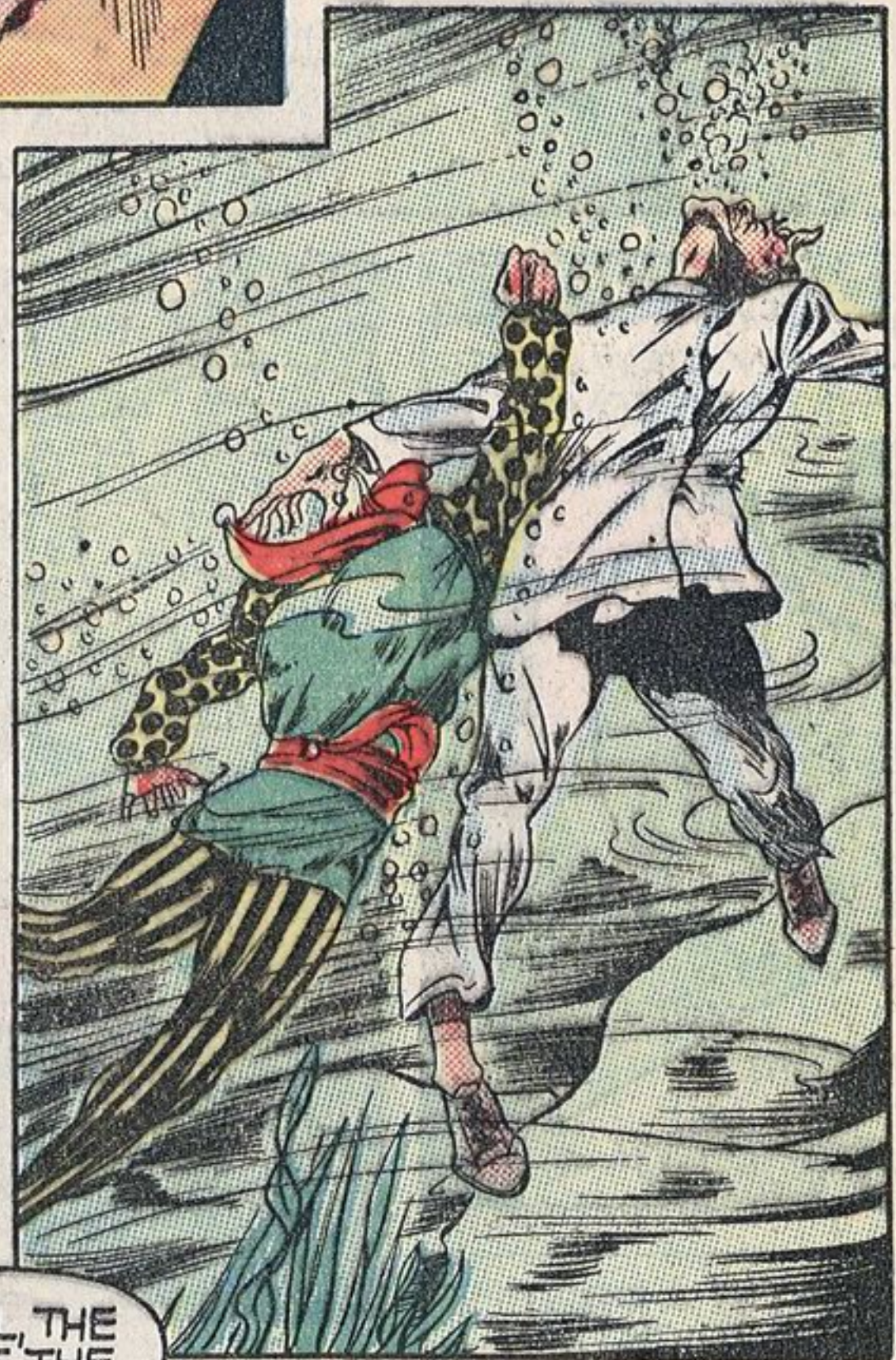


THEN, SWING OVER AND TIGHTEN THE ROPES AROUND MY WRISTS UNTIL THEY SNAP.. AND BING.. I'M FREE!





AS HE PASSES, HE GRABS THE DOCTOR, TOGETHER THEY LAND IN THE WATER AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT.



THE PURPLE TRIO

BY
S.M. Regi



WARREN:
VENTRILOQUIST

TINY: MIDGET

ROCKY:
STRONGMAN

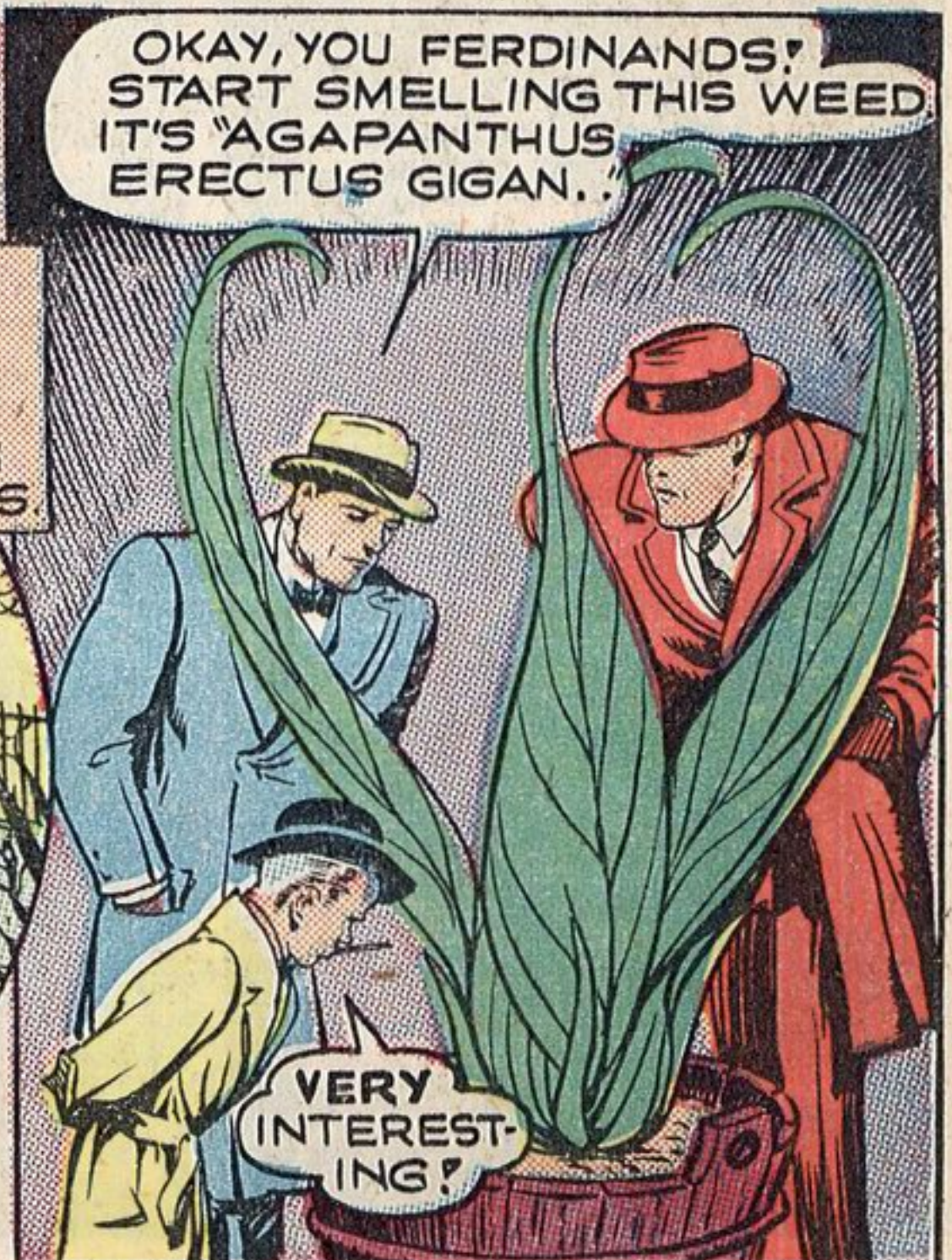
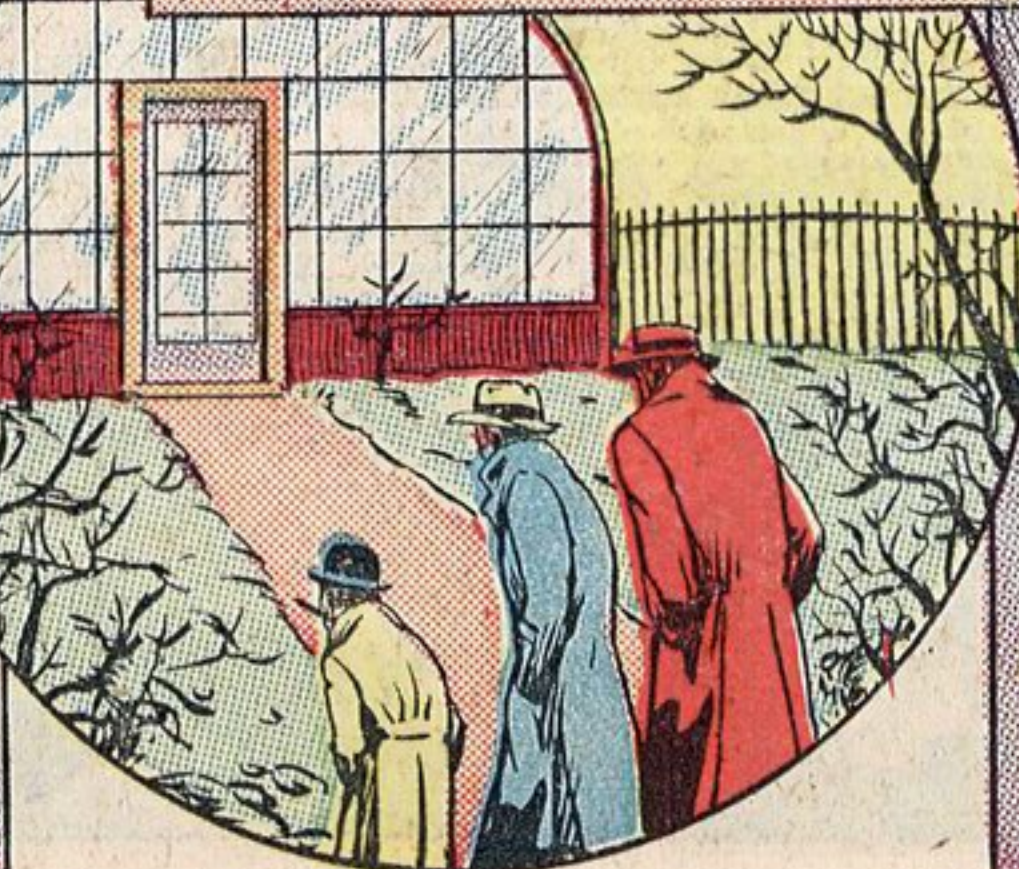
THE TRIO RECEIVES
A CALL FROM A
CASTING OFFICE
AND . . .

WE EAT, PALS! HAVE
A WEEK'S STAND AT
THE BIJOU IN DULCIE,
DELAWARE.. WE'VE
GOTTA CATCH THE
5:10 TRAIN..

THAT
GIVES US
TWO HOURS
TO KILL..

SO THEY DECIDE TO
TAKE IN NEW YORK'S
UNADVERTISED HOT
SPOTS.. THE HOTTEST
(AND CHEAPEST) BEING
THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

OKAY, YOU FERDINANDS!
START SMELLING THIS WEED
IT'S 'AGAPANTHUS
ERECTUS GIGAN..'



VERY
INTEREST-
ING!

TINY BENDS OVER THE HUGE BLOSSOM, WHOSE LONG PETALS WRITHE LIKE HIDEOUS TENTACLES.



BUT LOOKING AGAIN INTO THE HEART OF THE UGLY BLOOM...



BRAVELY, ROCKY REACHES FOR THE SMALL BOOK...



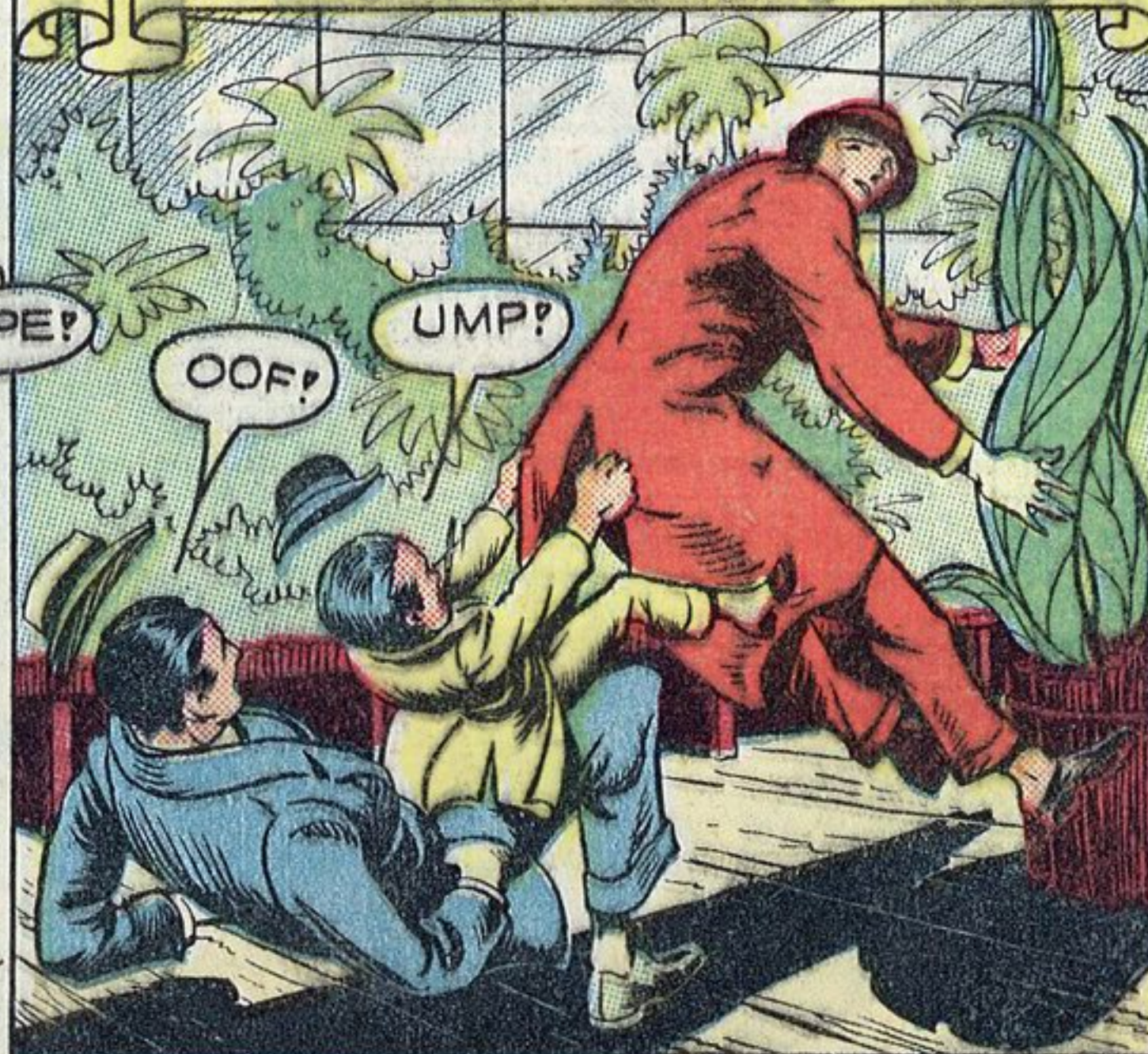
AND THE FUZZY PETALS CURL AROUND HIS ARM LIKE A GREEDY OCTOPUS!



PULL, TINY! YOU TOO, ROCKY! THREE OF US OUGHT TO GET YOU LOOSE!



SUDDENLY THE POWERFUL TENTACLES YIELD TO THEIR COMBINED FORCE.



NOW I KNOW WHAT THIS IS! IT'S THAT FAMOUS TROPICAL CARNIVOROUS PLANT!



MEANWHILE A SWARTHY FIGURE
TRAILS INTO THE HOT-HOUSE...



WE'VE GOT
TO GET THAT
NOTE BOOK..
MAYBE IT'S
IMPORTANT!

SO?? THE THREE
SNOOPERS ARE IN-
TERESTED IN MY
BUSINESS!!



I MUST THINK OF
A WAY TO GET
THEM OUT OF
HERE!

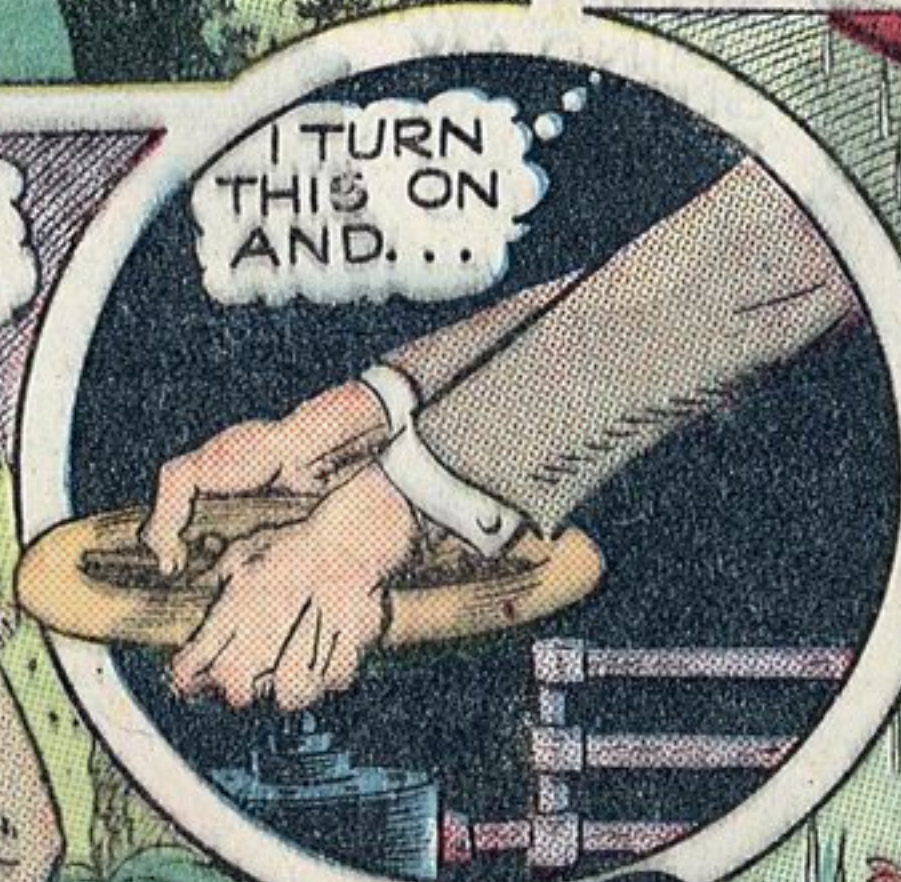


LEMME
DIG IN
FOR THE
BOOK
AGAIN!

AH.. NOW I HAVE IT!
THE SPRINKLER!



I TURN
THIS ON
AND...



WELL, I'LL
BE!... IT'S
RAINING!



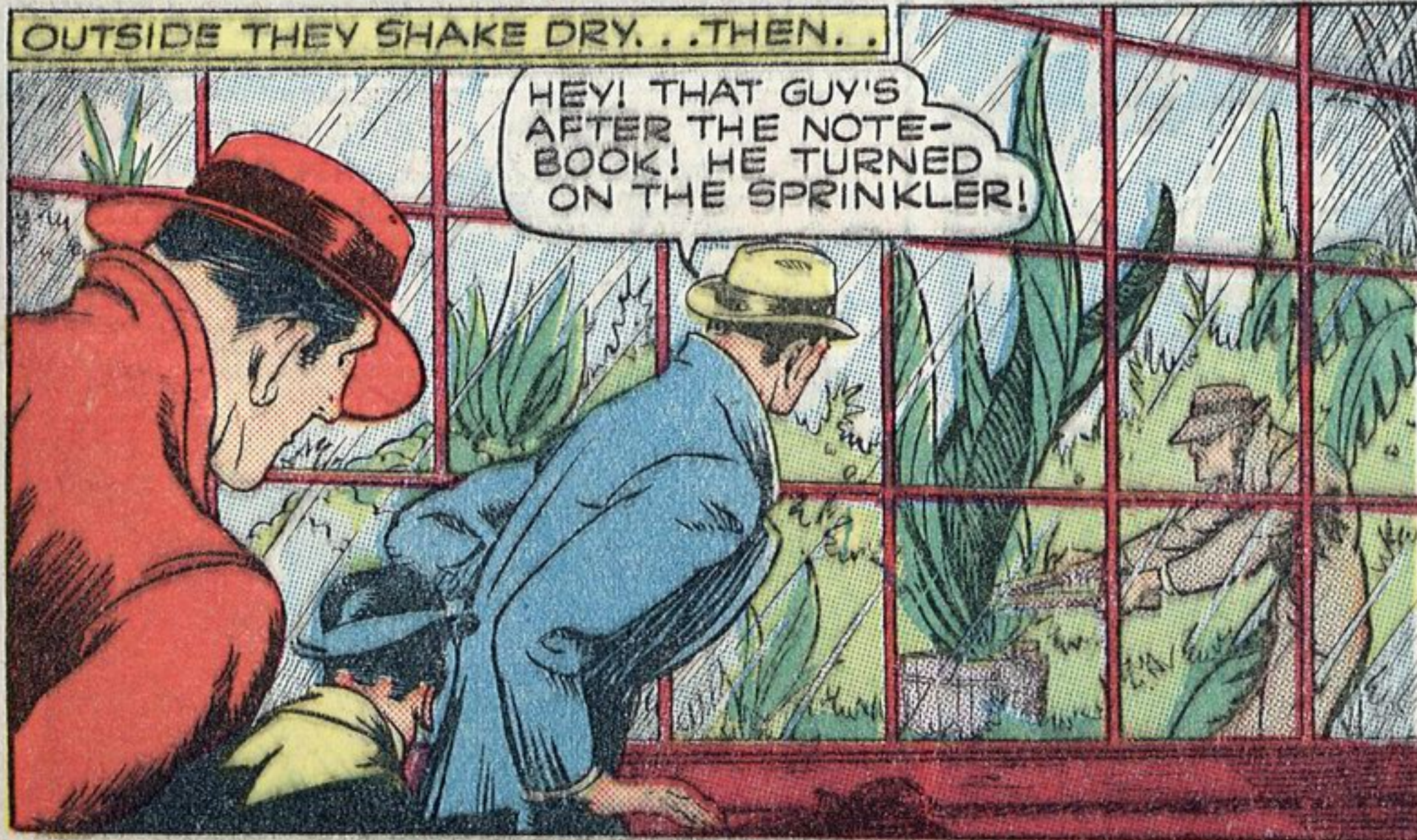
GET OUT-
SIDE, QUICK!

FIRST TIME
I EVER HEARD
OF GOING
OUT OF
A HOUSE
TO KEEP
DRY!



OUTSIDE THEY SHAKE DRY... THEN...

HEY! THAT GUY'S
AFTER THE NOTE-
BOOK! HE TURNED
ON THE SPRINKLER!



SO THAT'S IT!! BOYS,
WE'VE GOT A JOB
AHEAD OF US... TO
GET THAT BOOK! IT'S
NO ORDINARY NOTE-
BOOK, WE CAN BE
SURE OF THAT!



THEY CROUCH IN THE SHADOWS OF A GIANT HEDGE AS THE MYSTERY MAN STEALS OUT, THE NOTE-BOOK UNDER HIS TOPCOAT.



SO FAR, SO GOOD!

HE HASTENS TO A SMALL SUMMER HOUSE ON THE BOTANICAL GARDEN GROUNDS.



SHH..WE'VE GOT TO MANEUVER THIS WITHOUT A SOUND!

BUT AS THEY STAND OUTSIDE THE RUSTIC BUILDING.



HEY! YOU HEAR THAT?? DOT-DASH... IT'S A WIRELESS SENDING STATION!

INSTANTLY THE TRIO CRASHES THROUGH THE DOOR, TO SEE THEIR SUSPECT LEANING OVER A BOUND CAPTIVE.



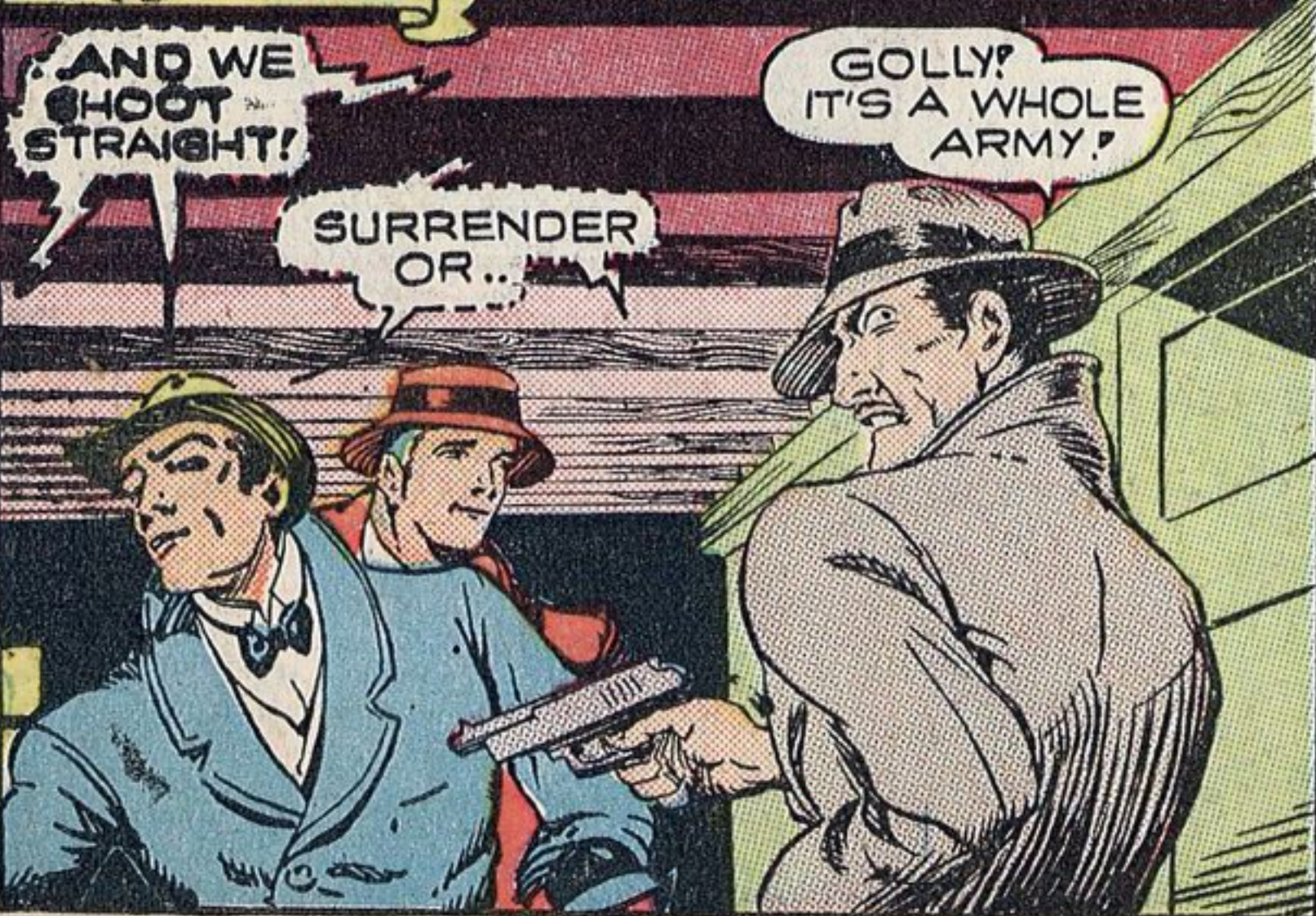
SO YOU STILL MIND MY BUSINESS? PUT YOUR HANDS UP!



CAREFUL! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!



WARREN, THE VENTRILOQUIST SENDS HIS VOICE ECHOING FROM ALL SIDES..THE VILLAIN FALTERS IN CONFUSION.

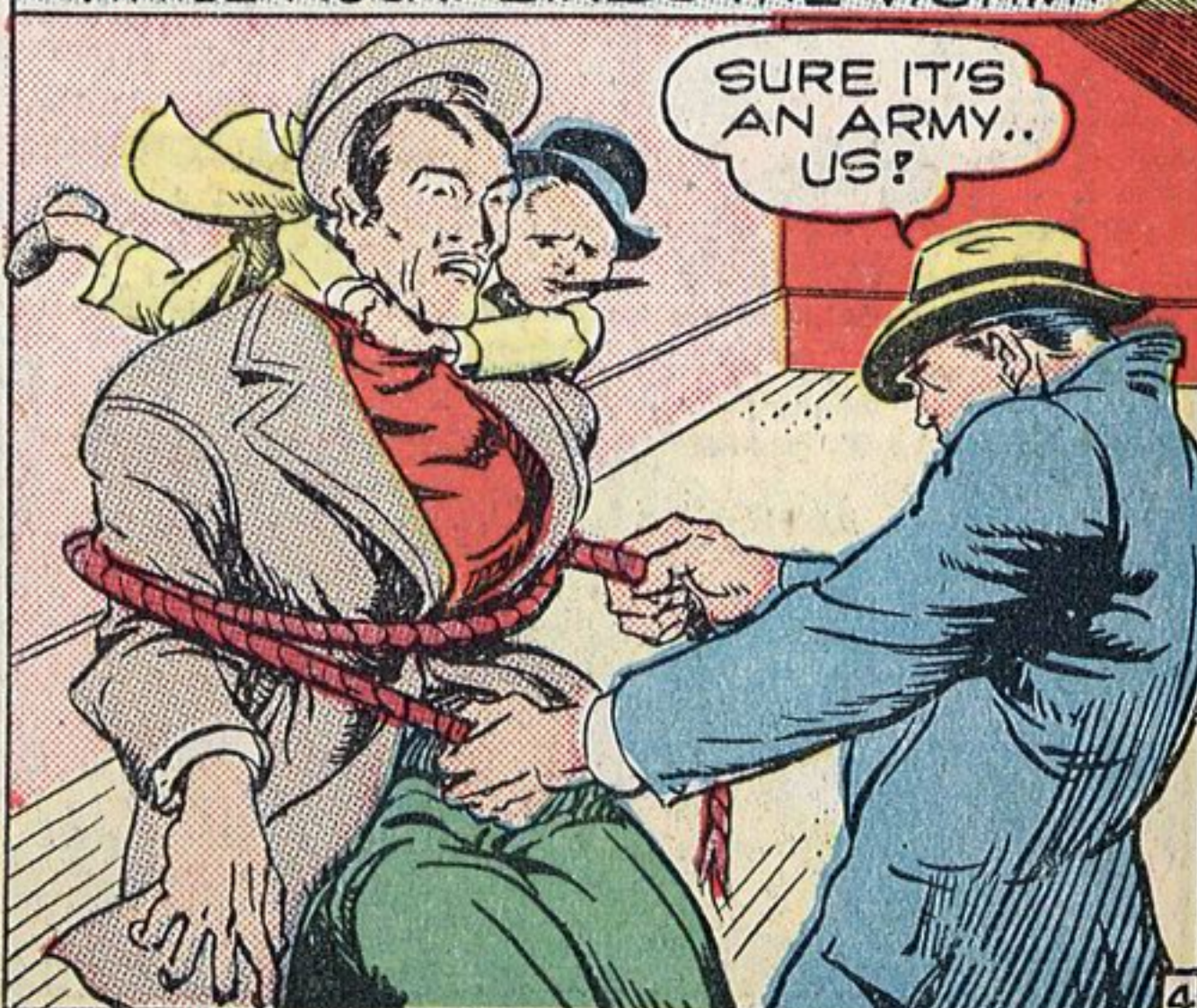


AND WE SHOOT STRAIGHT!

SURRENDER OR..

GOLLY! IT'S A WHOLE ARMY!

IN THE ONE SECOND ALLOWED THEM, TINY LEAPS FROM THE RAFTERS WHILE ROCKY BINDS THE VICTIM.



SURE IT'S AN ARMY.. US?

FORCE OF NUMBERS PLUS WARREN'S VENTRILOQUISM COMBINES TO RENDER THEIR VICTIM HELPLESS.

QUICK! WHAT DOES THE NOTEBOOK SAY?

SUDDENLY...

SHH! FLATTEN AGAINST THE WALL! SOMEBODY'S COMING!

A HUGE MAN STRIDES IN...

ACH, MEIN KAPITAN! WHERE ARE YOU?

HIS EYES FASTEN ON THE TRIO'S WORK. HIS "KAPITAN" OUT COLD ON THE FLOOR.

BUT HE DOESN'T HEAR ROCKY STEAL UP BEHIND HIM.

THAT'S THAT! NOW LISTEN TO THIS. THIS LITTLE BOOK IS A CANADIAN CODE BOOK. WE OUGHT TO CONTACT THE CONSULATE HERE!

HIMMEL!

BUT IT IS NOW 5:15 AND...

STILL WONDERING, ROCKY AND WARREN FOLLOW TINY BACK TO THE BOTANICAL GARDEN.

LATER.

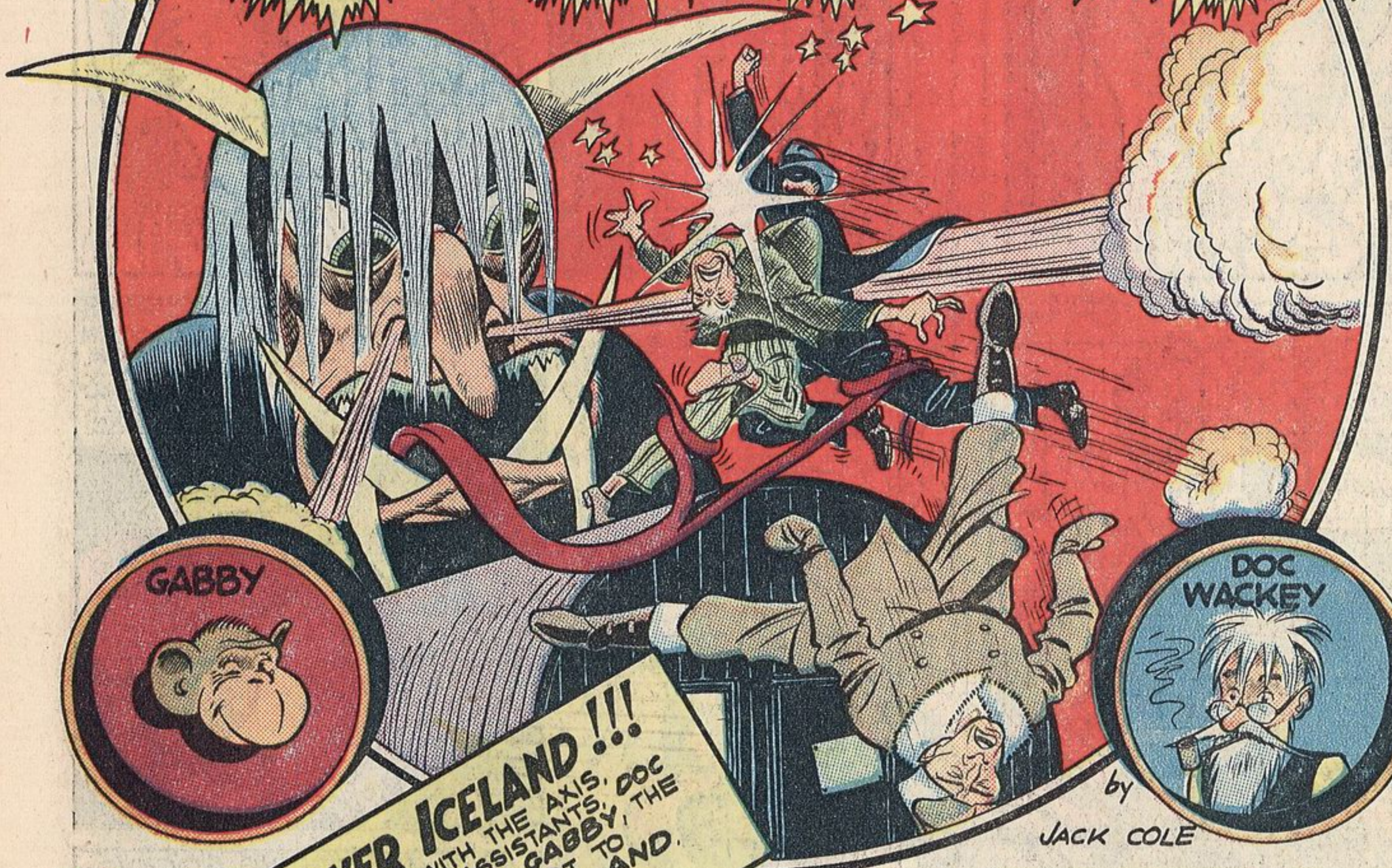
MEN, YOU'VE DONE CANADA A VALUABLE SERVICE... THAT CODE BOOK CONTAINED SECRET INFORMATION ABOUT AMERICAN SUPPLIES BEING SENT TO HALIFAX FOR SHIPMENT OVER-SEAS!

WE MISSED OUR TRAIN... AND TWO HOURS TO THE NEXT ONE! WHAT'LL WE DO?

I'VE GOT A HONEY OF AN IDEA!

I'VE JUST GOTTA SEE IF THIS CARNIVOROUS PLANT EATS STEAK!

MIDNIGHT



WAR OVER ICELAND!!!
 WITH AMERICA AT WAR WITH THE AXIS, DOC WACKEY, THE INVENTOR AND HIS TWO ASSISTANTS, GABBY, THE TALKING MONKEY, DO THEIR PART TO WRECK A NAZI INVASION OF ICELAND. OUTPOST OF DEMOCRACY!!!



YIPEE!

A YELL LIKE THAT COULD ONLY COME FROM A SWEEPSTAKES WINNER!!

WHAT'S TICKLING YOU, DOC?

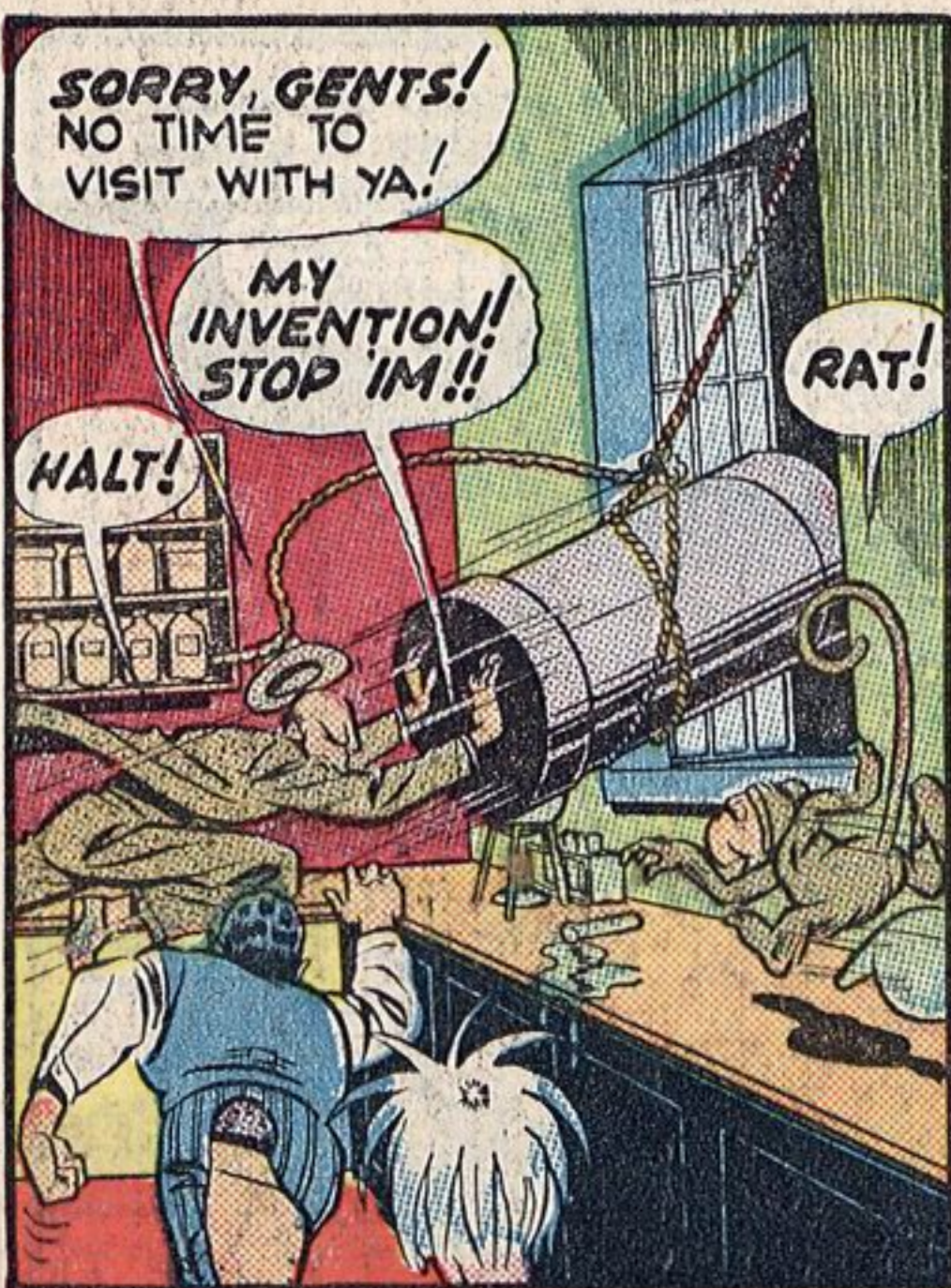
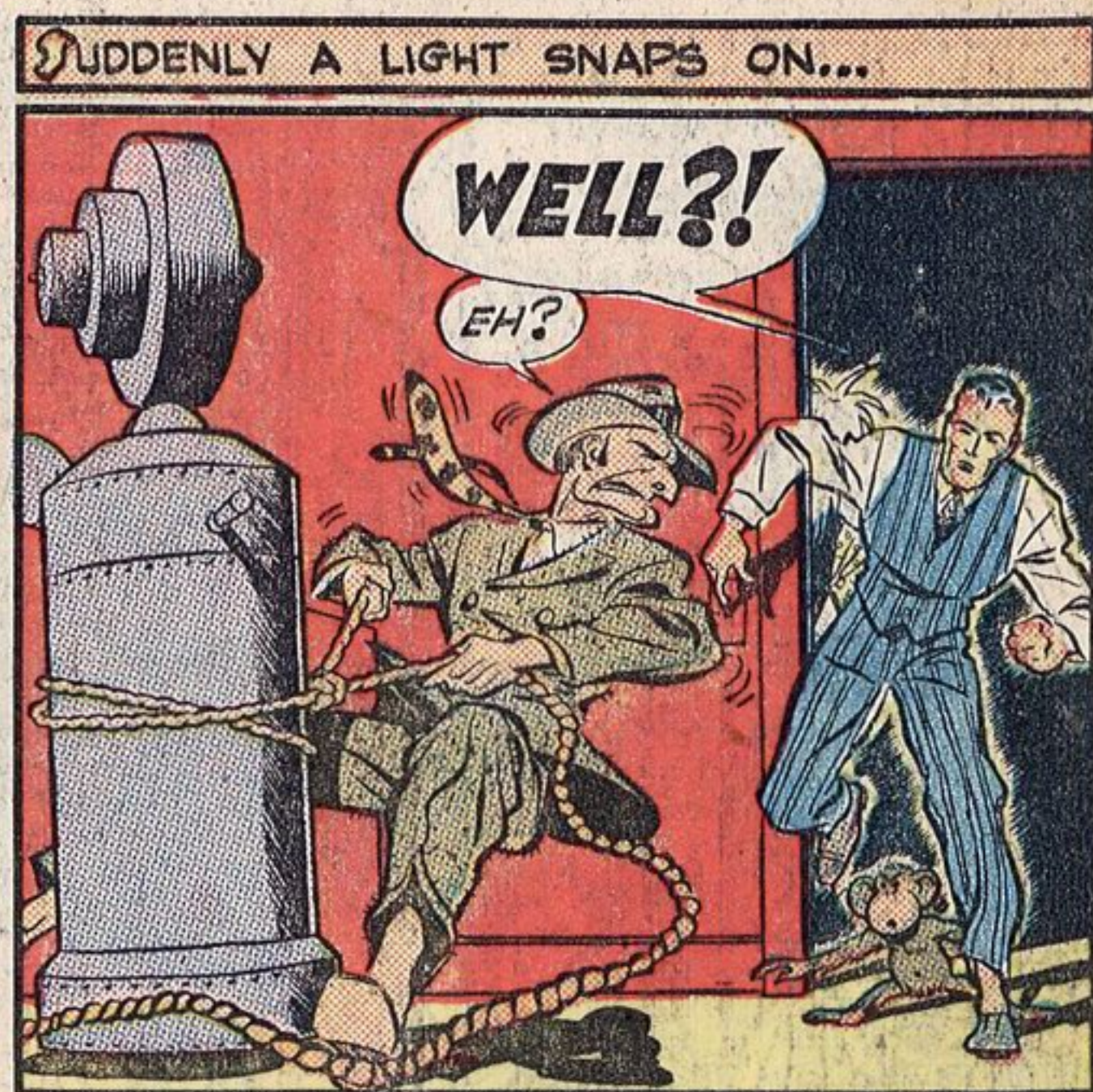
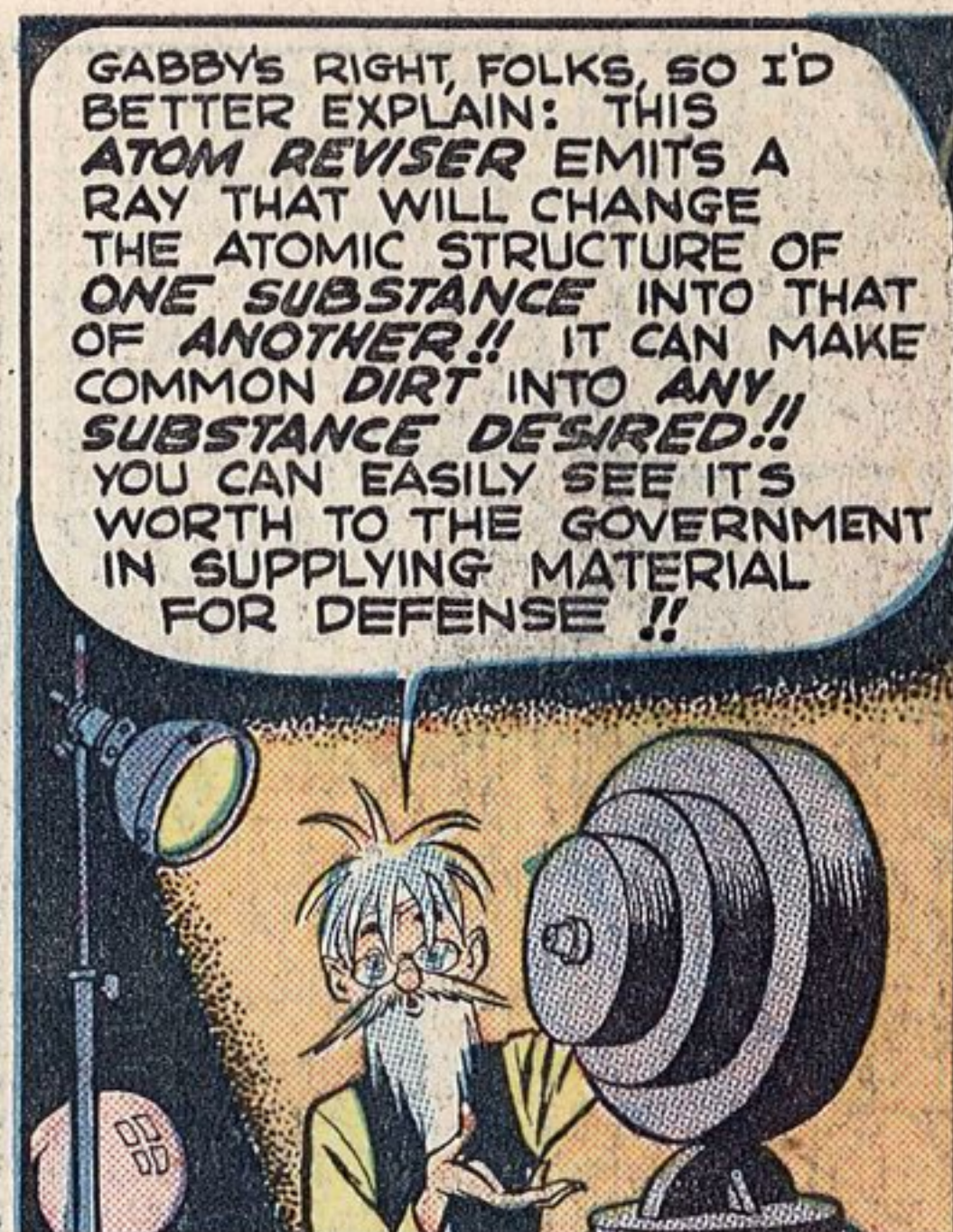
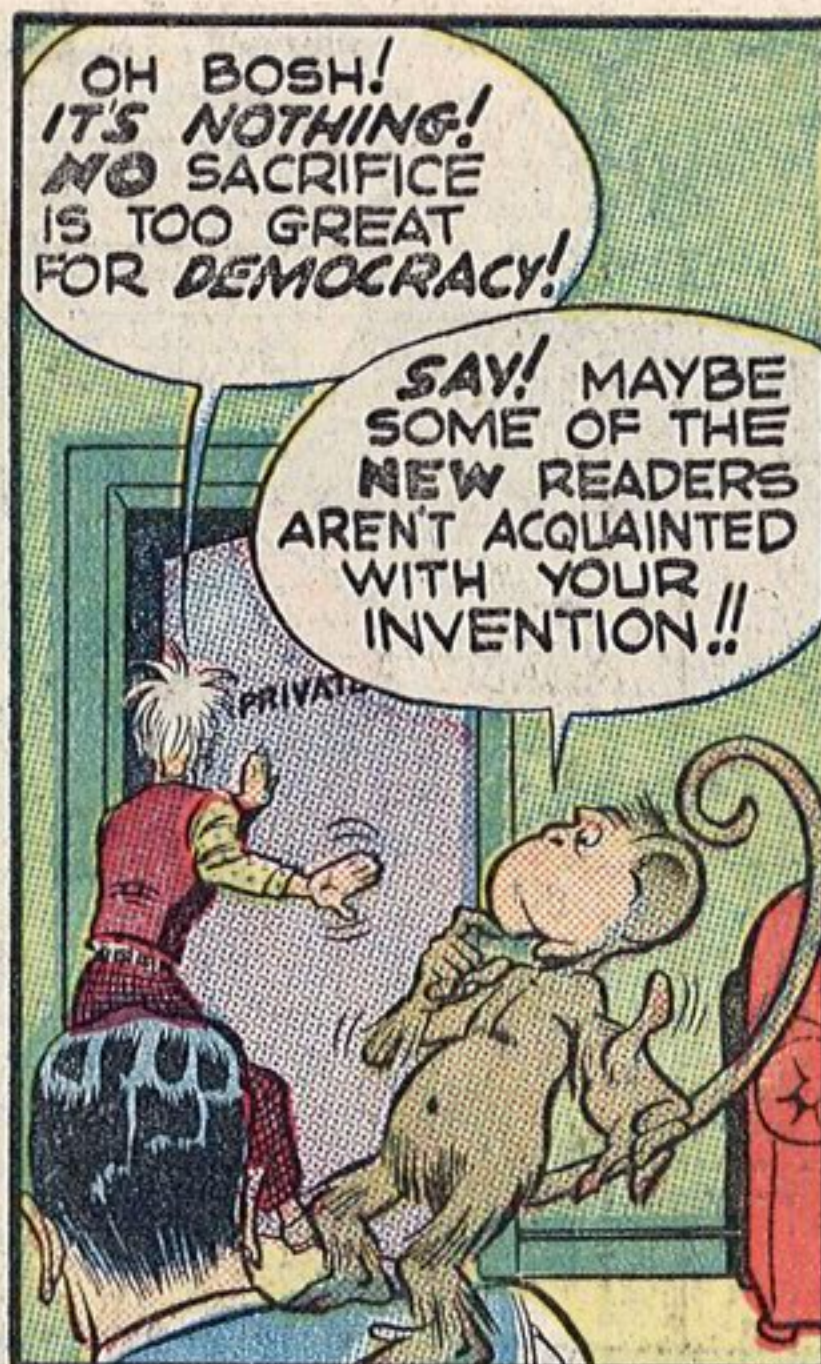
THEY'VE GRANTED ME A PATENT ON MY ATOM REVISING-MACHINE!!



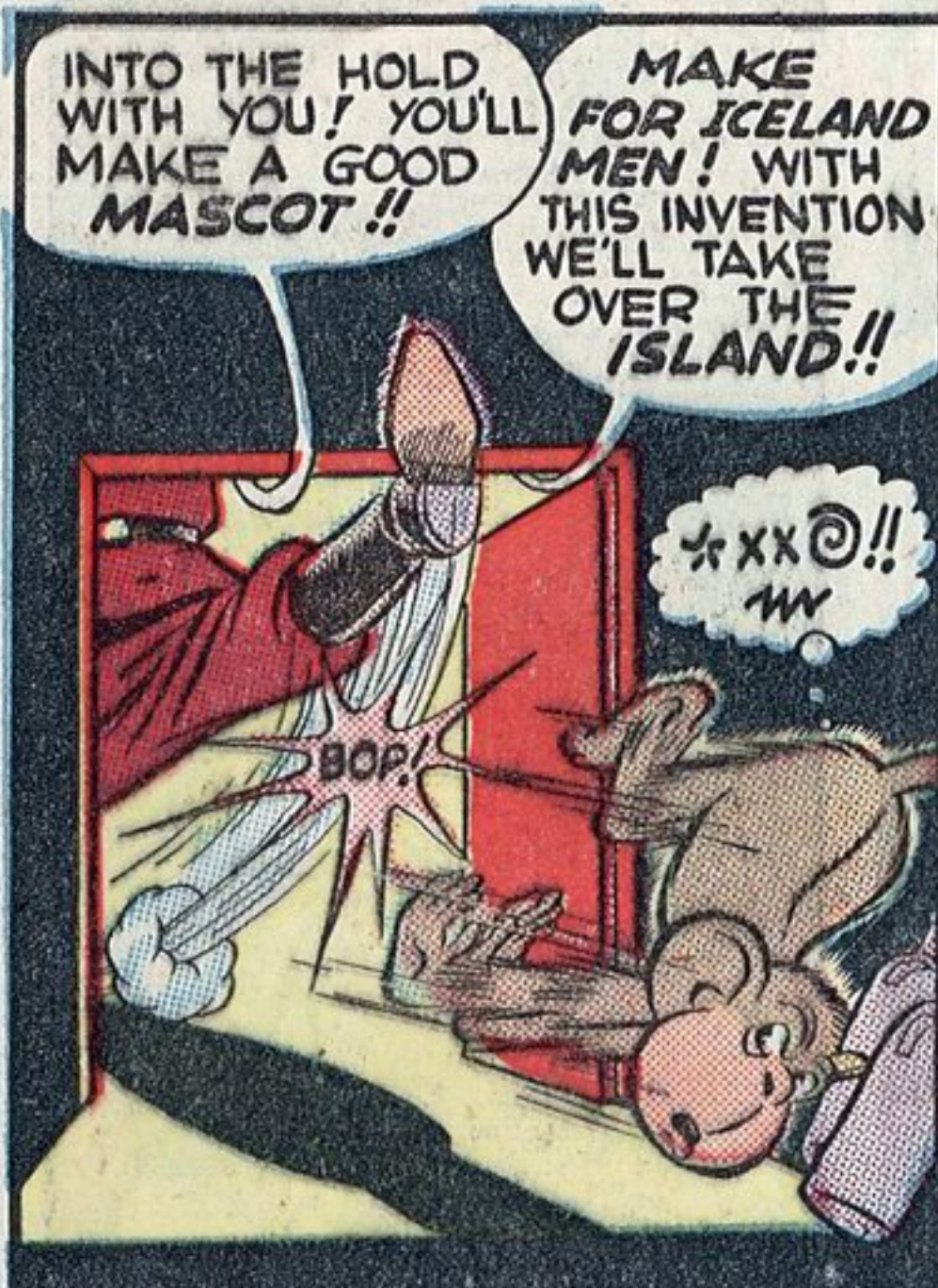
CONGRATULATIONS, OLD BOY!! YOU'LL SOON BE A MILLIONAIRE, WHAT WITH ROYALTIES AND ALL!

GEE, DOC, THAT'S SWELL! BUT I HOPE IT WON'T GO TO YOUR HEAD!!

HEH! HEH! PERISH THE THOUGHT!!



THE STRANGE DIRIGIBLE HAULS UP ITS ASSORTED CARGO....



BACK IN BIG CITY, DOC WACKY AND MIDNIGHT ARE TUNED IN.....



DONNING HIS BLACK SUIT, MIDNIGHT SWINGS INTO ACTION



SOMETIME LATER, THE AXIS DIRIGIBLE NEARS ITS FRIGID DESTINATION



ONCE IN THE OCEAN, THE CRAFT CASTS OFF ITS HUGE BAG, BECOMING A FAST BOAT!!!



AN ARMY OUTPOST SPOTS THE SHORE-BOUND ARMORED CRAFT... MEN SPRING TO THEIR GUNS... BUT A RAY FLASHES...



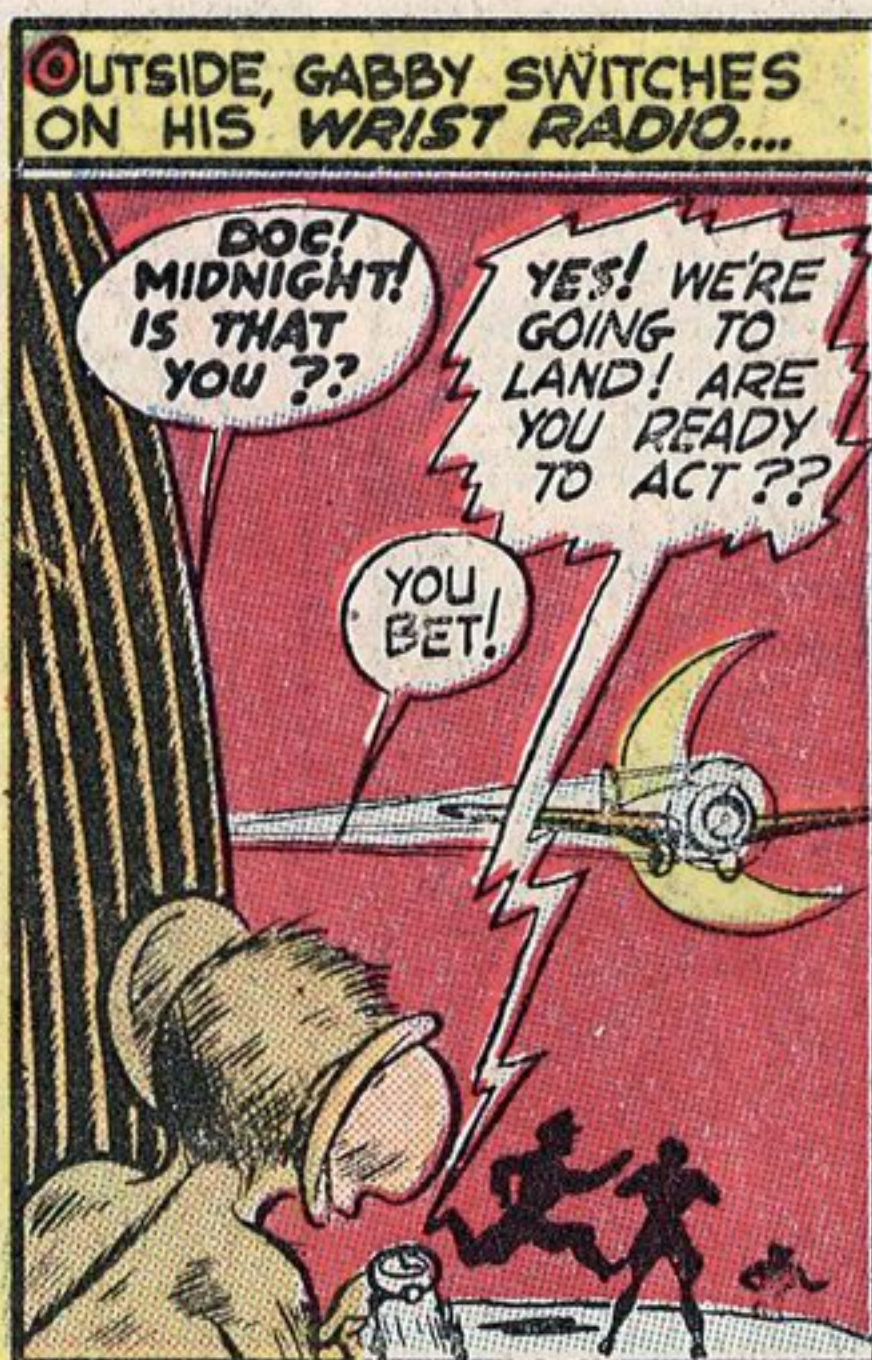
WITH THE ARMY GUARD TURNED TO CANDY, THE NAZIS SCRAMBLE ASHORE.....

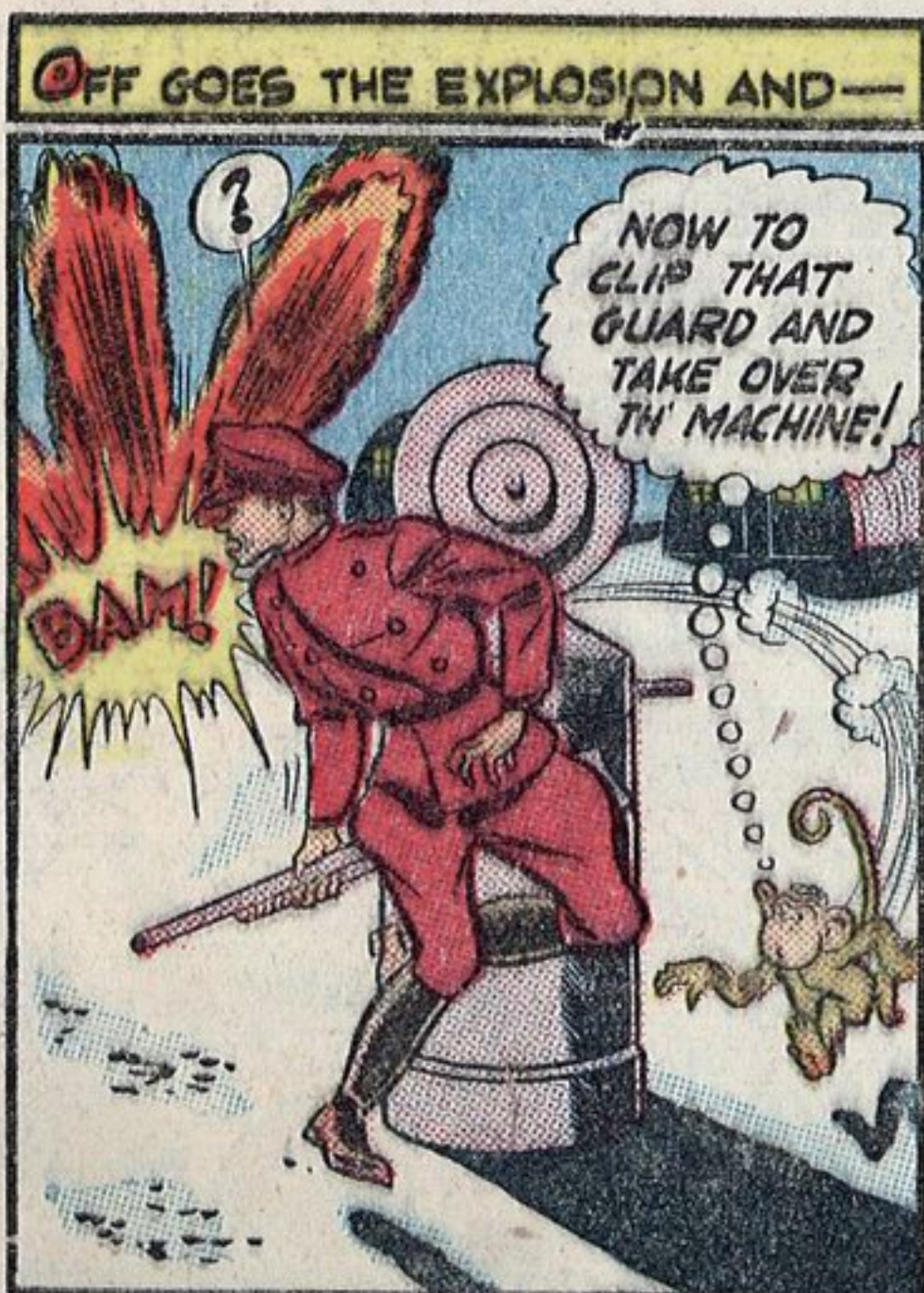
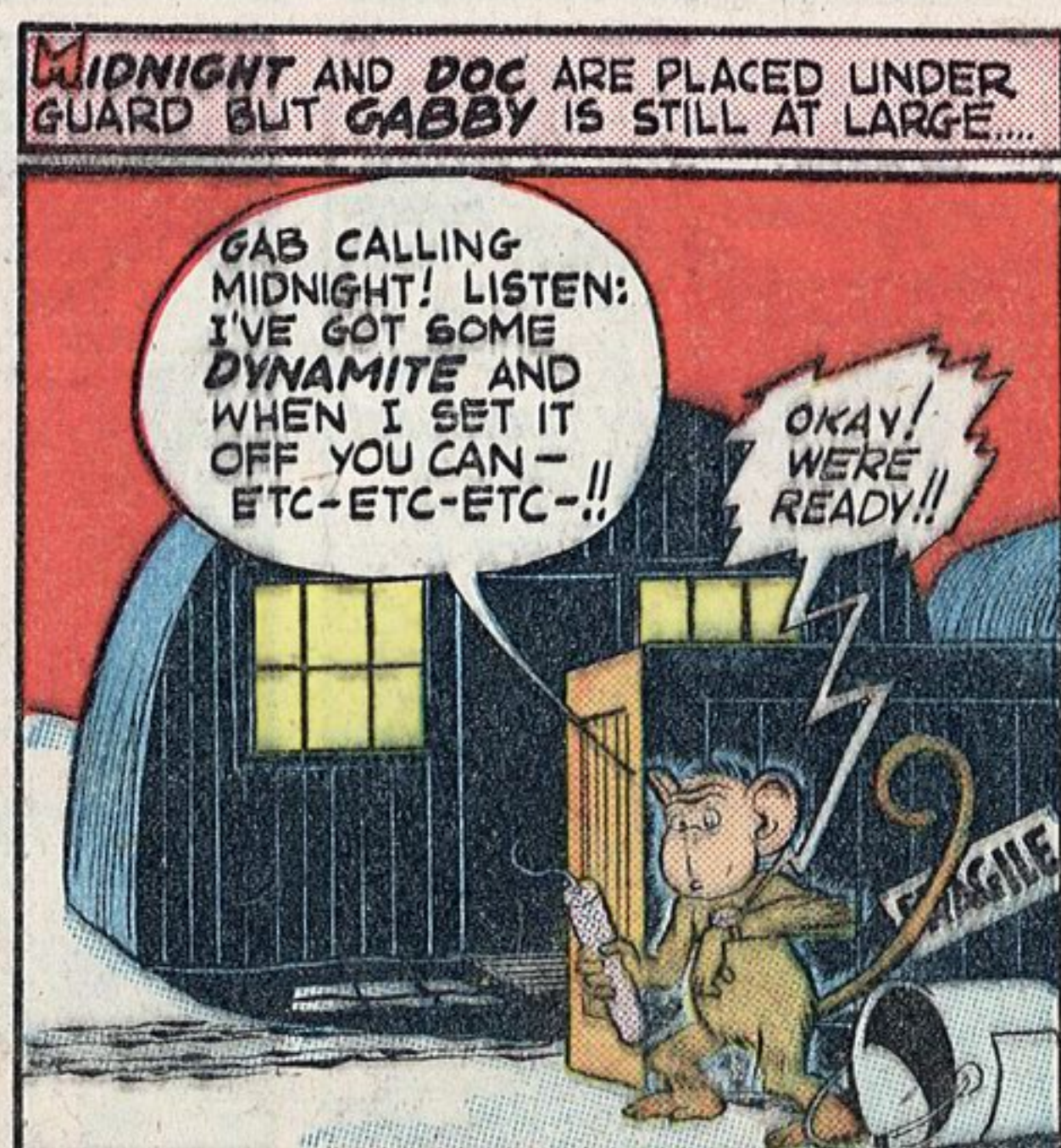


CHARGING DOWN ON THE MAIN ARMY CAMP, THE HUNS AGAIN BRING DOC'S MACHINE INTO PLAY....



SOON THE ISLAND IS IN NAZI CONTROL... A CELEBRATION FOLLOWS, AND GABBY IS LET OUT OF HIS CAGE

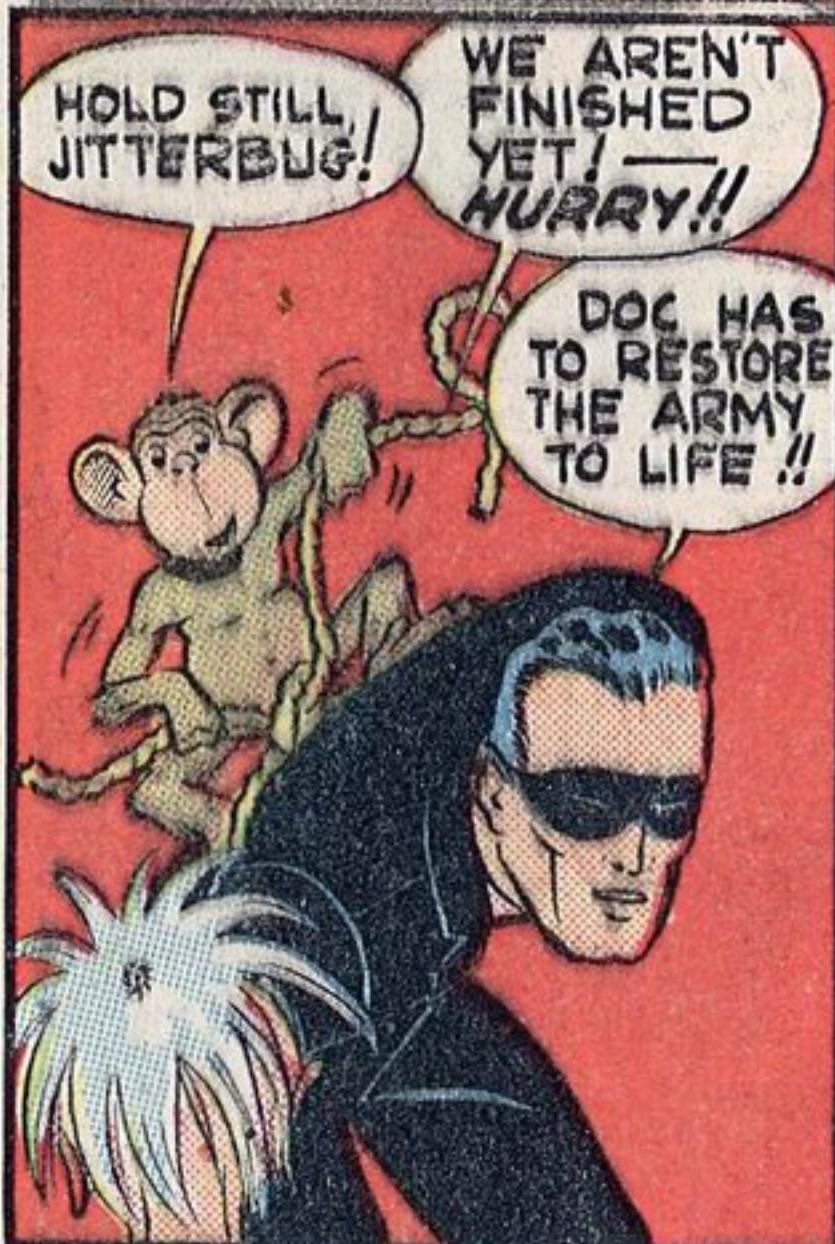




INSIDE, MIDNIGHT TAKES CARE OF THE LONE REMAINING GUARD...



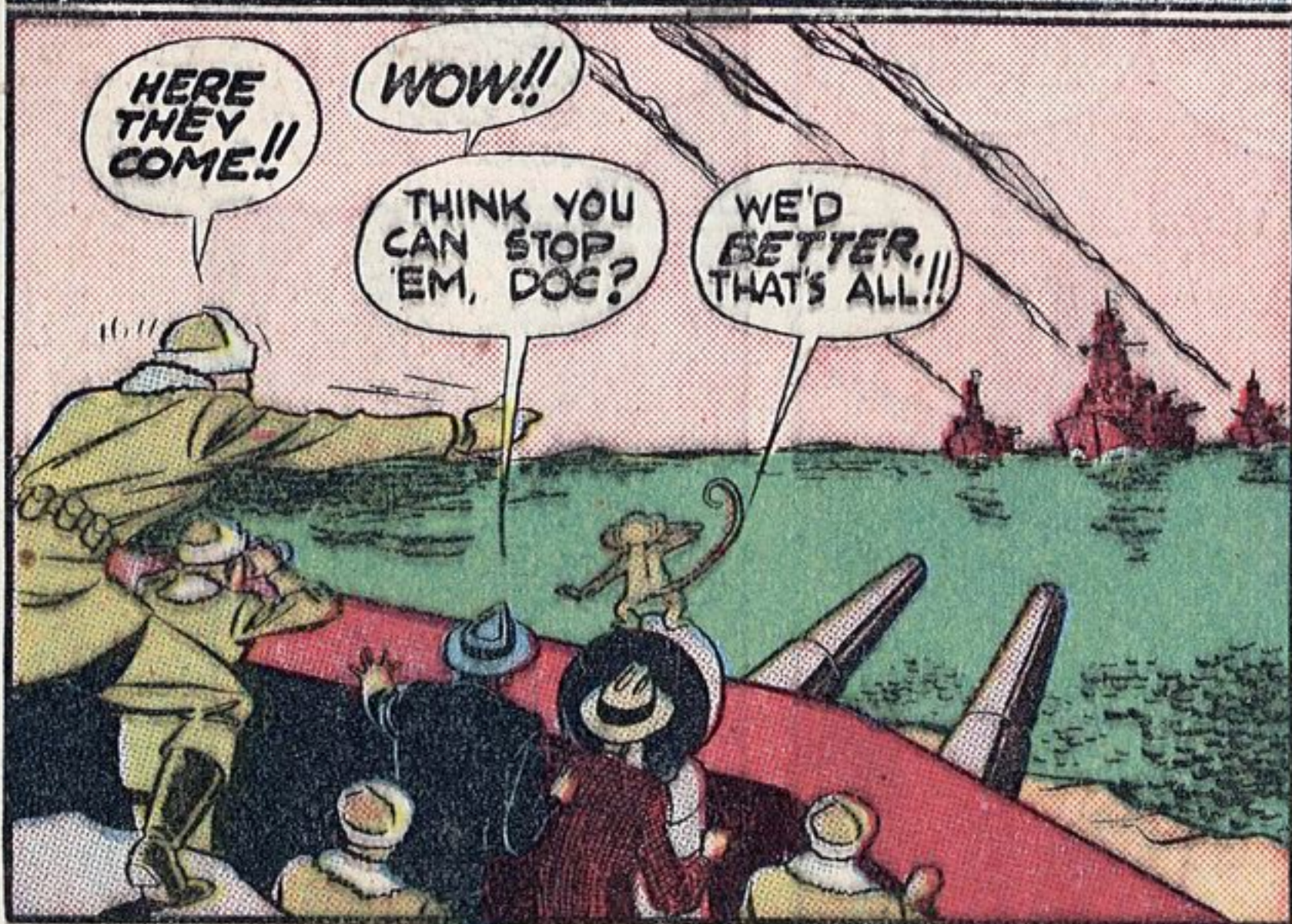
GABBY THEN UNTIES HIS PALS...



ONE BY ONE DOC BRINGS THE POPULACE BACK TO LIFE WITH HIS AMAZING RAY...



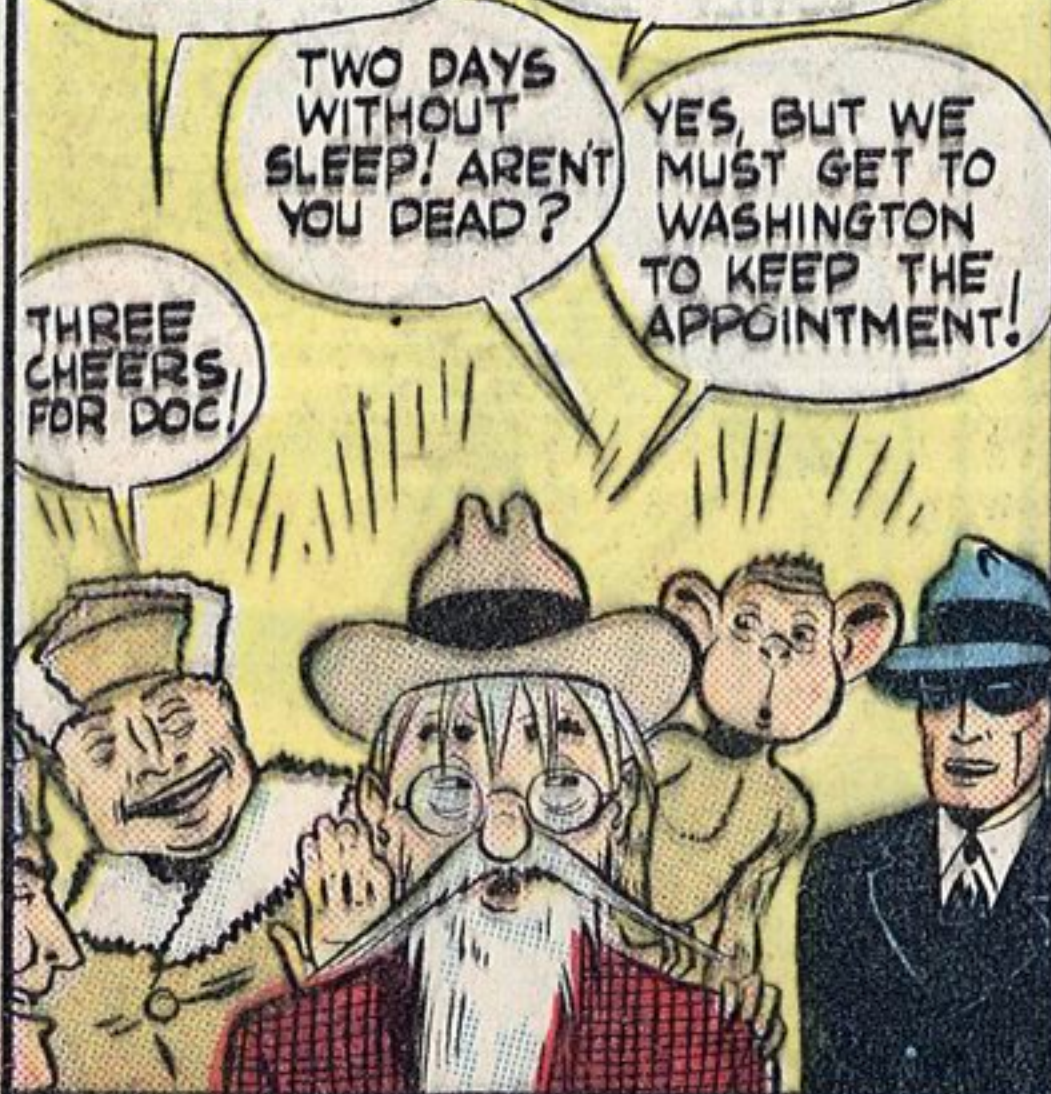
AFTER AN ALL NIGHT VIGIL, THE MEN ARE REWARDED... THE GERMAN SHIPS ARRIVE!!!!



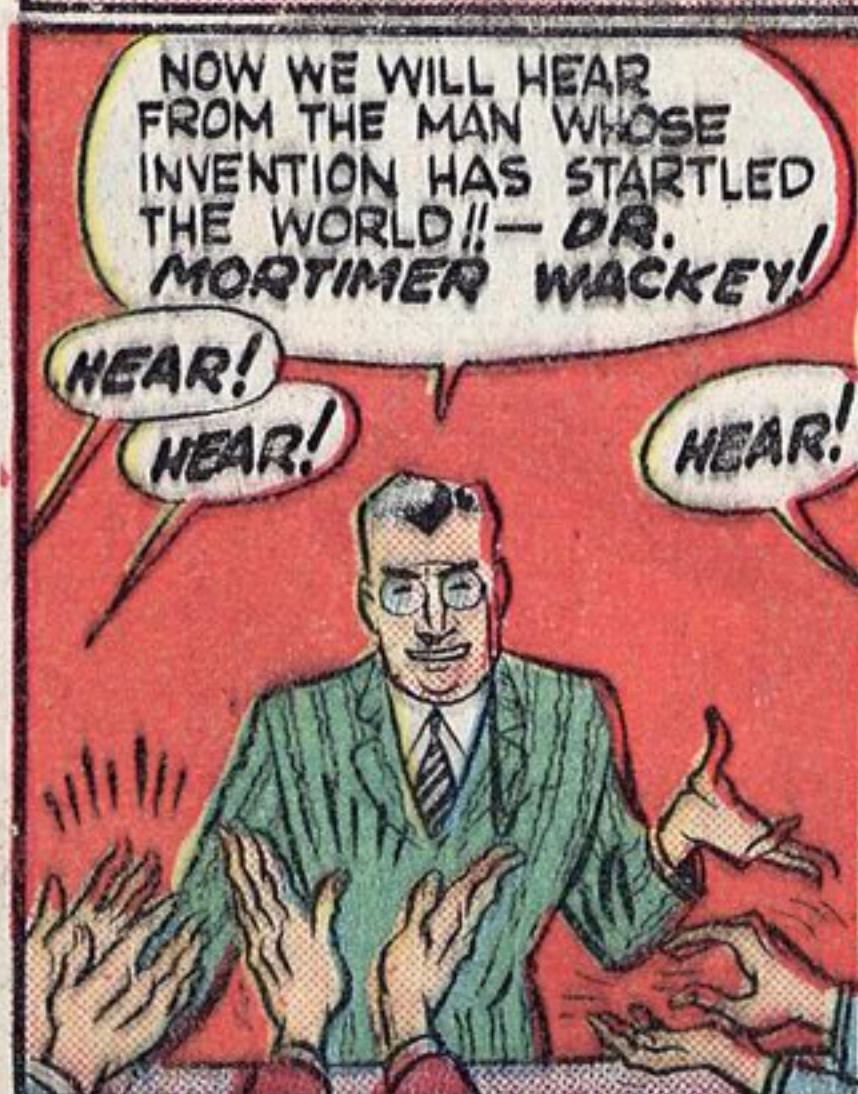
HEARTS STOP AS DOC PASSES A LEVER, SENDING POWERFUL RAYS OUT OVER THE OCEAN, TURNING THE SHIPS INTO DYNAMITE!!!



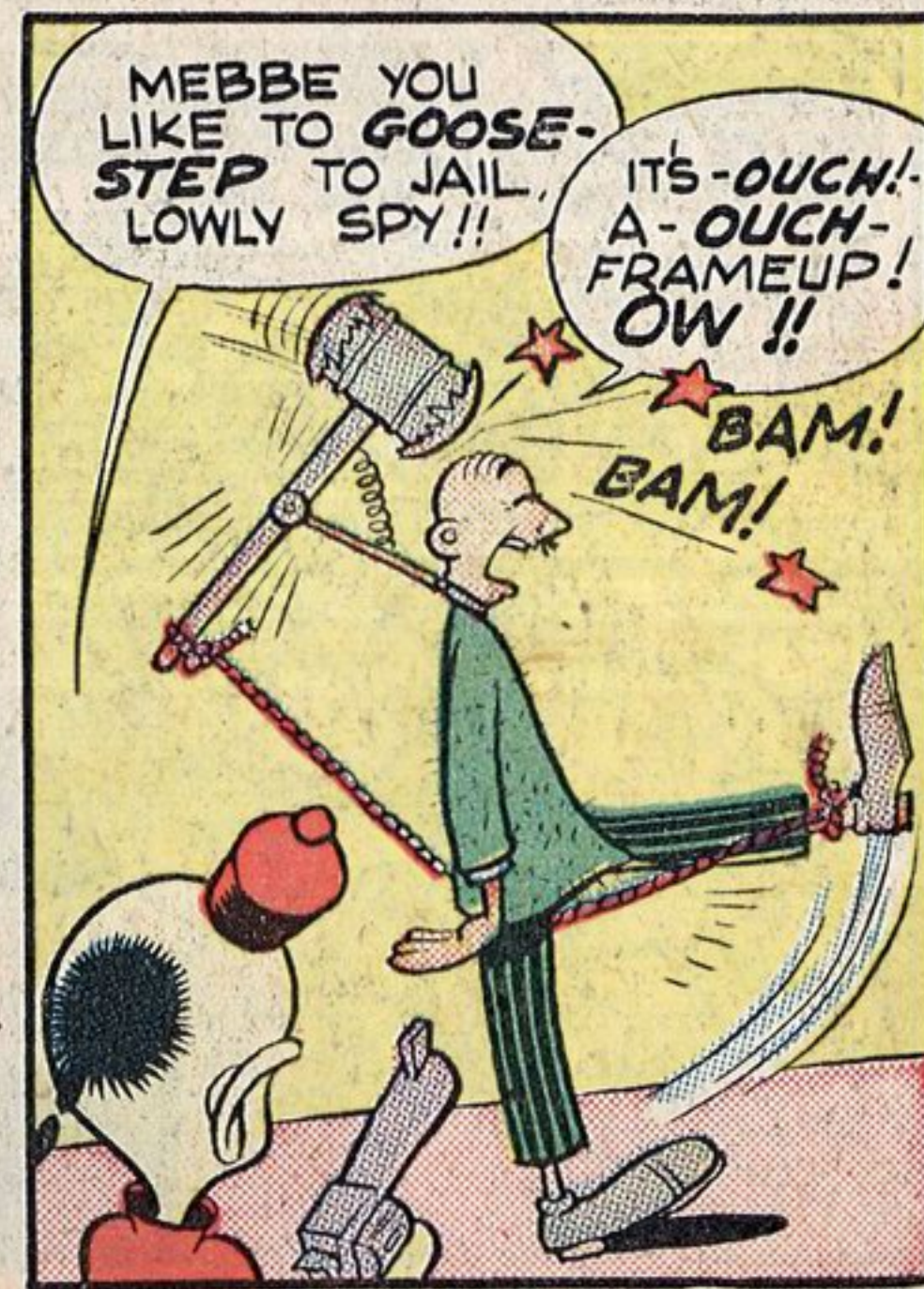
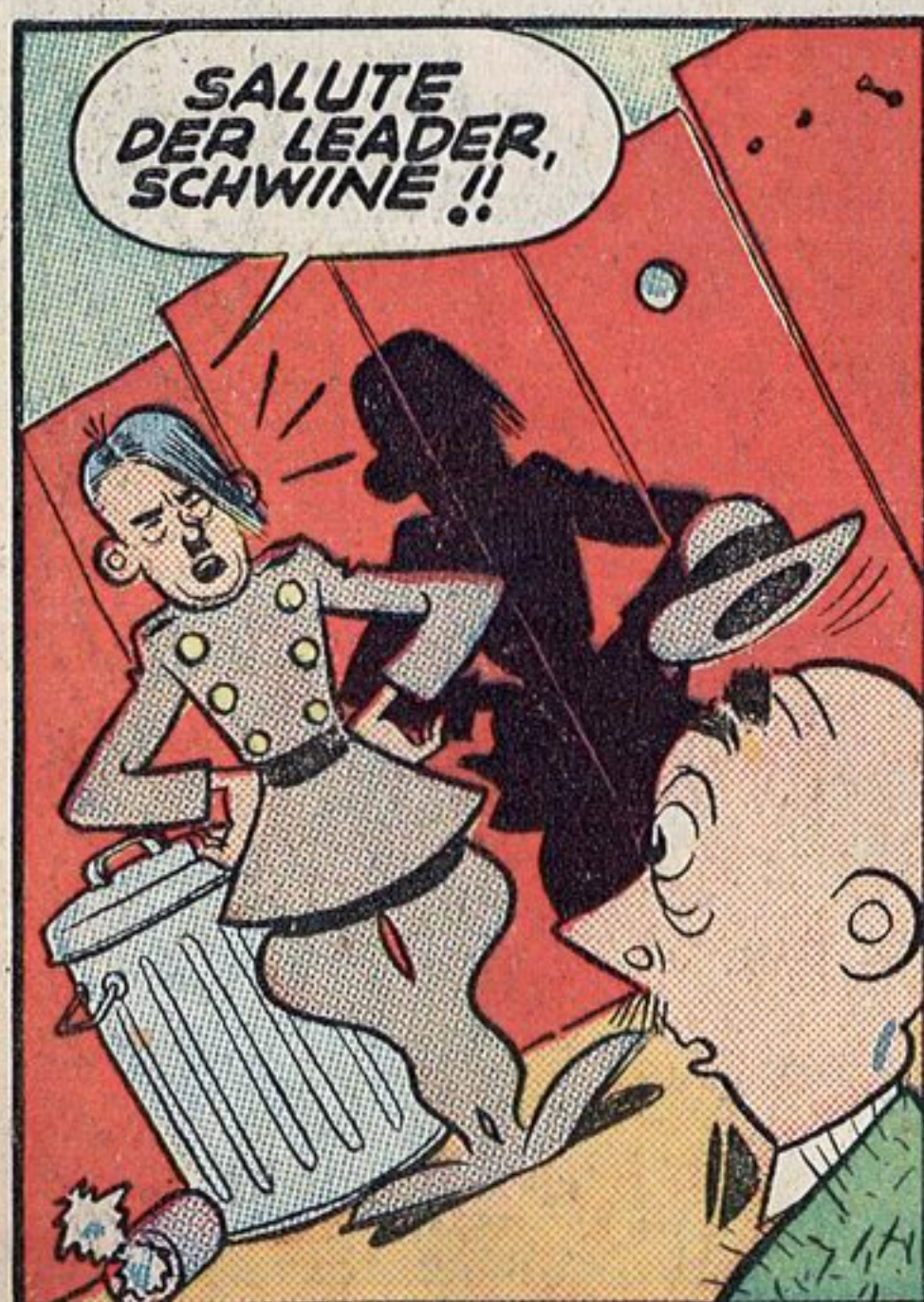
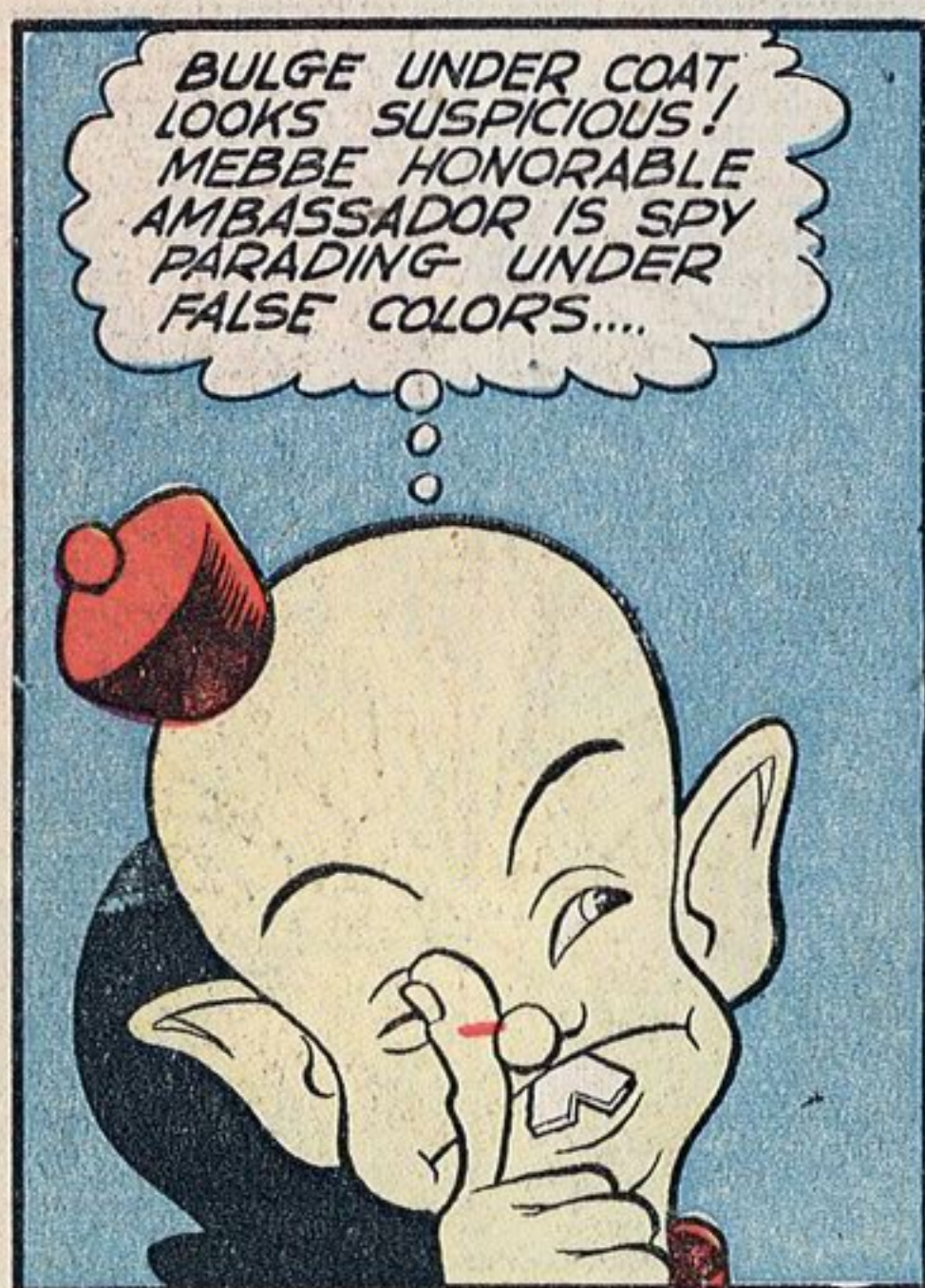
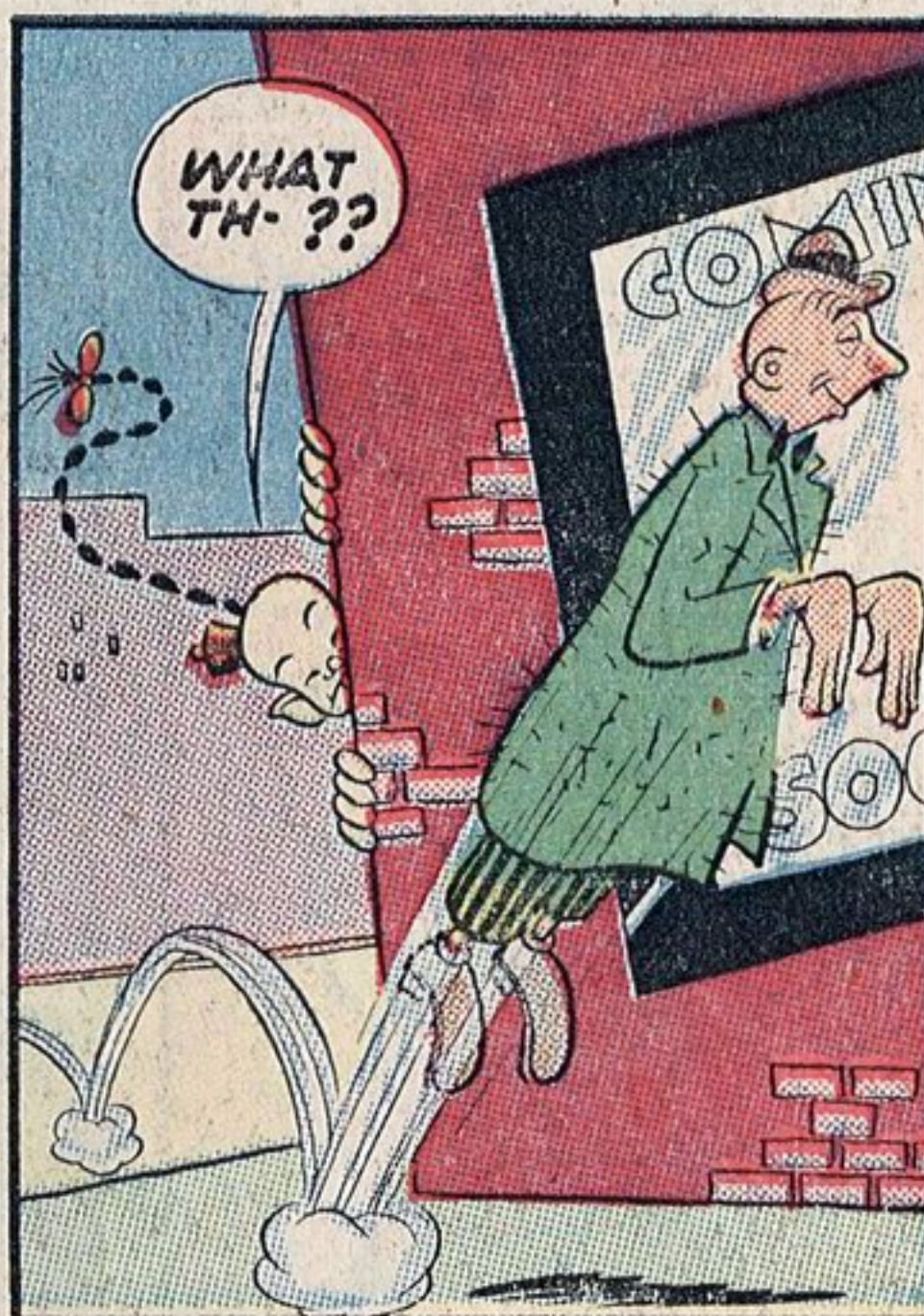
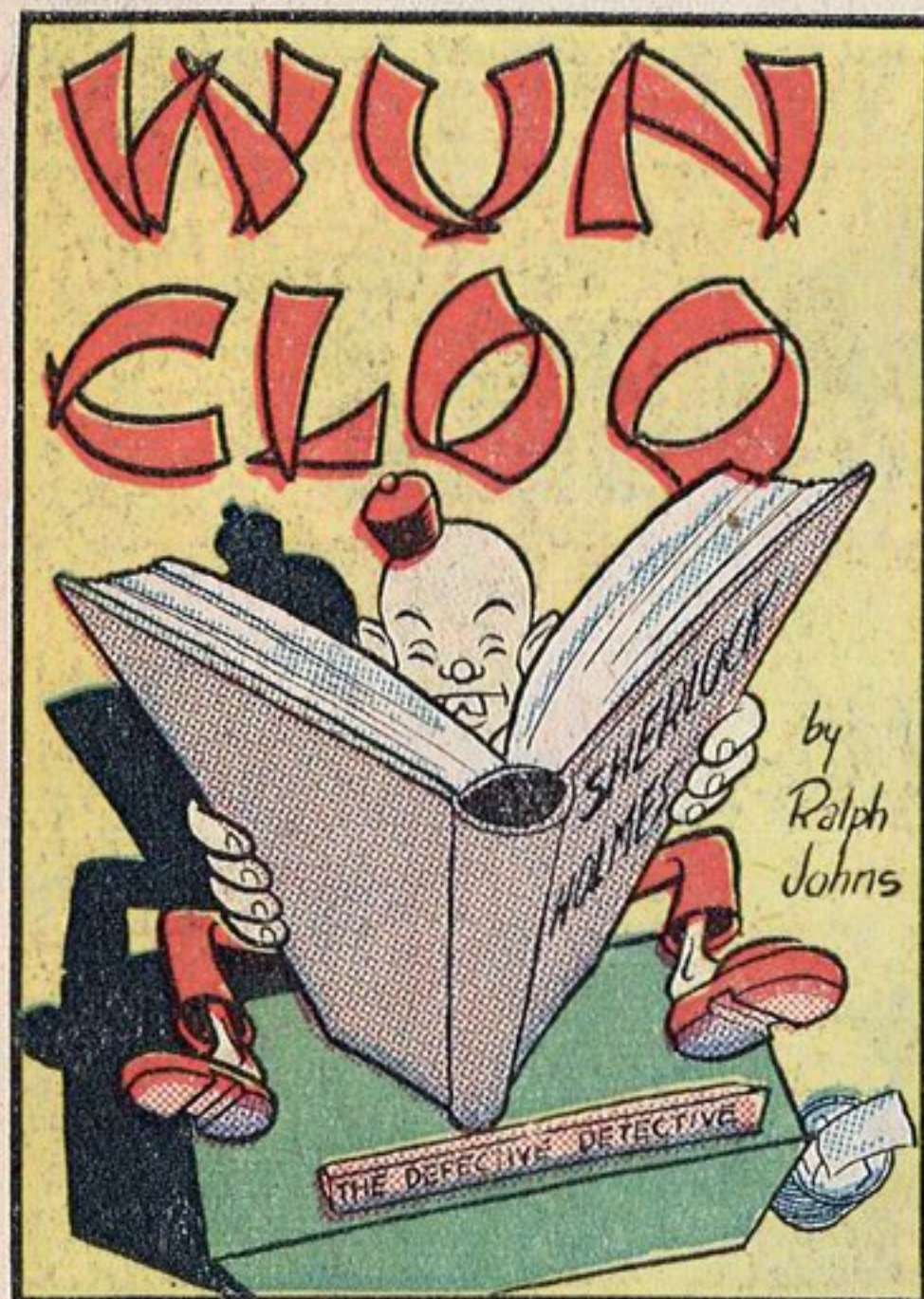
BRAVO, DOC! YOU'VE SAVED THE ISLAND!!



NEWS OF THE MACHINE'S PERFORMANCE REACHES WASHINGTON BEFORE DOC DOES AND A BANQUET GREET'S HIM.



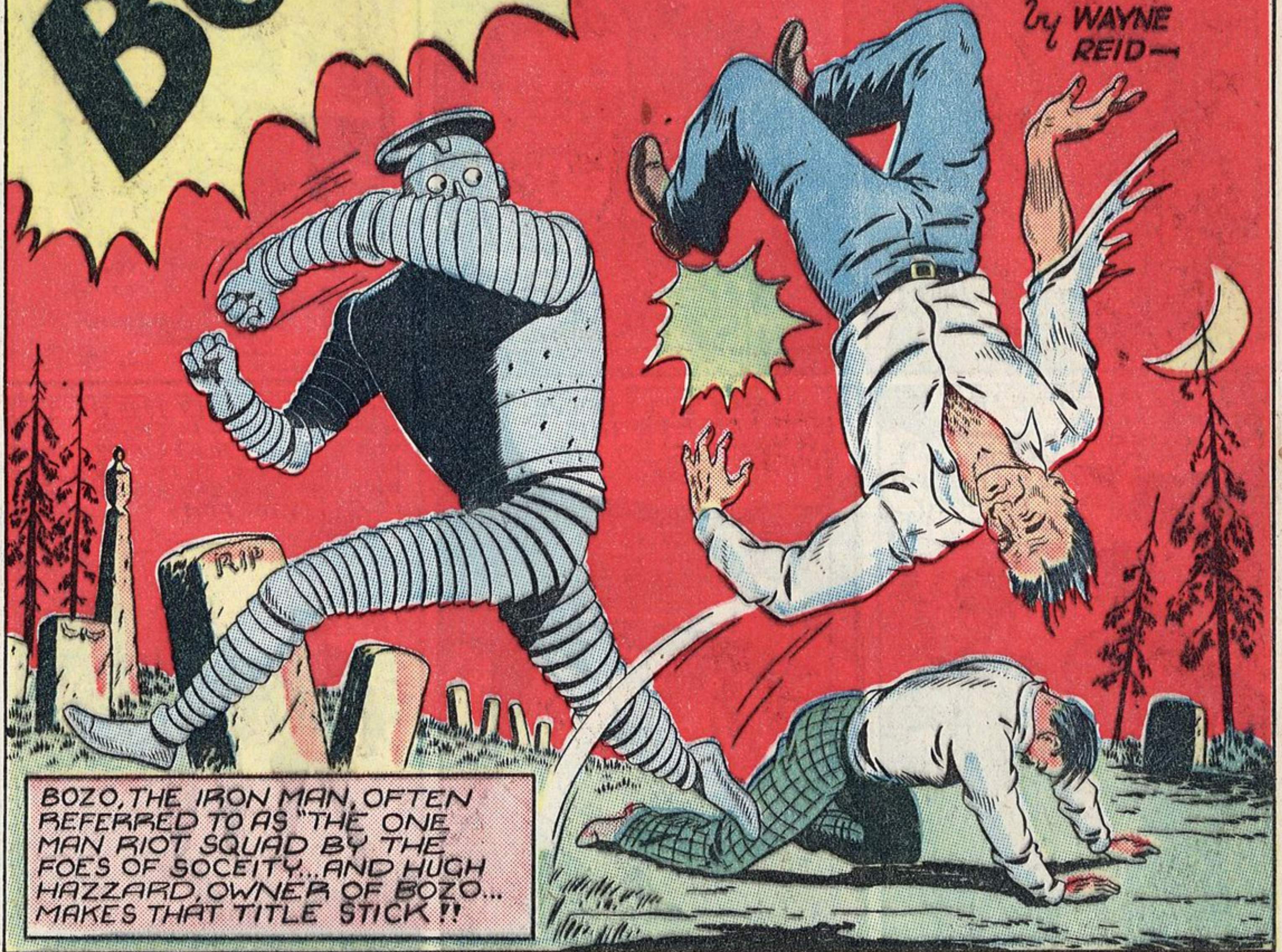
Another dynamic adventure of Midnight in the next issue of SMASH COMICS.



Follow Wun Cloo each month in SMASH COMICS.

BOZO THE ROBOT

by WAYNE REID



BOZO, THE IRON MAN, OFTEN REFERRED TO AS "THE ONE MAN RIOT SQUAD BY THE FOES OF SOCIETY... AND HUGH HAZZARD, OWNER OF BOZO... MAKES THAT TITLE STICK!!

WOW!-ANOTHER EXPLOSION IN A DEFENSE PLANT-"SABOTAGE CLEARLY INDICATED"



HEY BOSS! MORE ESPIONAGE WORK! ROLL MOR TOOL AND DIE FACTORY BLASTED!



THOSE DIRTY FASCIST RATS HAVE TO BE CAUGHT! CALL IN THE RE-WRITE MAN AND THE CARTOONIST! WE'RE PUTTING OUT AN EXTRA!



ONE HOUR LATER

EXTRA! EXTRA! READ ALL 'BOUT IT! FOREIGN AGENTS RUN WILD! EXTRA!

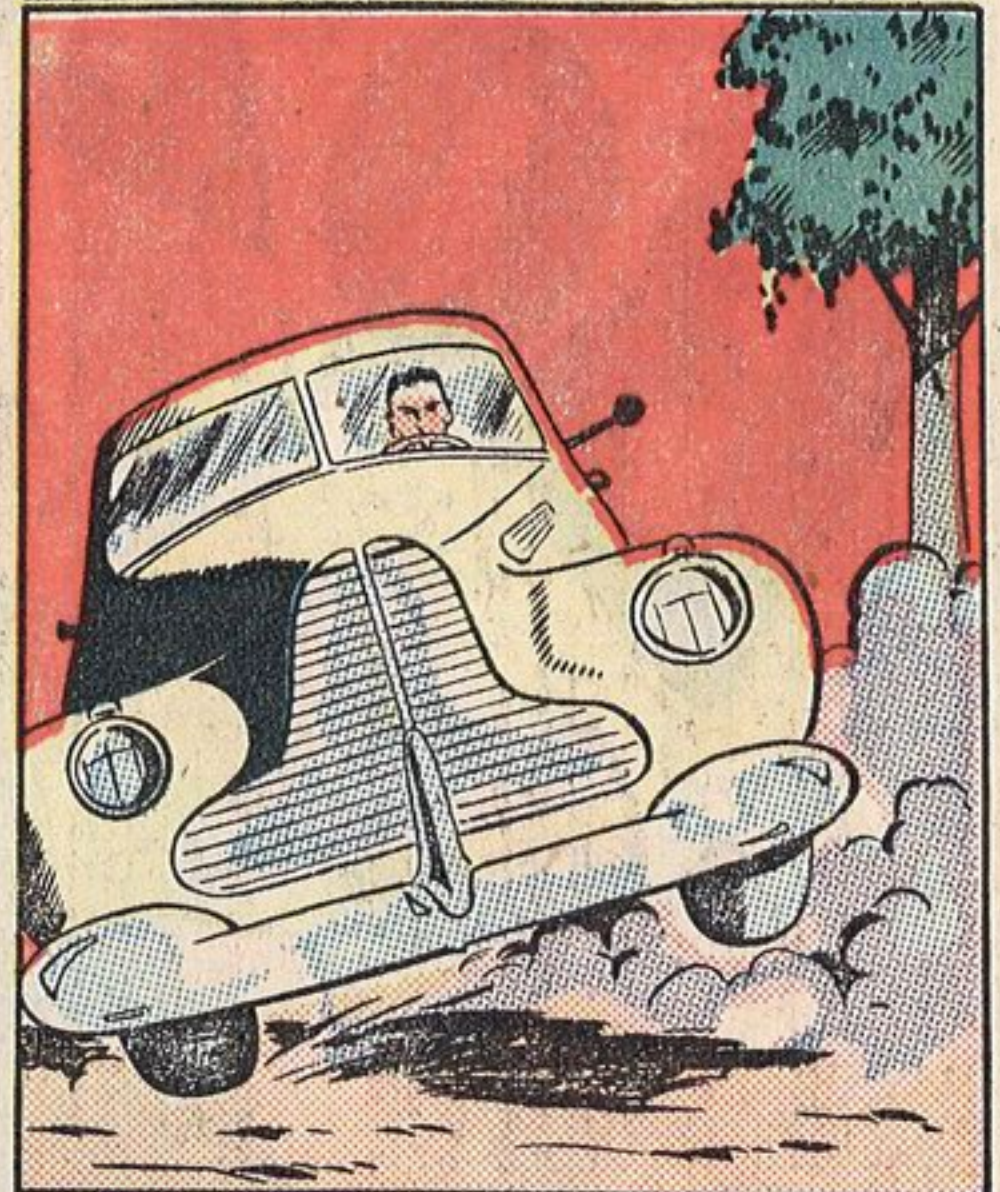


AND HUGH HAZZARD, OWNER OF THE GREAT IRON MAN, READS THE EXTRA

HUH! THINK I'LL LOOK INTO THIS. MAYBE I CAN UNSCRAMBLE THIS MESS!



HUGH HEADS FOR THE SCENE OF THE LATEST SABOTAGE DISASTER!



WHY HELLO, SARGEANT BLAINE! ANY LUCK AS YET?

ONLY BUM LUCK! WE ALMOST GOT 'EM!



WE SAW 'EM LEAVE HERE JUST AFTER THE BLAST. SO WE TAILED 'EM ----



THEY DITCHED THEIR CAR ON OAK RIDGE, NEAR THE OLD OAK RIDGE CEMETERY, AND IN THE DARKNESS WE LOST 'EM!



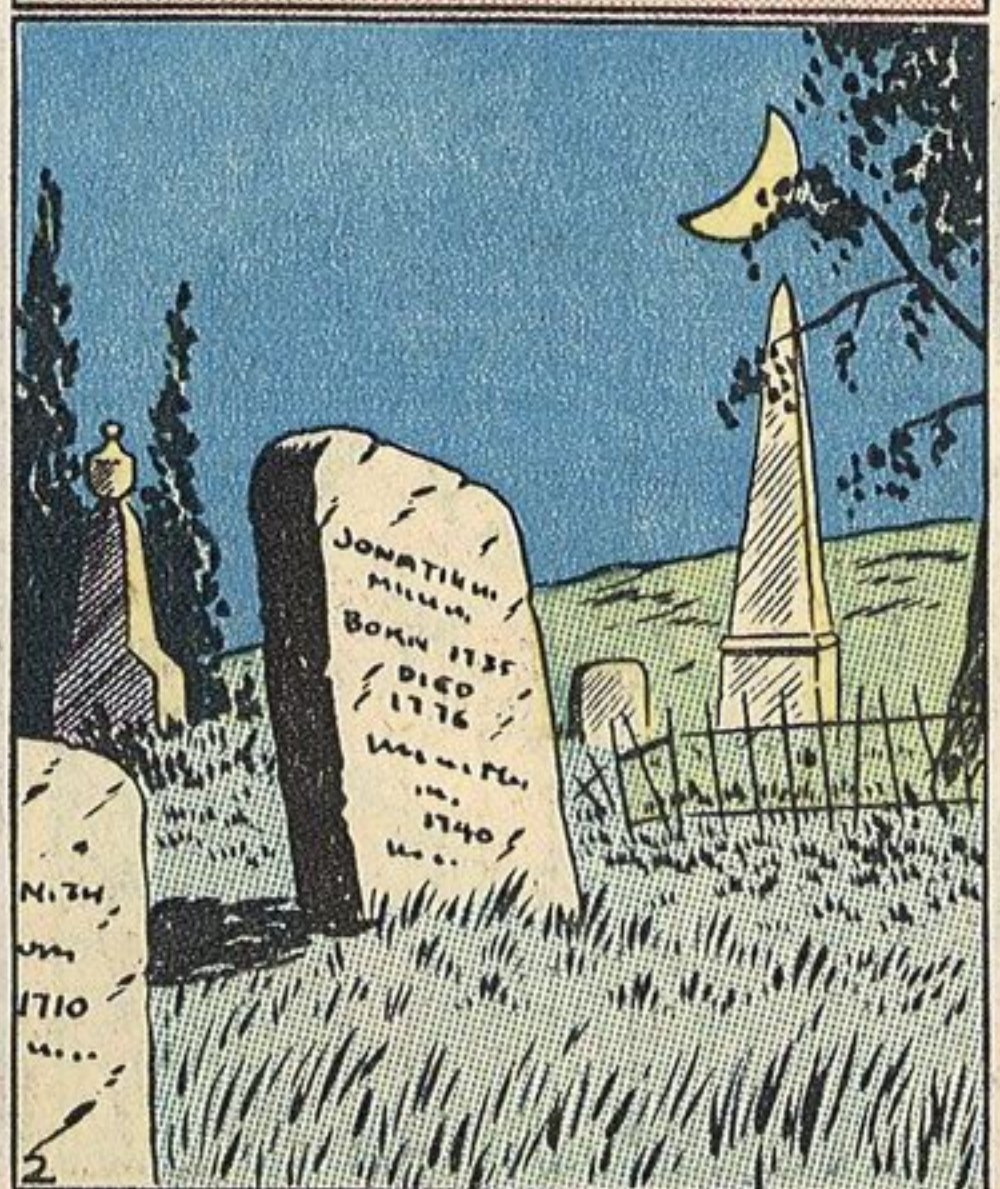
DISAPPEARED NEAR AN OLD CEMETERY EH? HMMM-I'VE GOT A HUNCH!

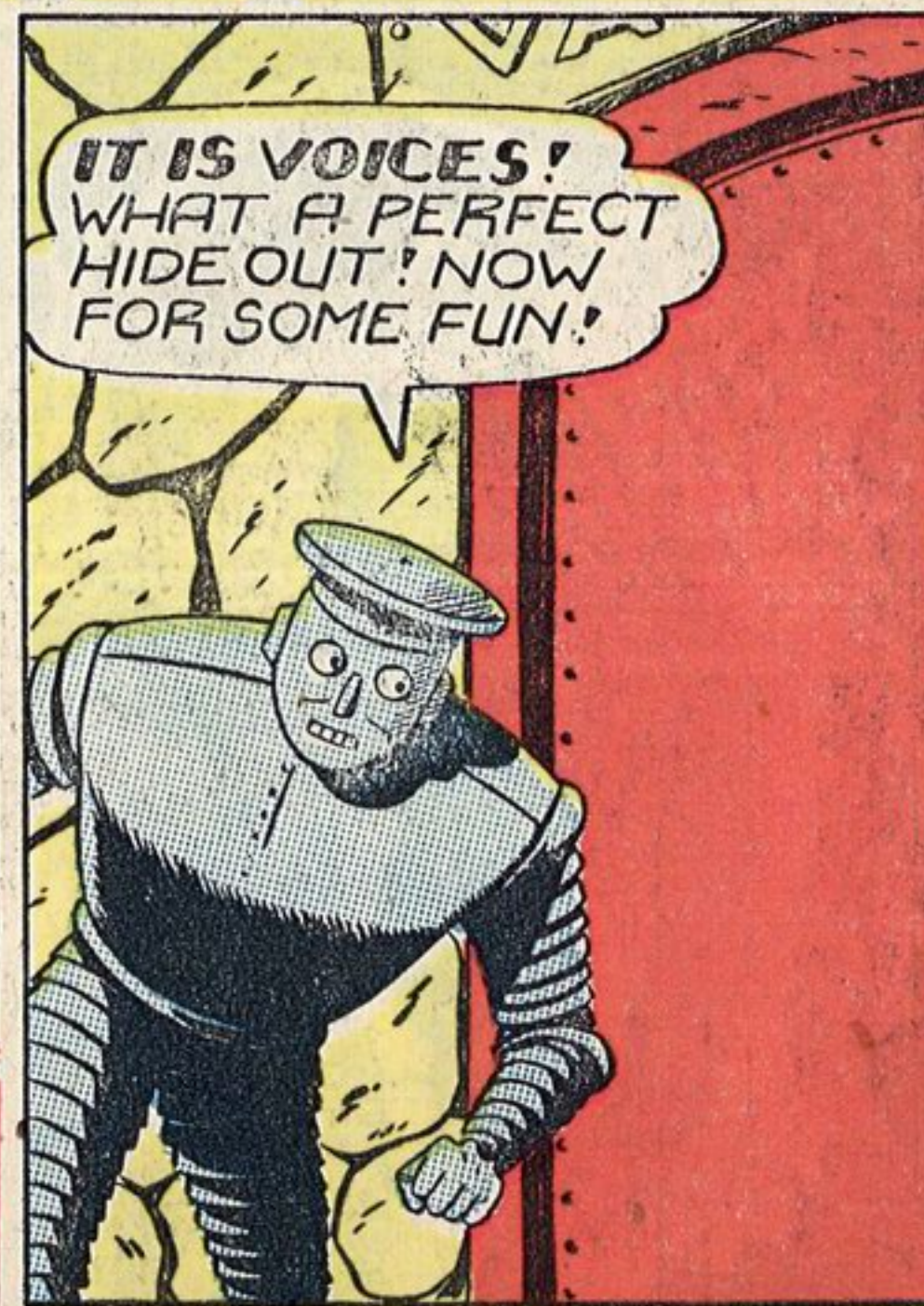
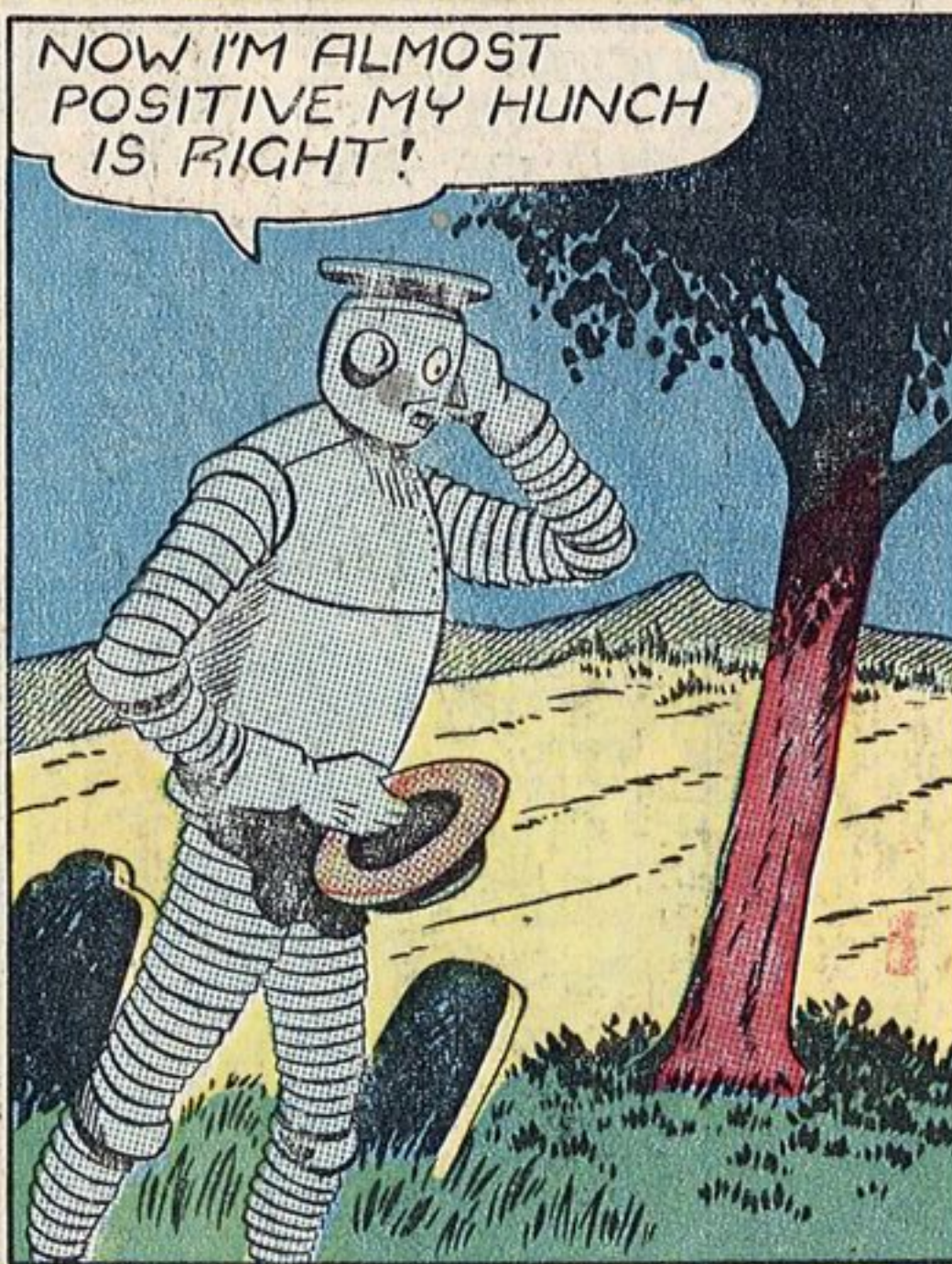
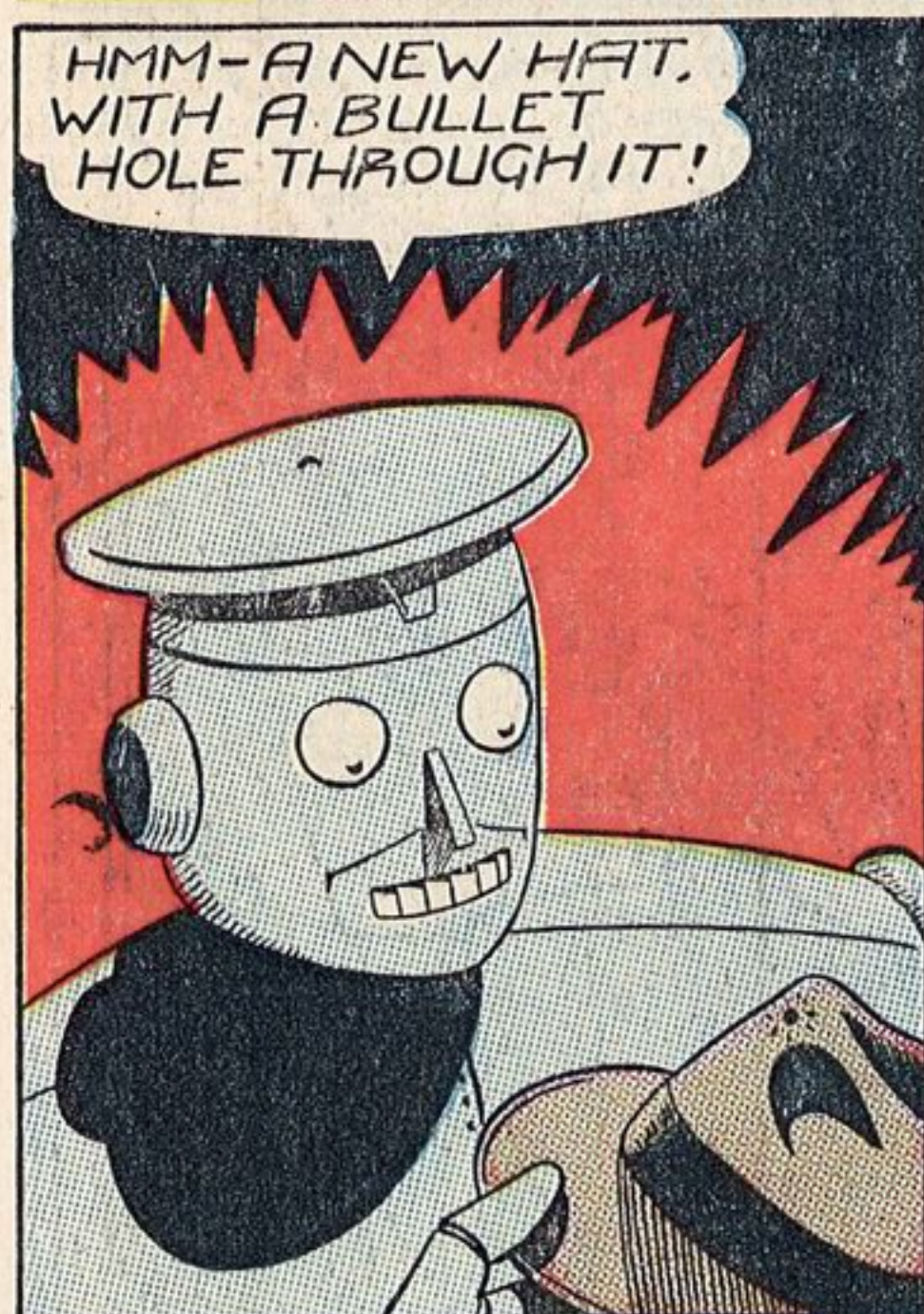
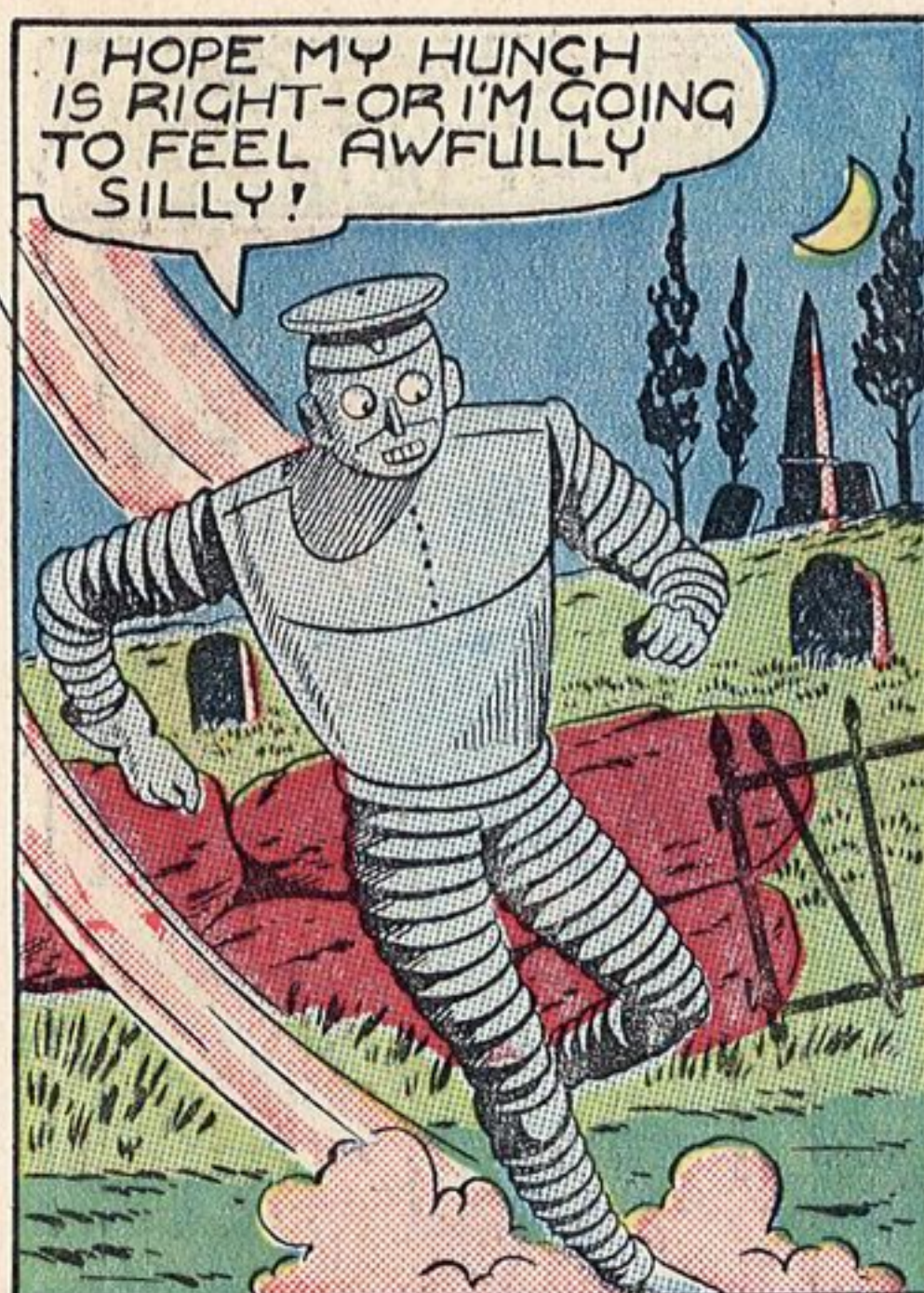


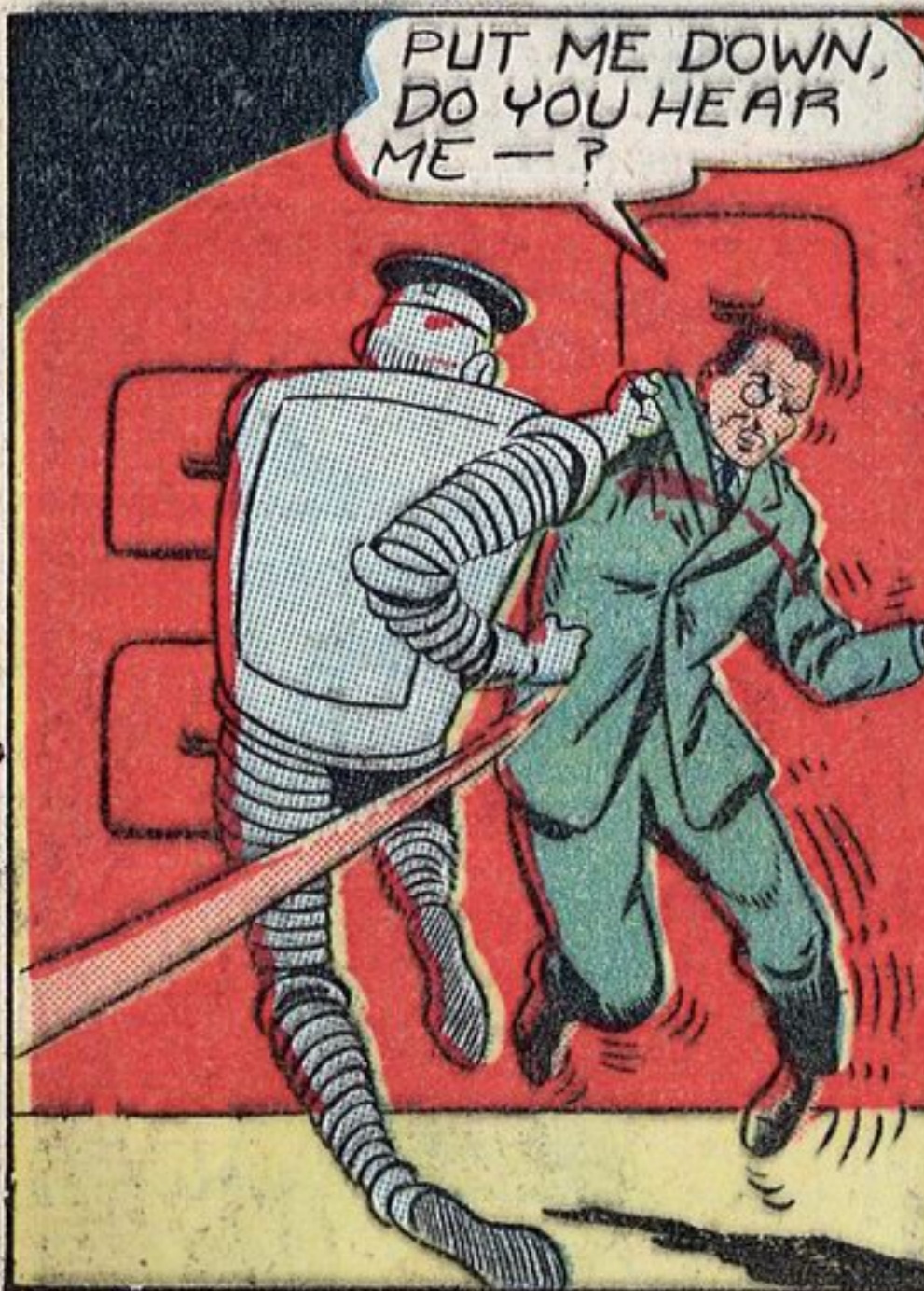
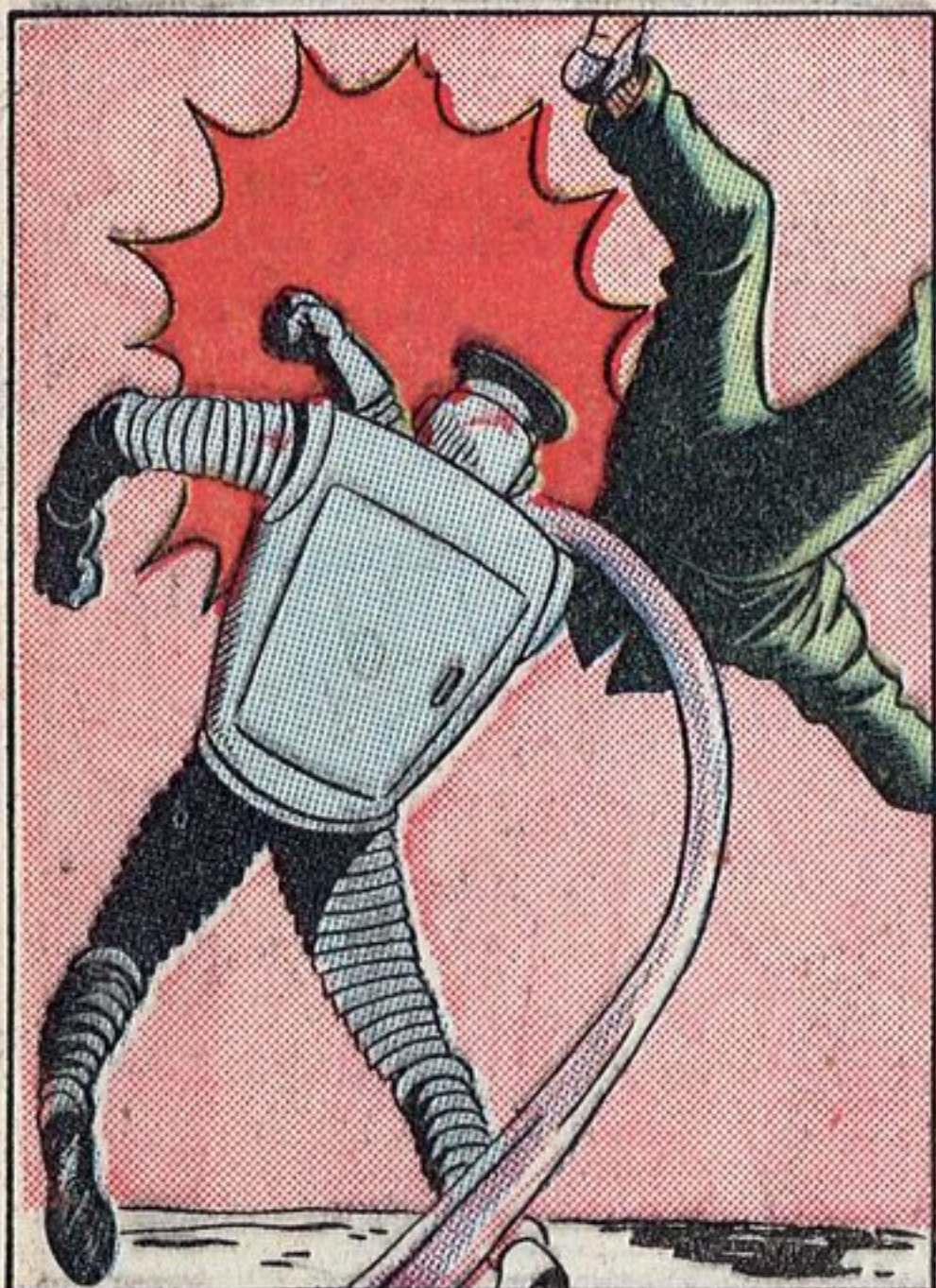
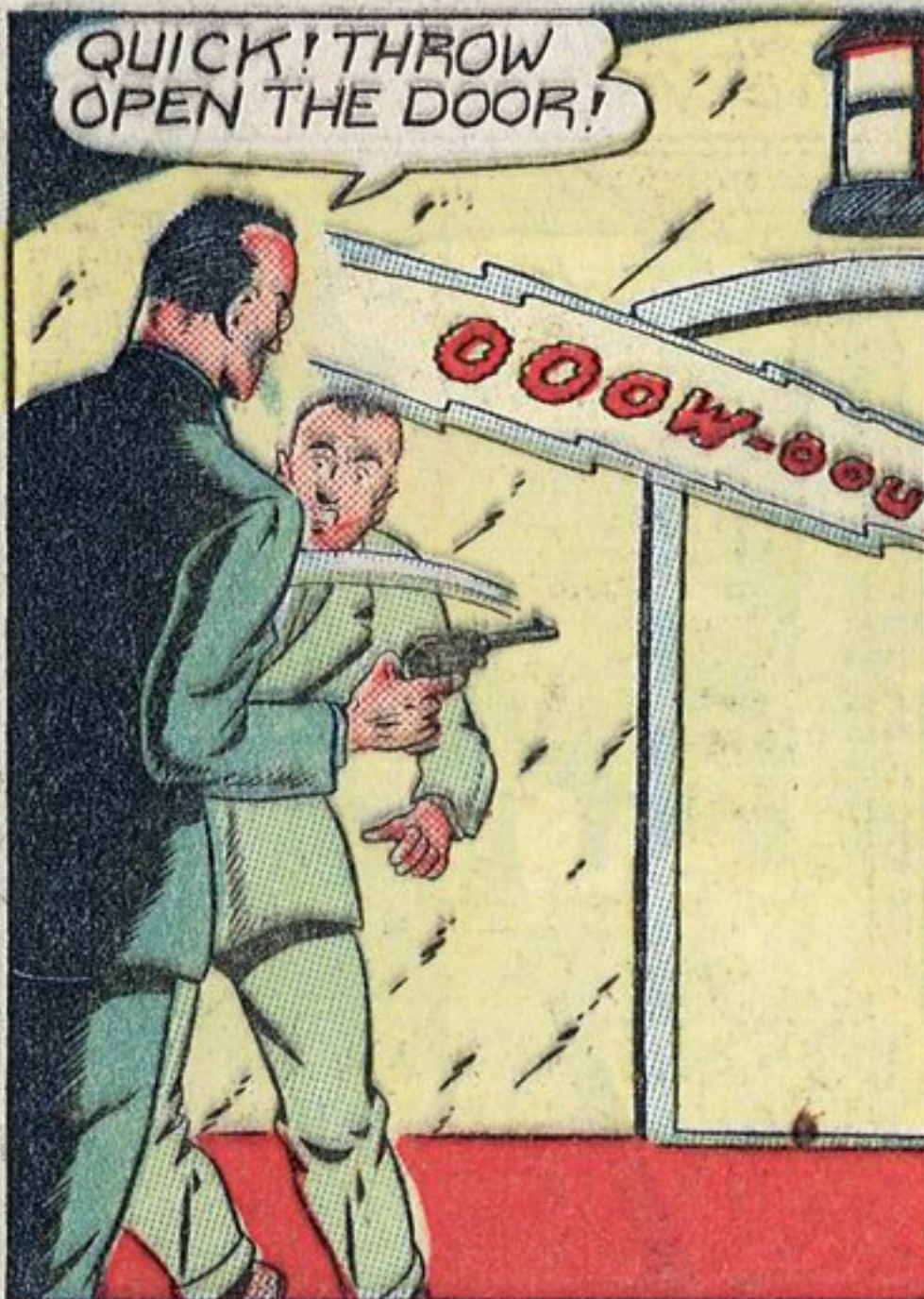
THAT NIGHT, HUGH GETS INSIDE THE ROBOT AND HEADS FOR THE OLD CEMETERY----



WHERE THE GHOSTLY QUIET IS ONLY BROKEN BY THE WIND IN THE ANCIENT TREES.







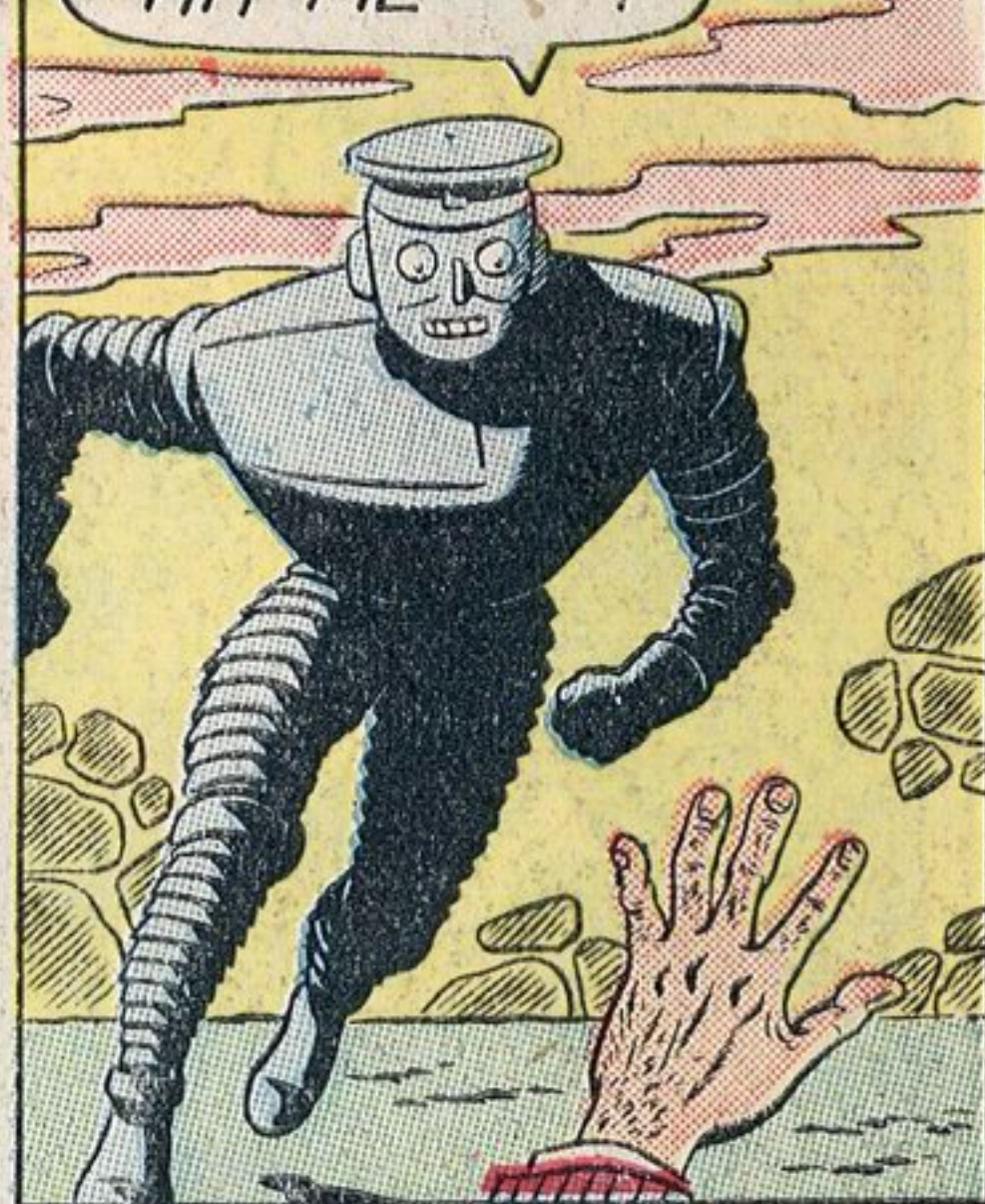
AS BOZO BENDS OVER, THE
ACID FILLED BAKER
FLIES OVERHEAD ----



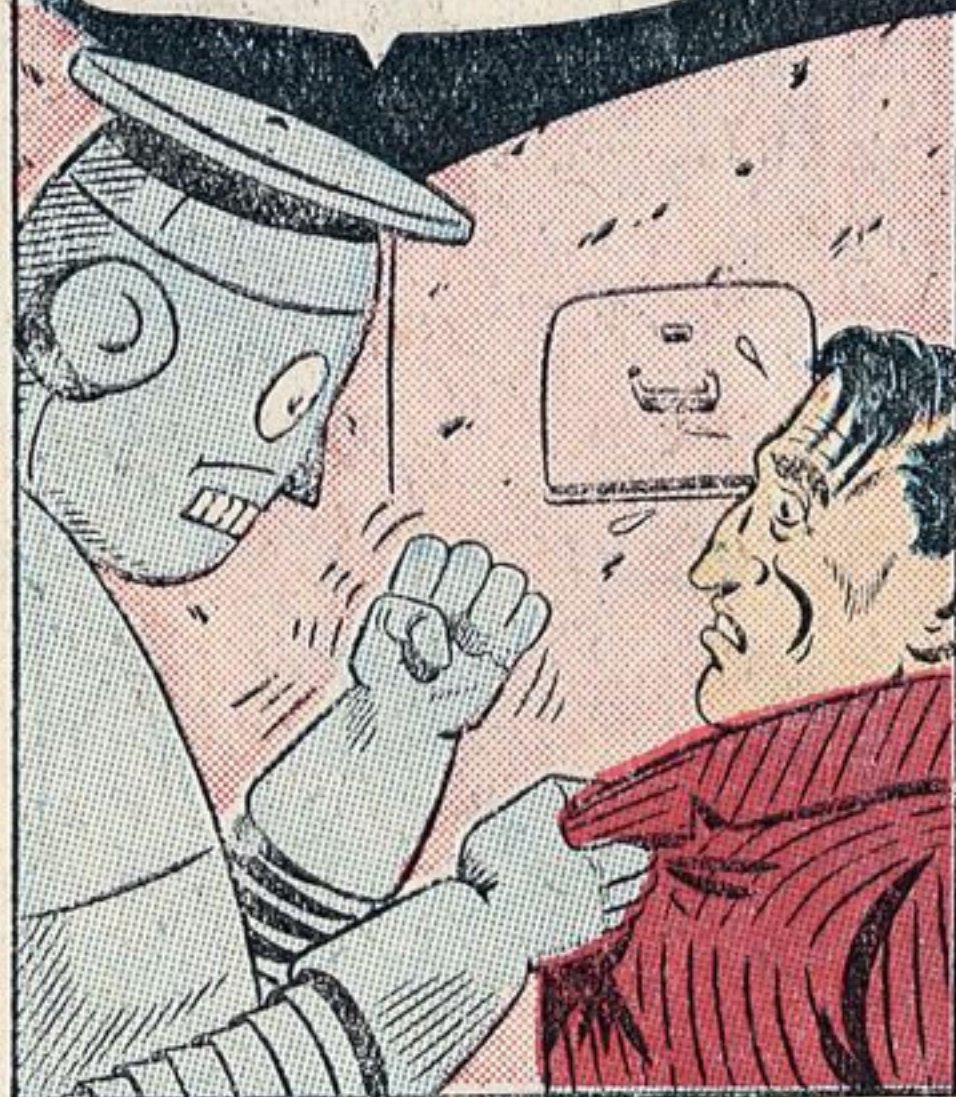
AND SMASHES AGAINST
THE VAULT'S IRON DOOR!



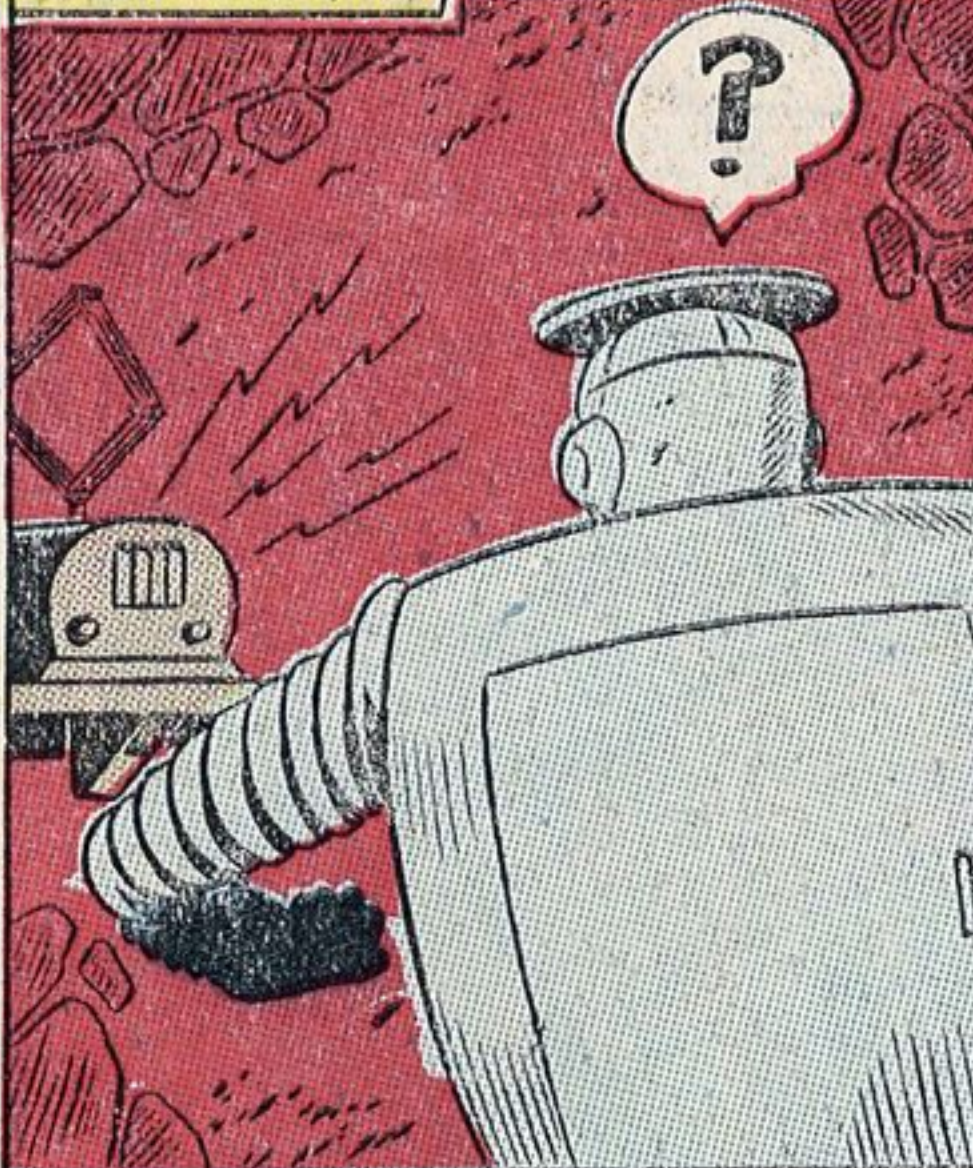
WHY YOU --! IF
THAT ACID HAD
HIT ME ----!



YOU AND YOUR KIND
DON'T KNOW THE
MEANING OF
FIGHTING FAIR ---



JUST THEN, A SMALL
RADIO RECEIVING SET
CUTS IN...



THAT'S COMING OVER
IN CODE! WHAT DOES
IT MEAN?

FIND OUT
YOURSELF!



THAT'S
WHAT
YOU THINK.

N-NO! NO! DON'T!
D-DON'T! I'LL
TELL, I'LL TELL!



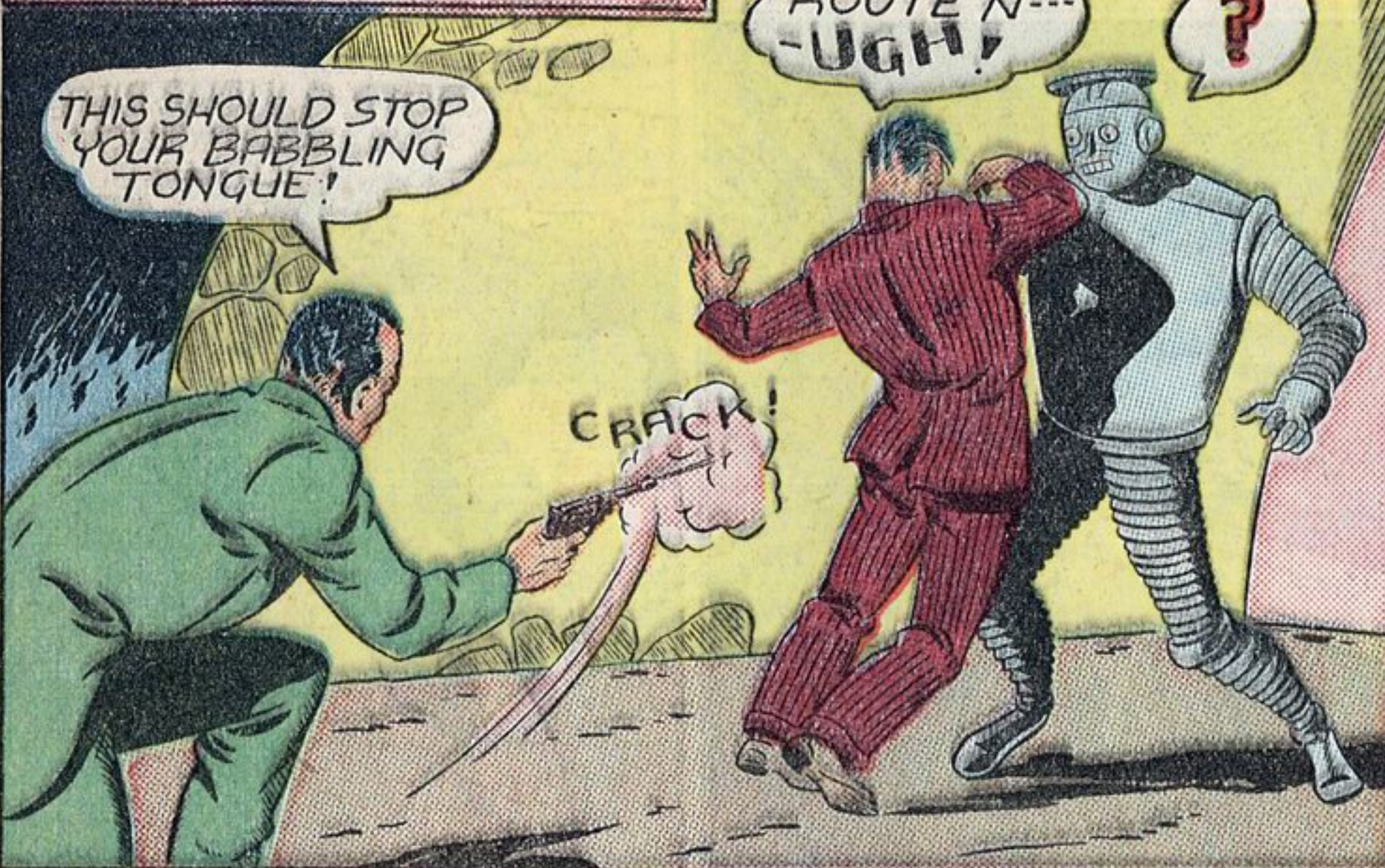
FOUR OF OUR MEN ARE
IN A TRAILER TRUCK,
HEADING FOR AJAX
POWDER FACTORY.
THE TRUCK IS FULL
OF "NITRO" ----

GO
ON--



MEANWHILE, THE SPY LEADER
RECOVERS HIS LUGER AND...

THIS SHOULD STOP
YOUR BABBLING
TONGUE!



WHY YOU
MURDEROUS
FIEND!



THAT'LL HOLD HIM
FOR AWHILE! NOW
I'VE GOT TO STOP
THAT TRUCK!



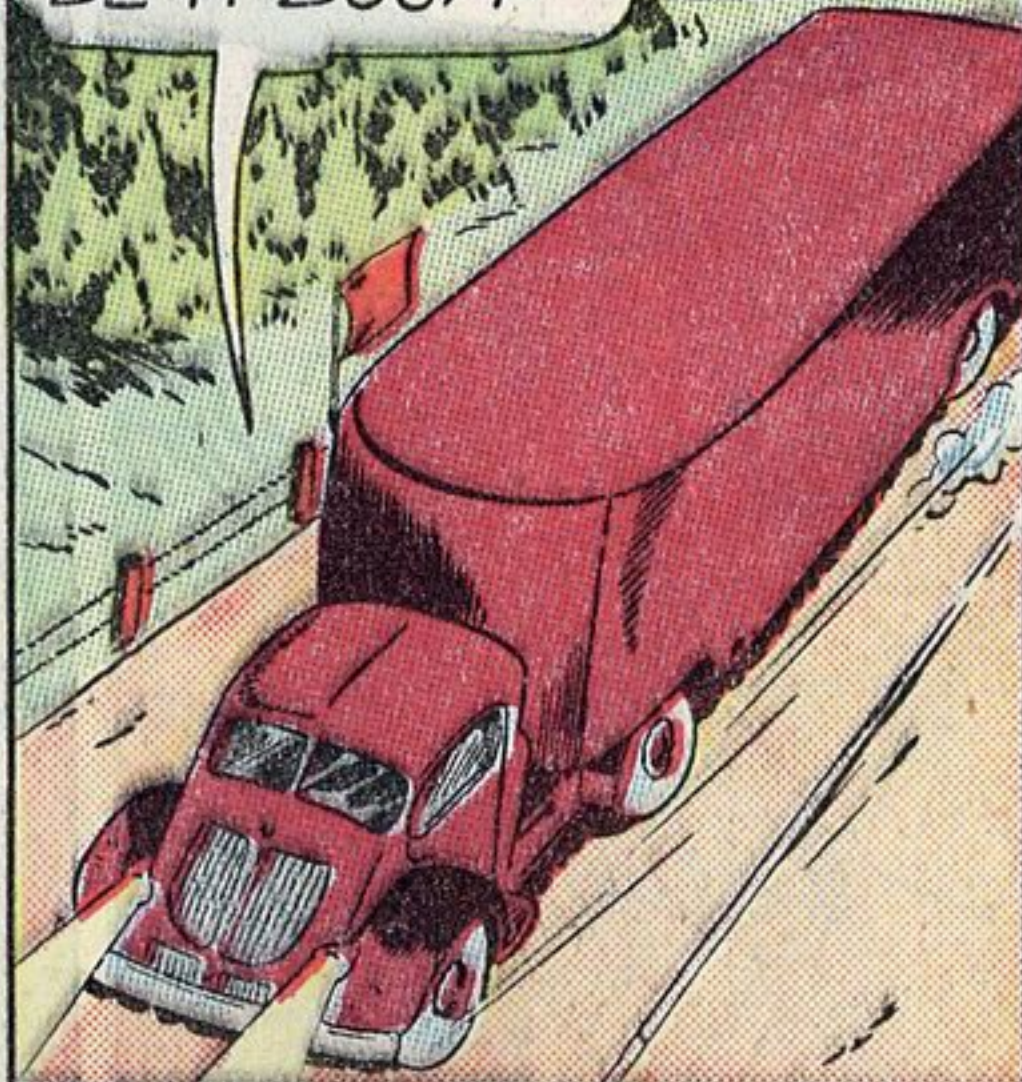
MEANWHILE...

HOW MANY MORE
MILES TO GO,
BRUNO?

ONLY TEN
MORE -- THEN,
BOOM--!!



JA! WHEN DIS TRUCK
ROLLS DOWN DER HILL
UND INTO DER POWDER
PLANT THERE SURE VILL
BE A BOOM!



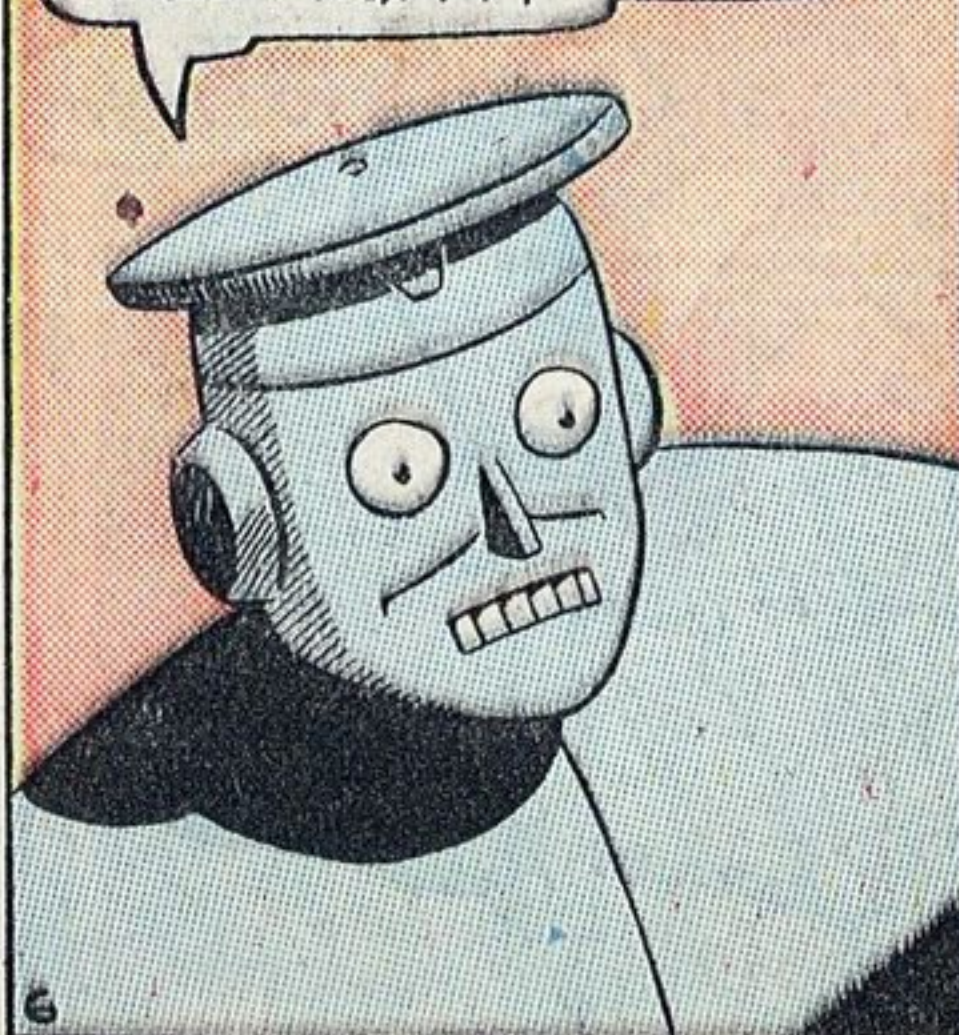
THE ONLY ROUTE TO
THAT POWDER PLANT
IS ROUTE NINE --
HOPE I'LL BE IN TIME!

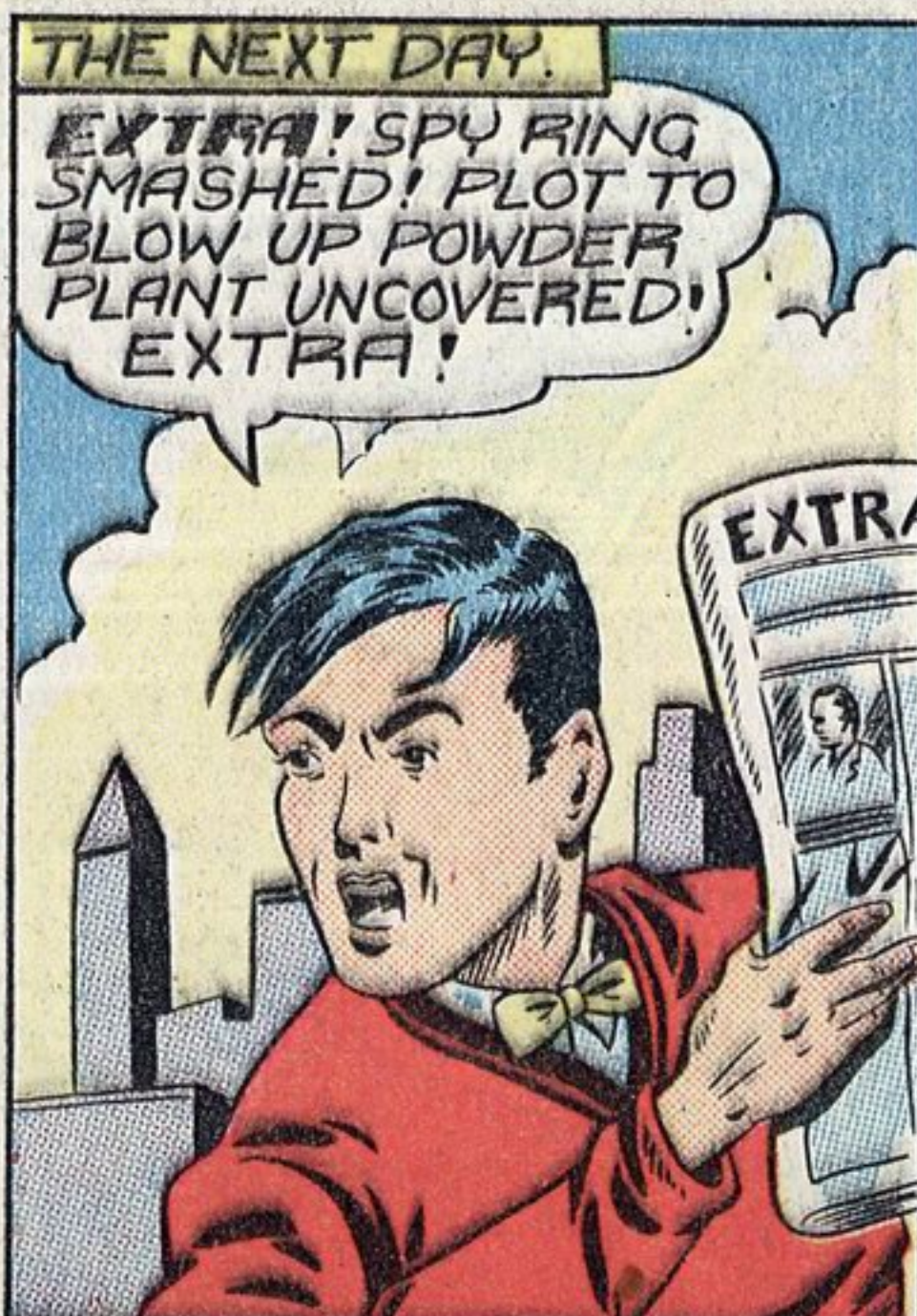
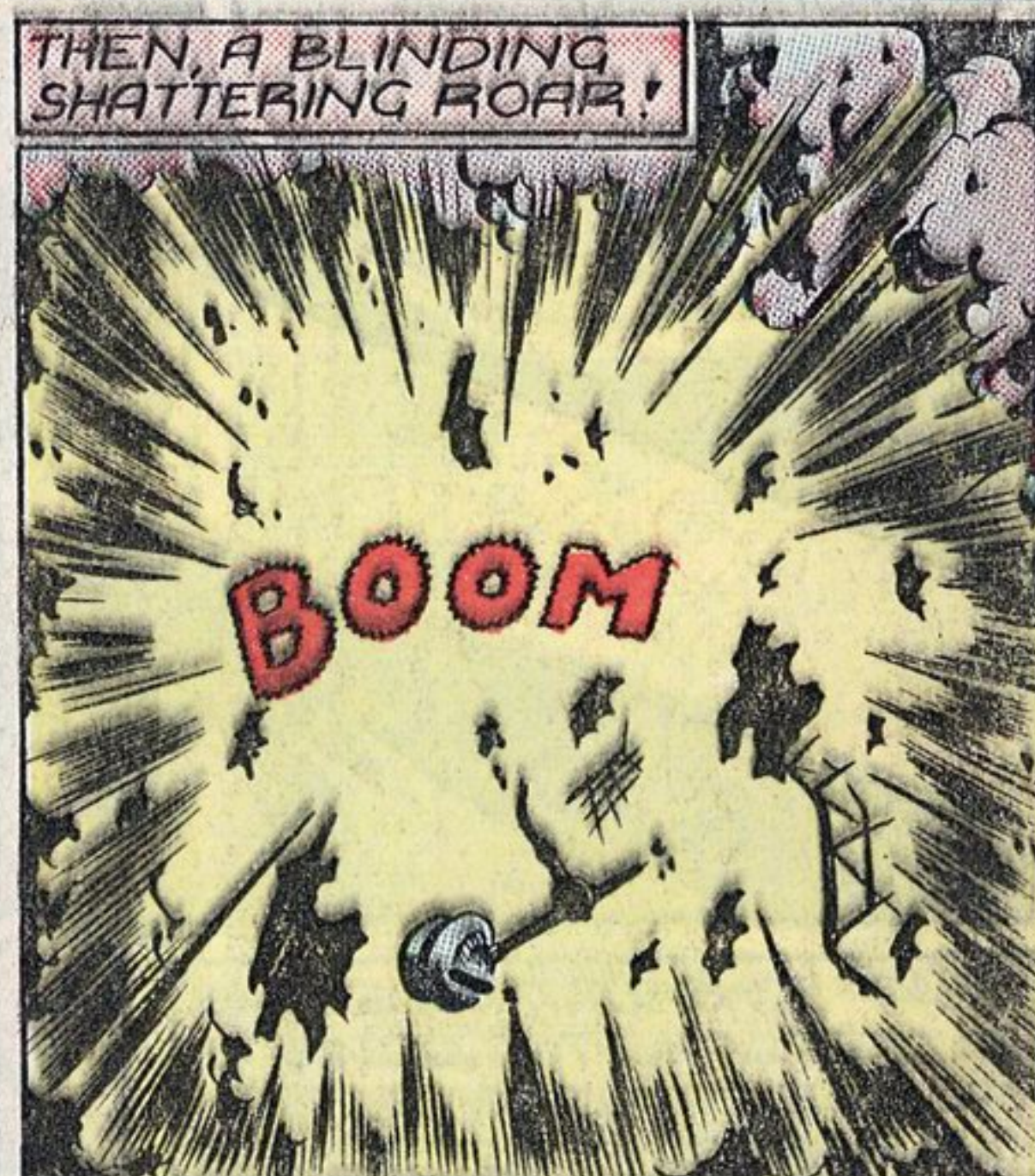
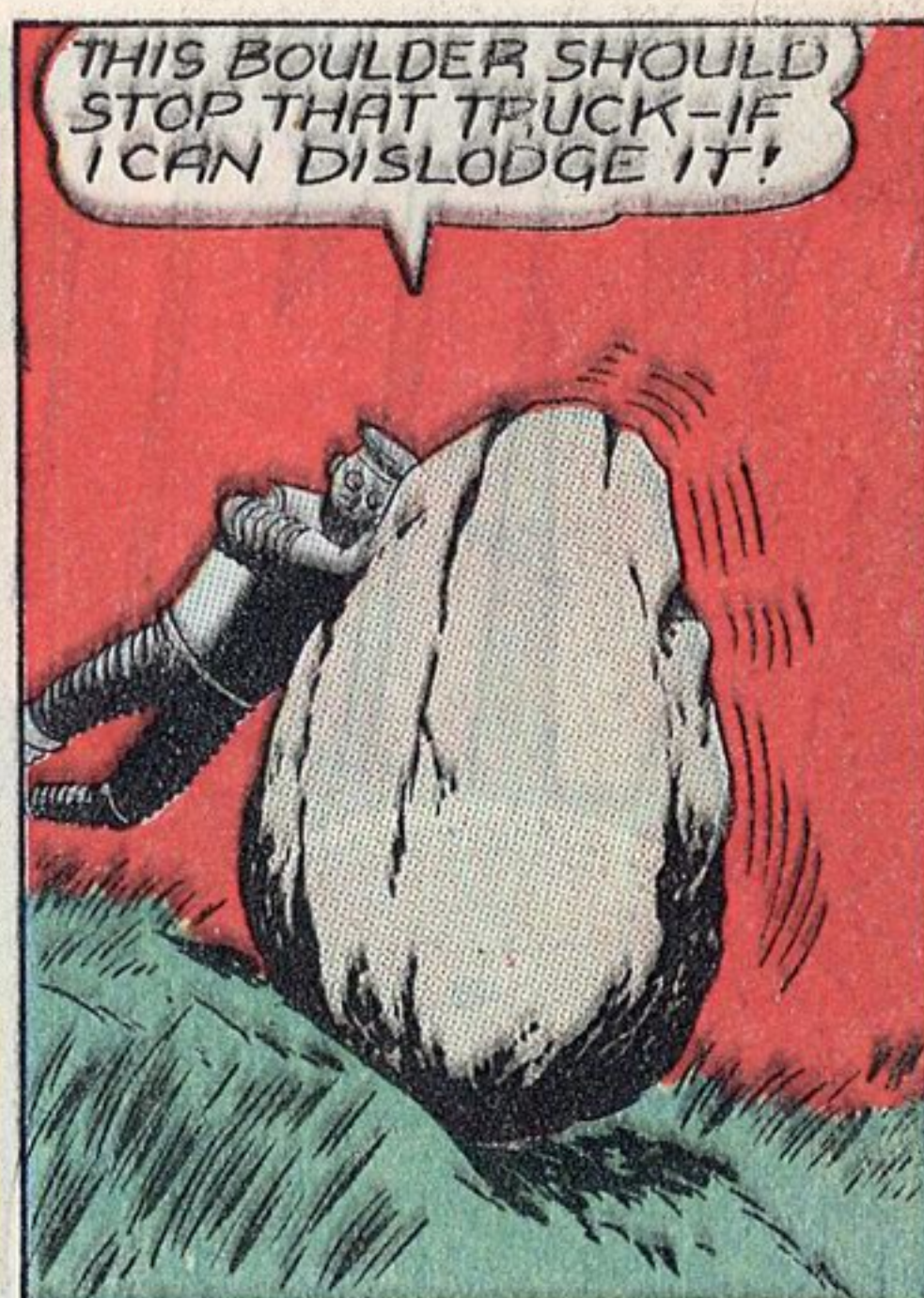
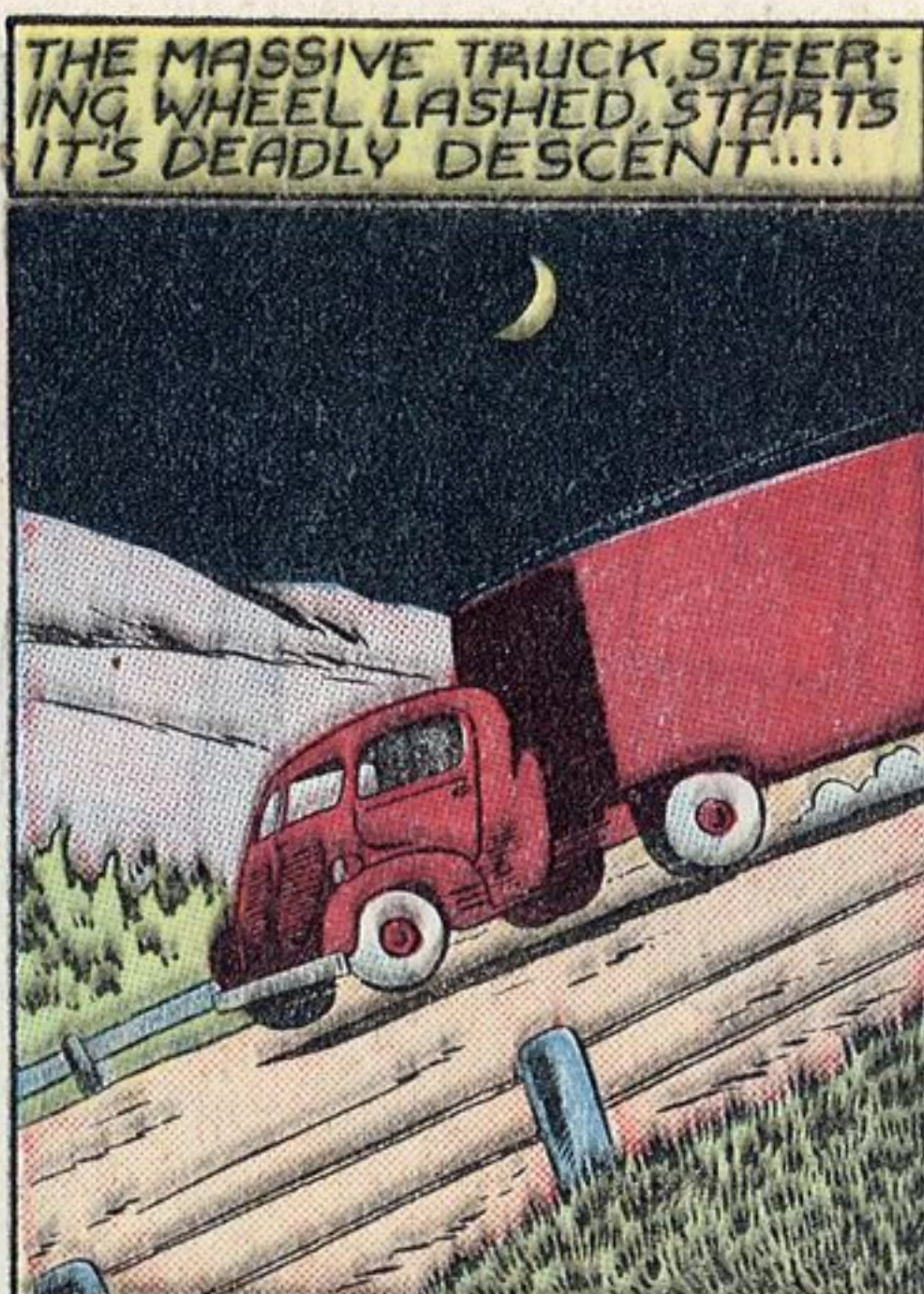
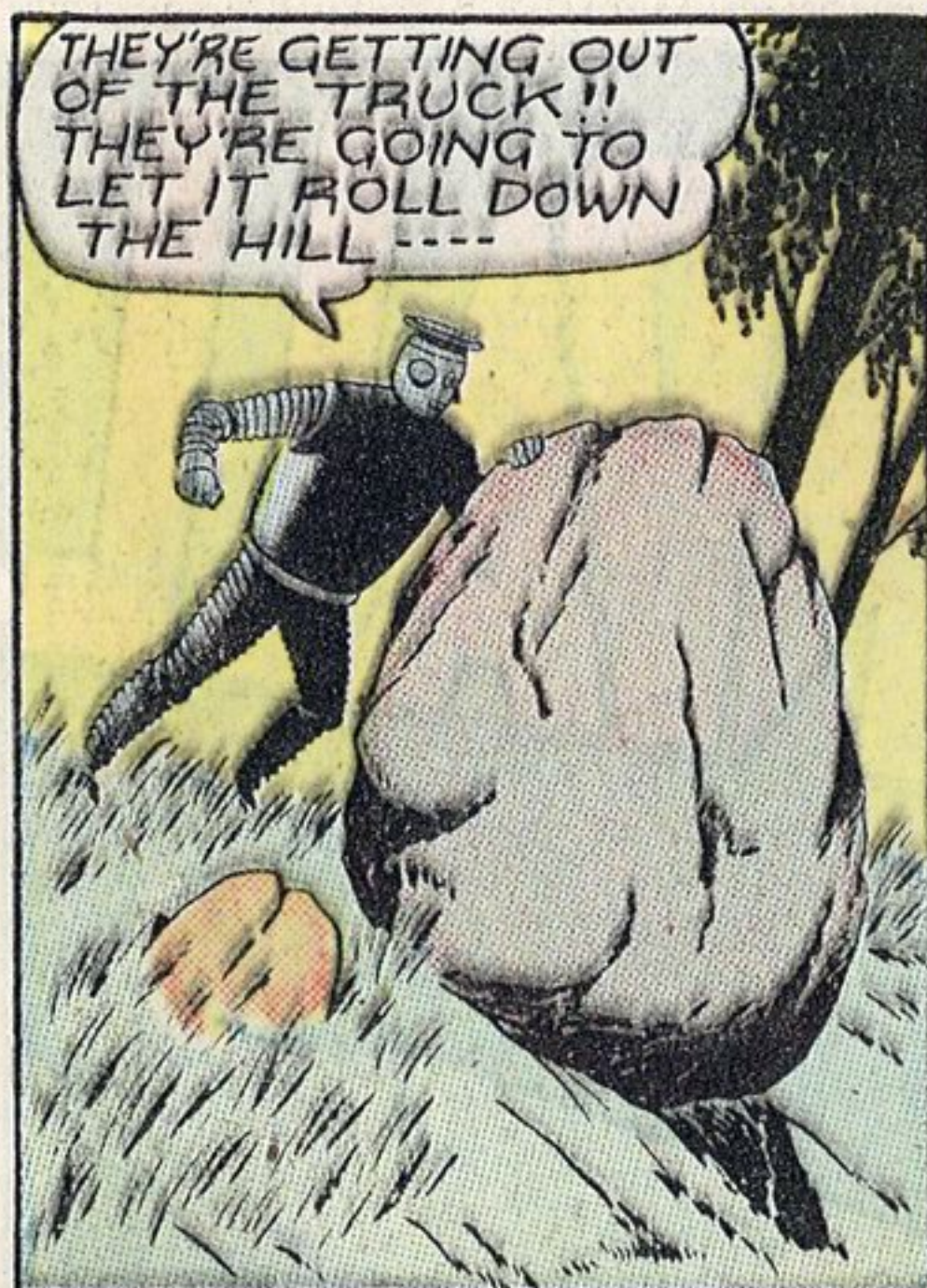


LATER, BOZO ARRIVES AT
THE HILL OVERLOOKING
THE POWDER PLANT--



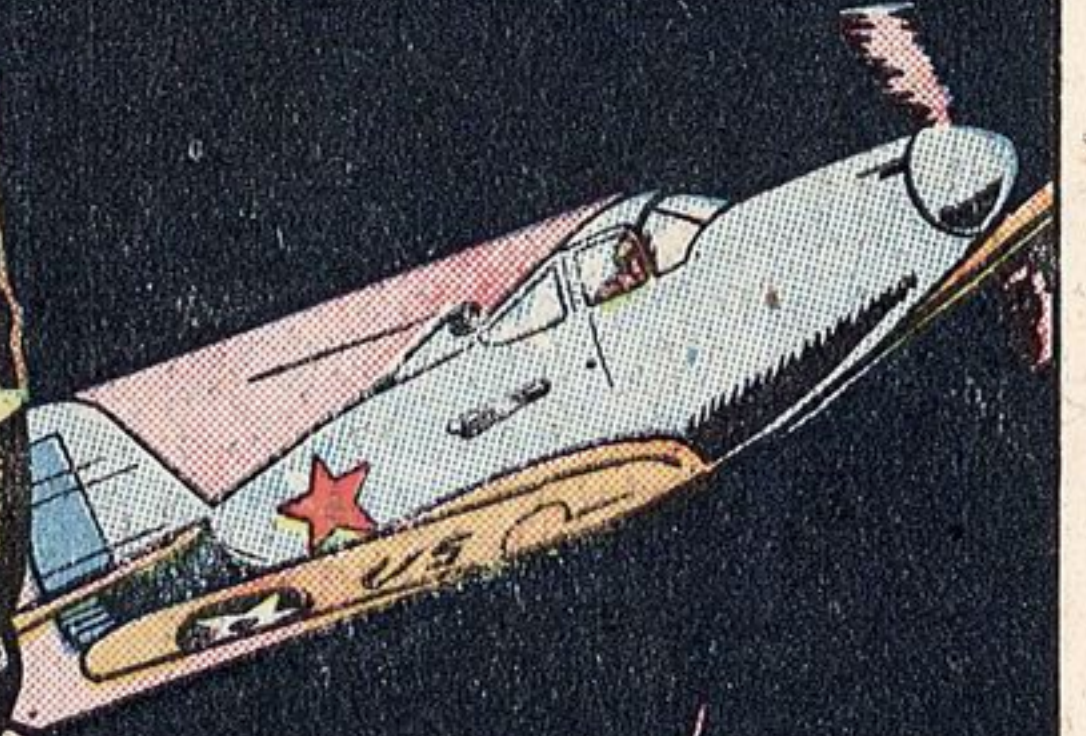
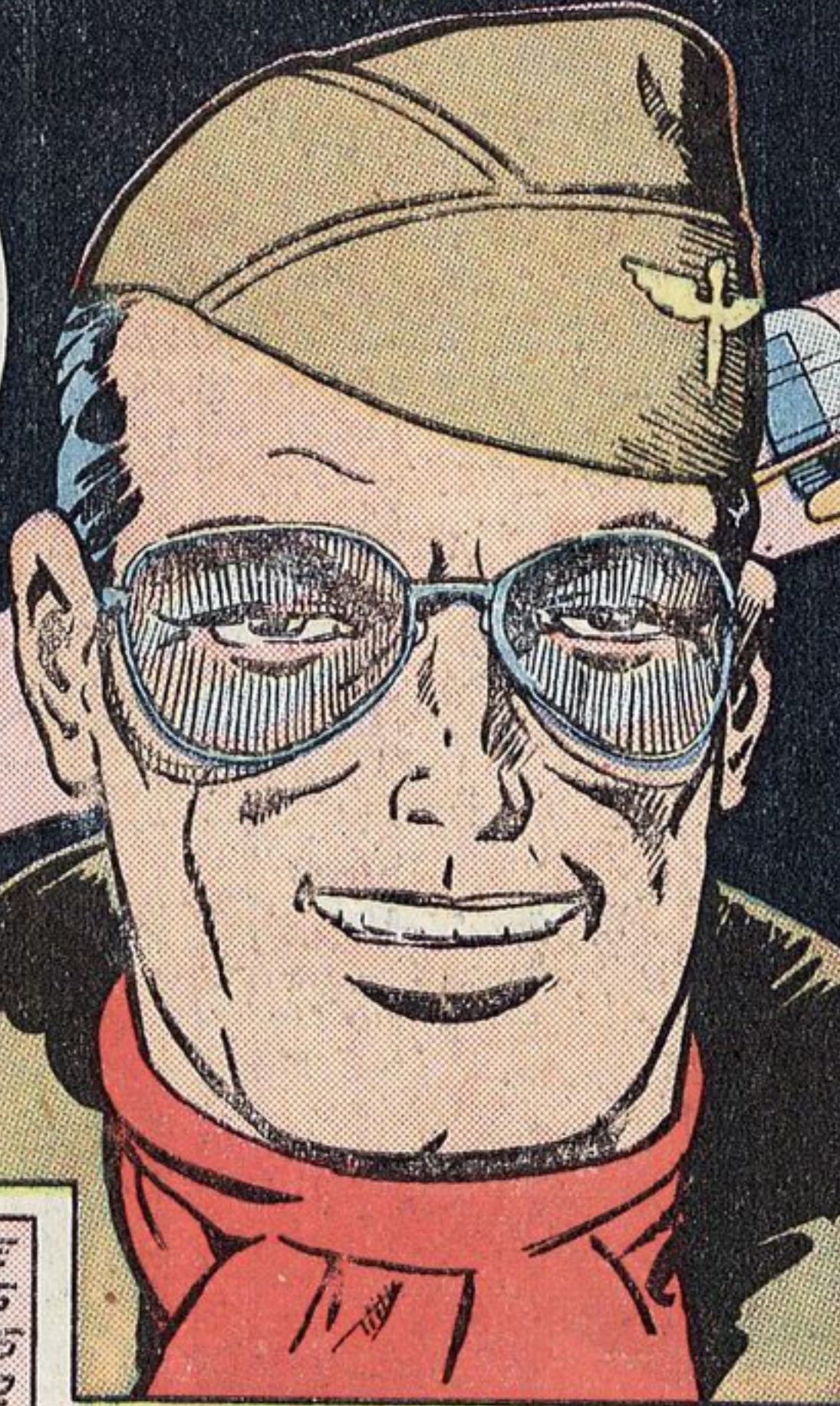
OH! OH! THERE'S A TRAILER
TRUCK STOPPING AT THE
TOP OF THE HILL! --AND
IT'S FLYING A DANGER FLAG!
THAT'S THE TRUCK
ALL RIGHT!





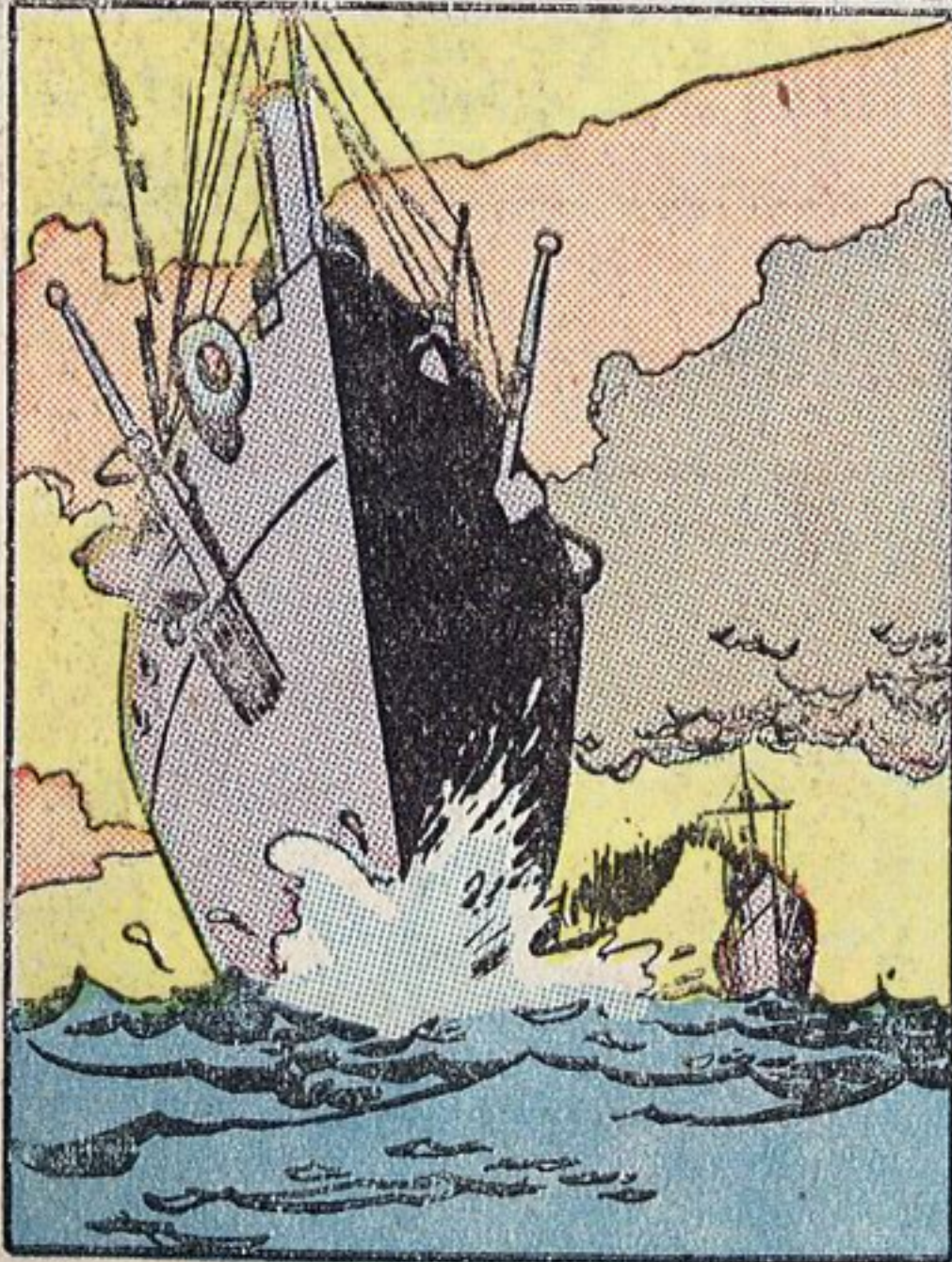
WINGS WENDALL

LIKE A GRIM DEFENDER, WINGS WENDALL, UNCLE SAM'S GREATEST FLYER, POUNCES ON ALL THOSE WHO TRY TO UNDERMINE OUR GOVERNMENT AND CHANGE THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE.

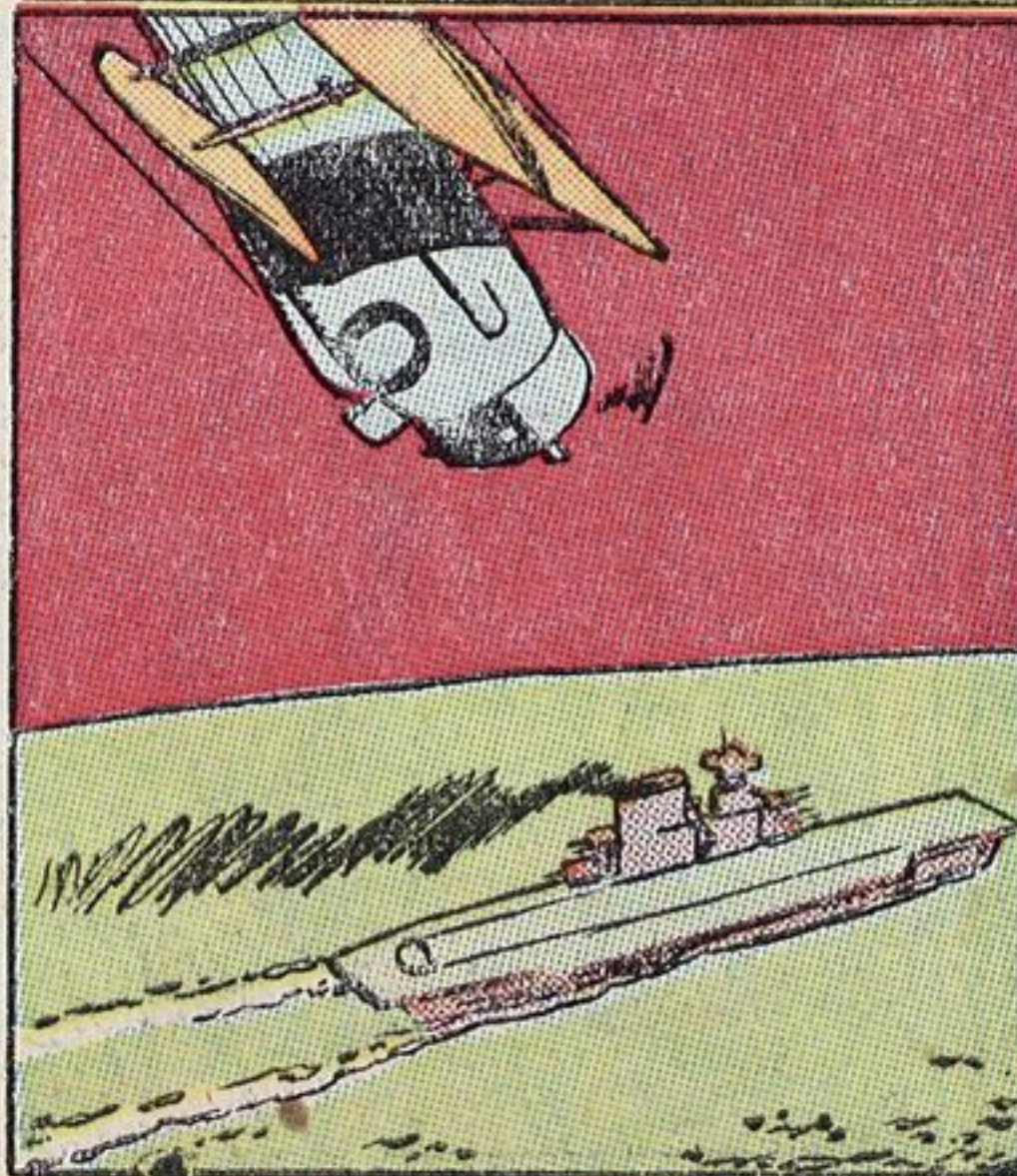


by
VERNON
HENKEL

SHARP BOYS CUT THROUGH THE WATERS OF THE TWO OCEANS AS THE UNITED STATES NAVY DEFENDS OUR RAMPARTS AGAINST THE WAR MACHINE OF THE RED MENACE!!



FROM ABOVE A RECONNAISSANCE PLANE ROARS TO JOIN THE ATLANTIC FLEET ON BATTLE MANEUVERS.....



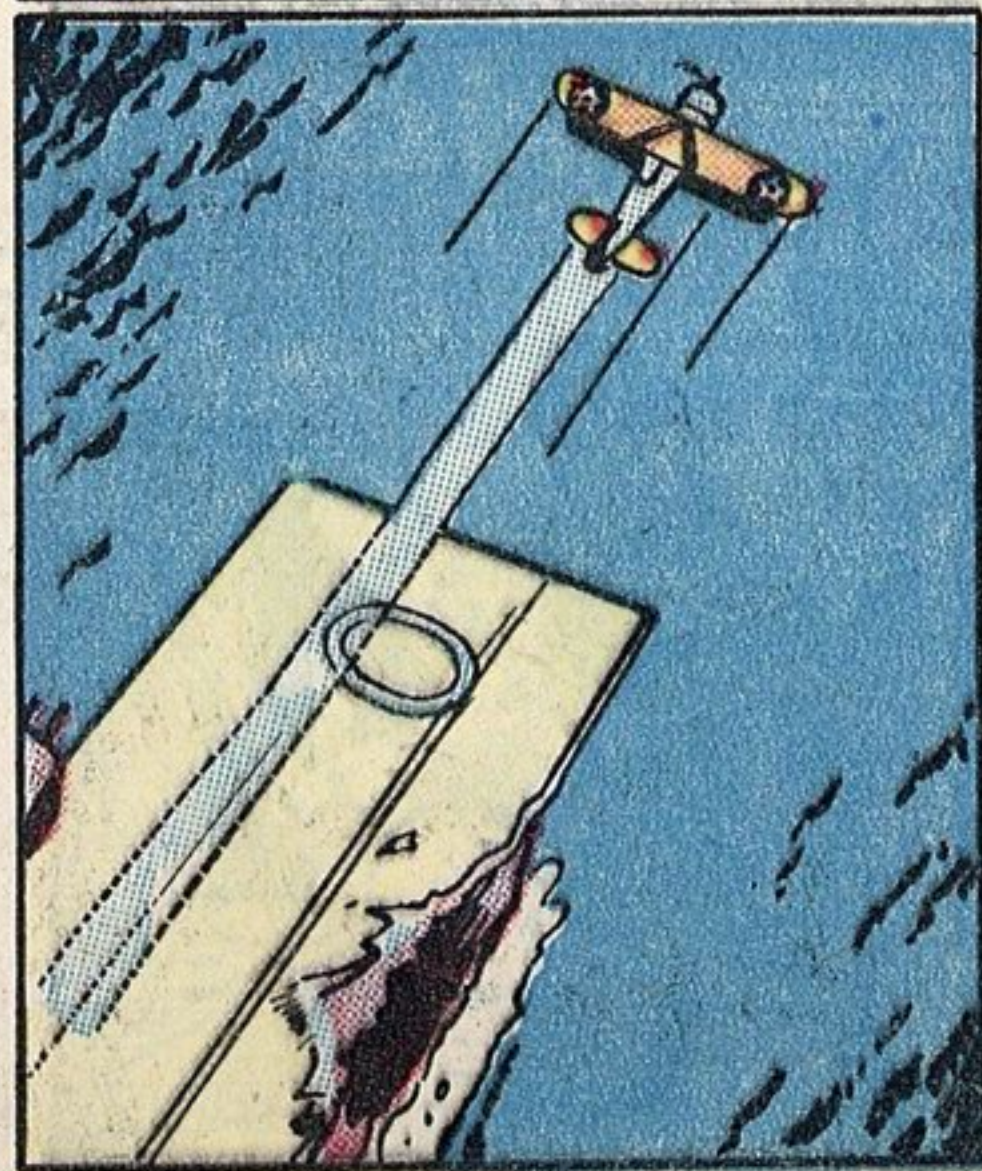
I BRING YOU BAD NEWS, BOYS, THE WORLD'S WORST FIEND IS STILL ALIVE.. THE RED MENACE AGAIN PLANS TO CONQUER THE UNITED STATES!!

HELLO, WINGS !!!

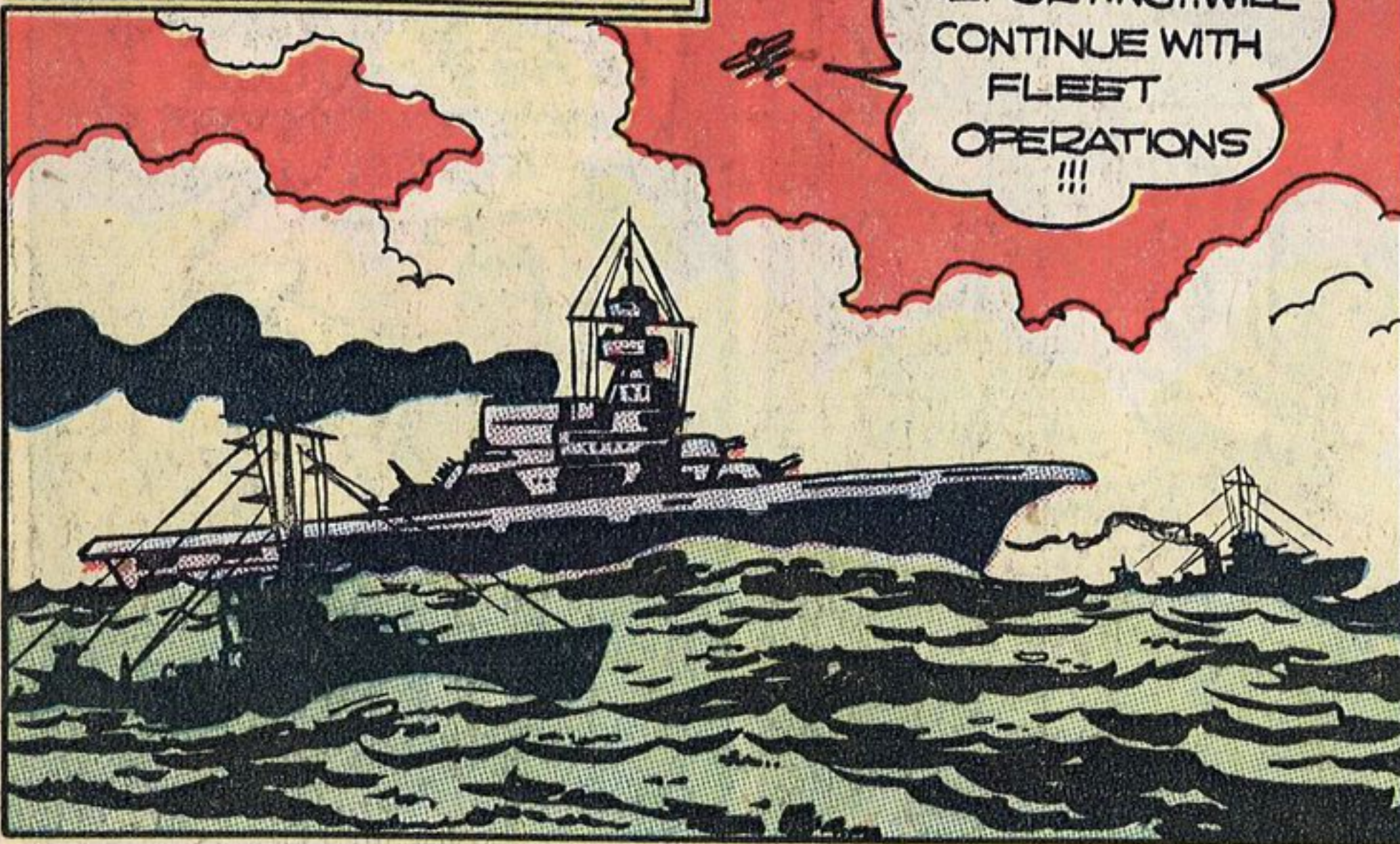




IN A MOMENT WINGS IS ZOOMING OFF TO TRY TO SPOT THE SUBMARINE FROM THE AIR...



THE CRIPPLED AIRCRAFT CARRIER
TURNS TO LIMP BACK TO PORT
WITH A DESTROYER ESCORT.



WENDALL
REPORTING..WILL
CONTINUE WITH
FLEET
OPERATIONS
!!!

I'LL CONTACT THE
CARRIER LEXINGTON
MANEUVERING 200
MILES TO THE NORTH
..I'LL JUST HAVE
ENOUGH GAS TO
GET TO HER!!



A NEWS BULLETIN SUDDENLY
CRACKLES OVER THE RADIO..

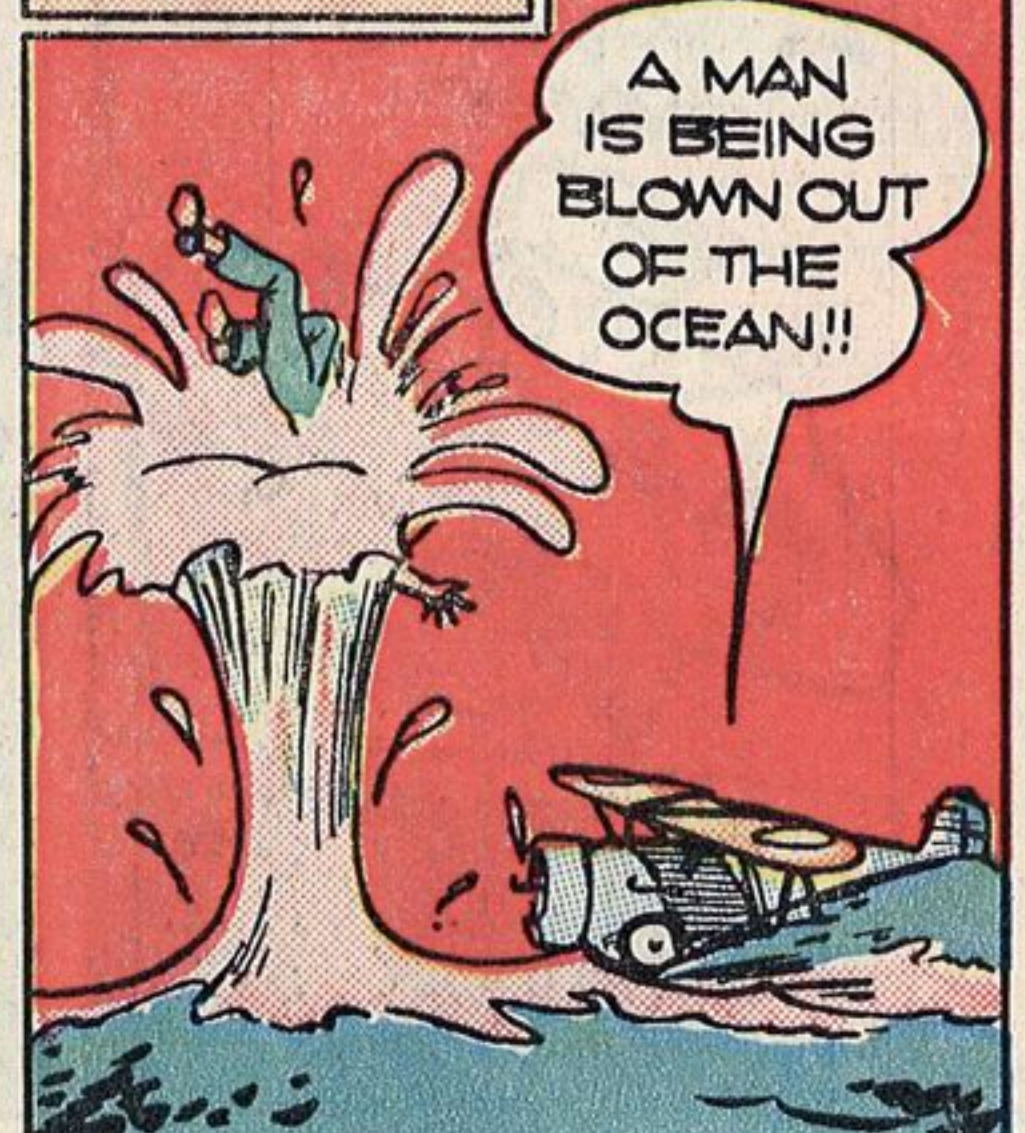


THE AIRCRAFT
CARRIER LEXINGTON
HAS JUST BEEN SUNK
IN A VICIOUS TORPEDO
ATTACK... THIS IS
THE 2ND AIRCRAFT
CARRIER TO BE
HIT SINCE....

HOLY SMOKES!
THERE MUST BE
SOMETHING BIG GOING
ON THAT THE RED
MENACE IS AFRAID
WE'LL SPOT FROM THE
AIR!!



AS WINGS IS FORCED DOWN A
GEYSER OF WATER LEAPS UP IN
FRONT OF HIM...



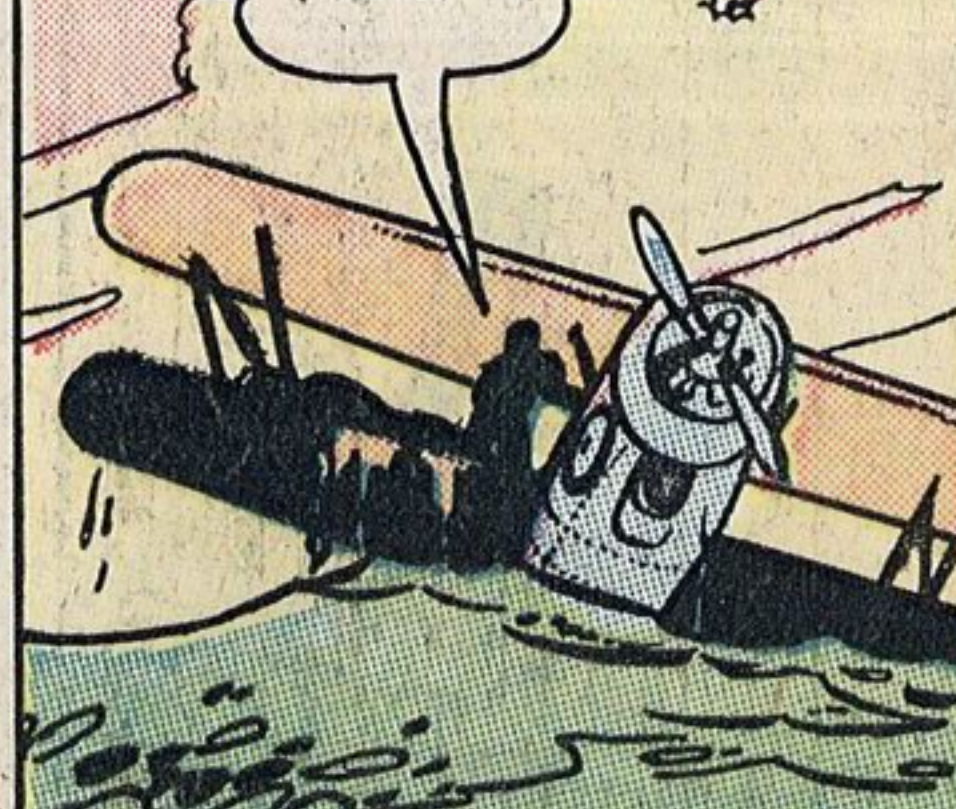
A MAN
IS BEING
BLOWN OUT
OF THE
OCEAN!!

WHAT TH'Z
THIS MAN'S BEEN
WHIPPED... HIS
BACK'S CUT TO
RIBBONS... I
GOTCHA, BUDDY!

UGH! STOP,
RED MENACE
...TUNNEL...
UNDER THE
OCEAN...
GASP!!



HE'S DONE FOR
..POOR FELLOW!! HE
SAID THEY'RE BUILDING
A TUNNEL UNDER
THE OCEAN?? I'VE
GOT TO WIRELESS
MY POSITION FOR
HELP!!



BUT AS WINGS SENDS OUT HIS
MESSAGE IT IS PICKED UP BY
A LISTENING DEVICE UNDER
THE OCEAN..



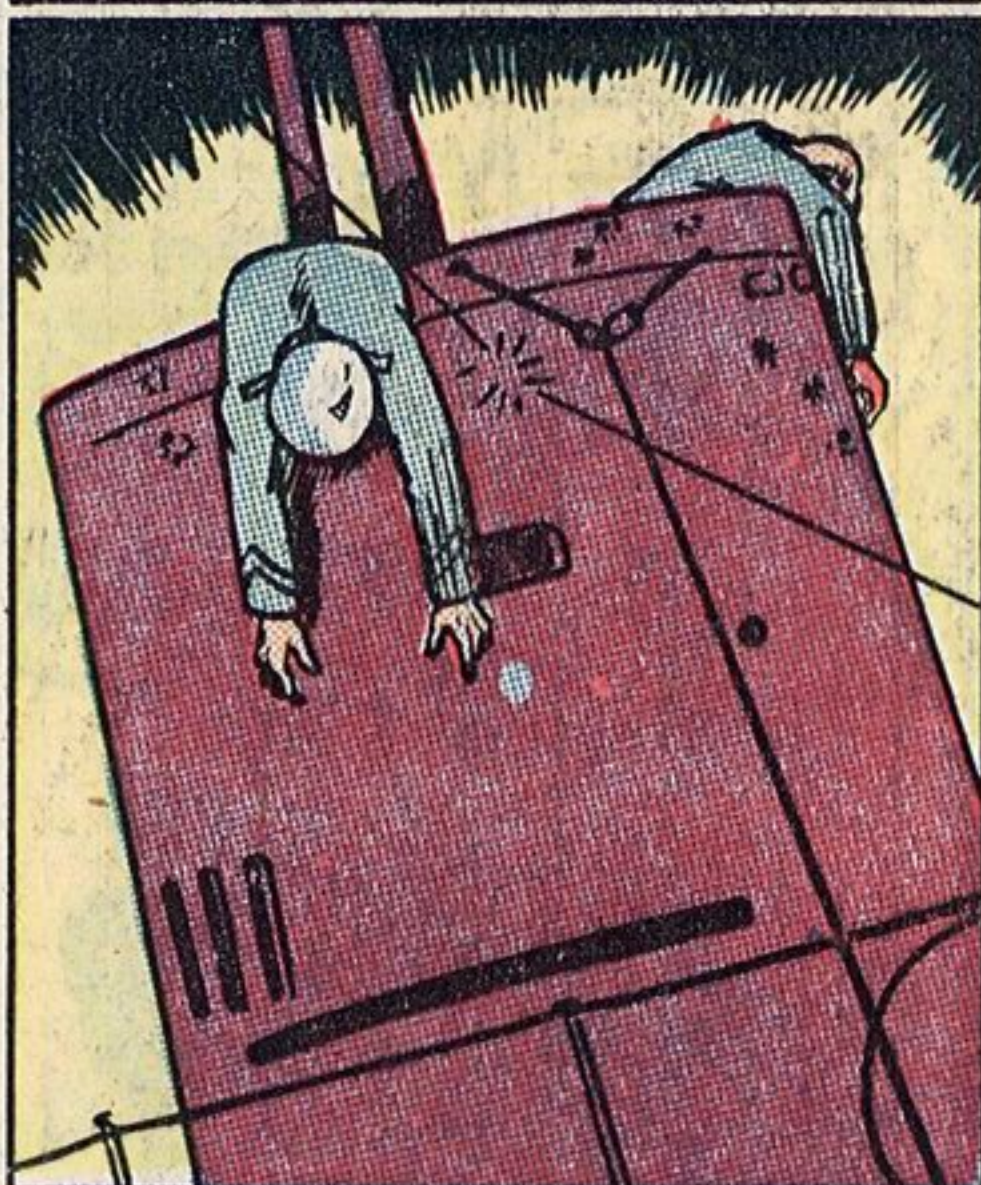
SOMEONE
IS RADIOING
OUR POSITION
CAPTAIN!!



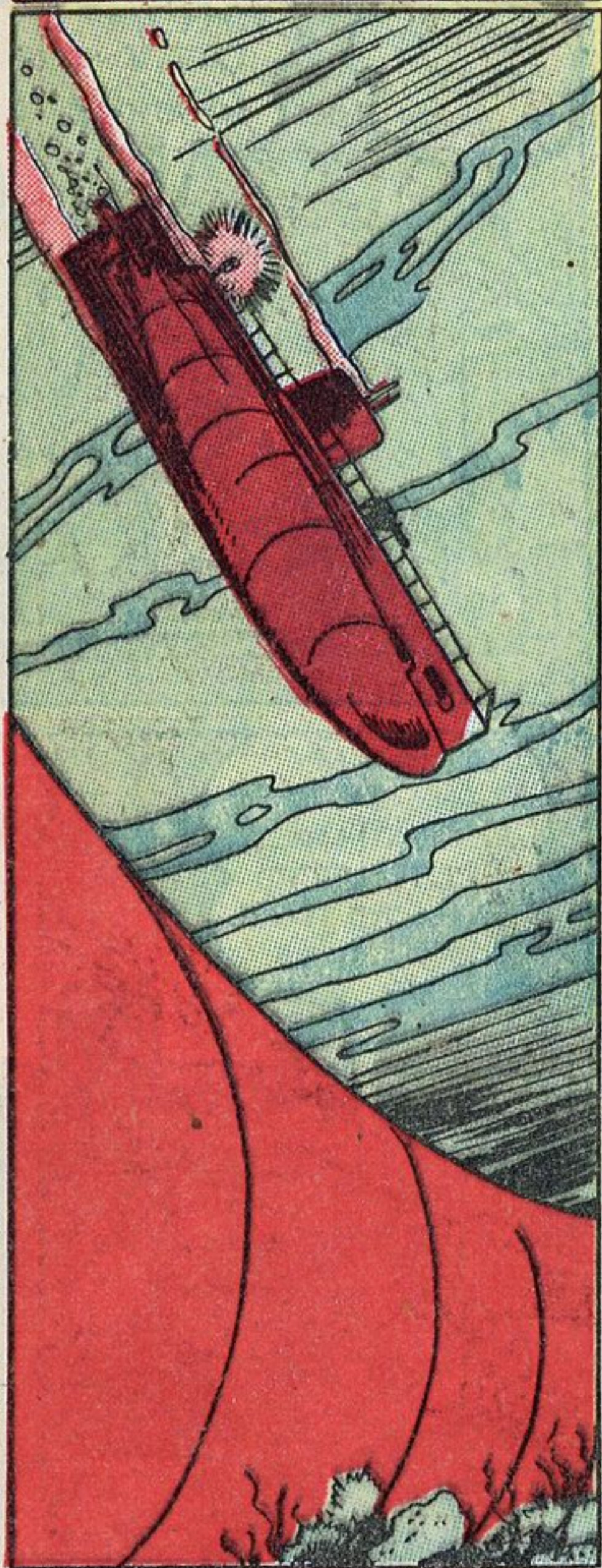
WINGS GRABS A SUB-MACHINE
GUN AND BLASTS AWAY AT THE SUB



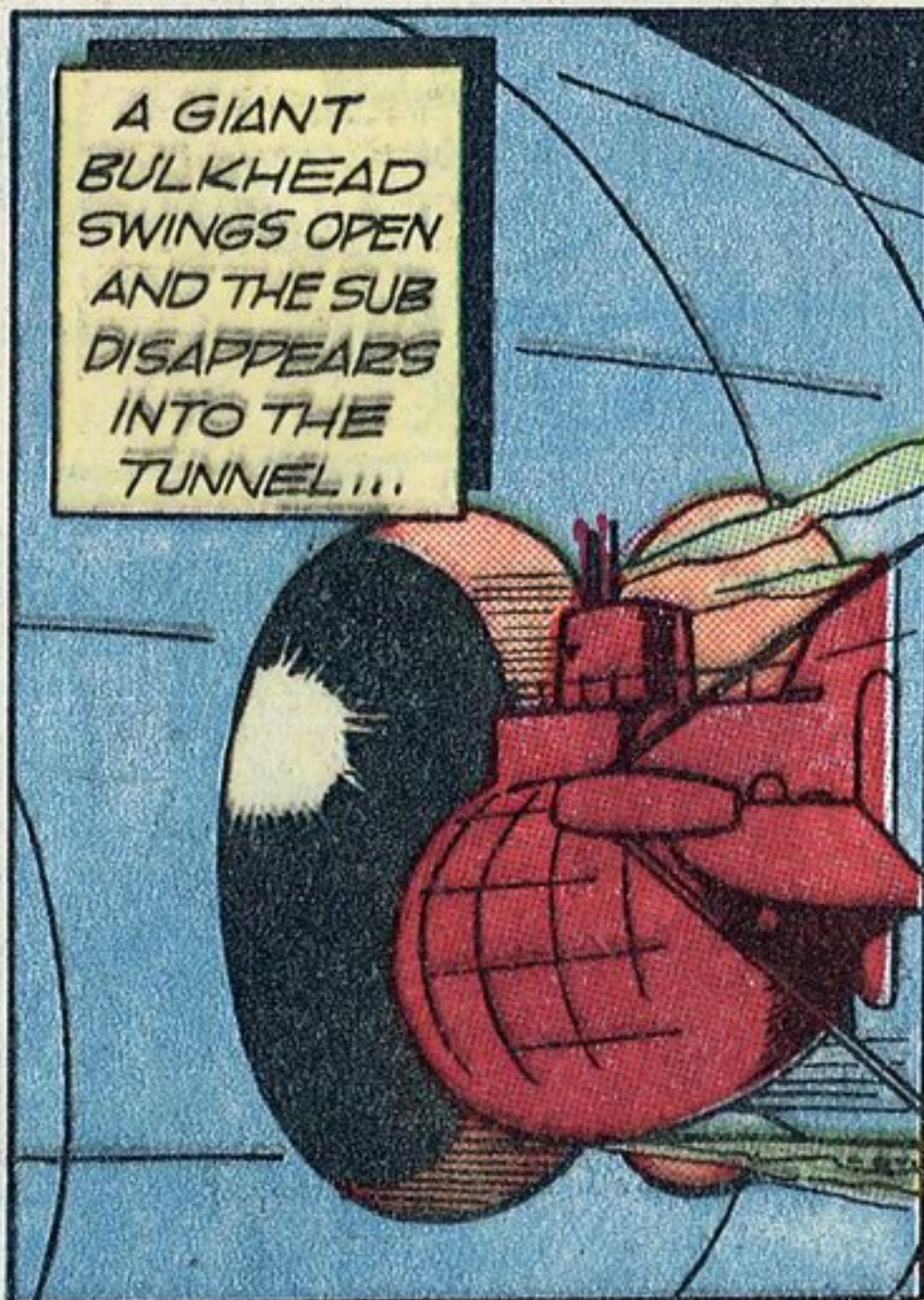
IN A SECOND THE DECK AND CONNING
TOWER ARE SPRAYED CLEAN...



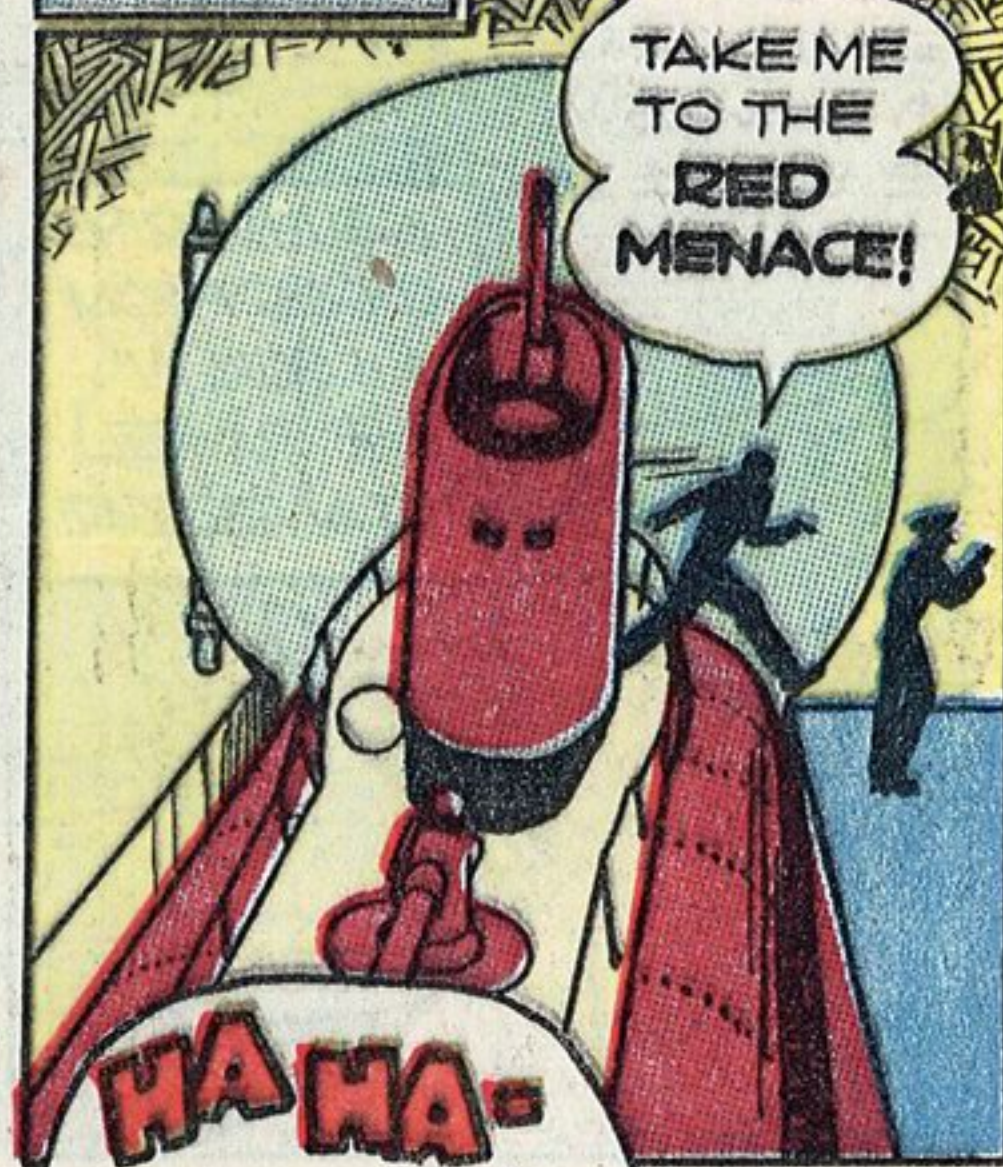
AT THE POINT OF A GUN WINGS
COMMANDS THE UNDERSEA CRAFT
TO RETURN TO ITS SECRET BASE...



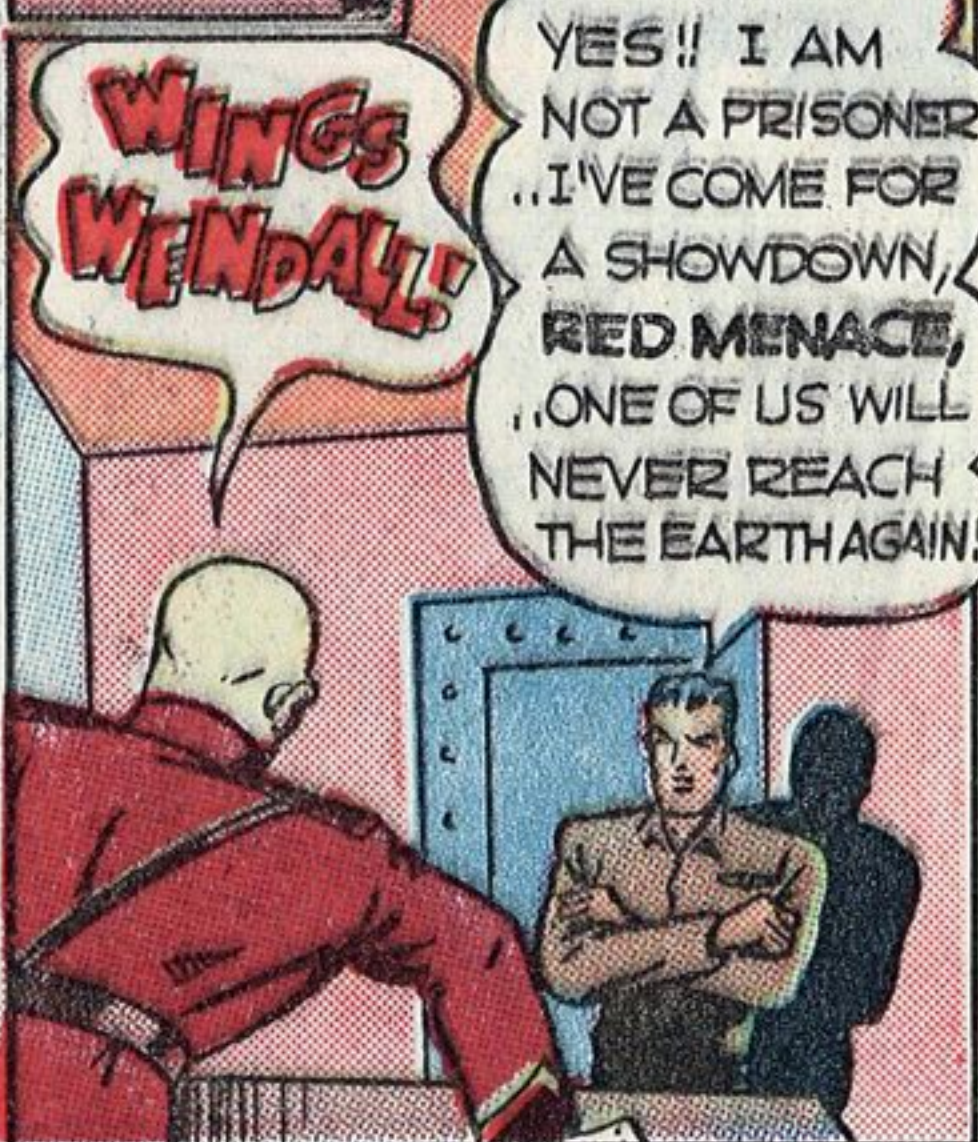
A GIANT
BULKHEAD
SWINGS OPEN
AND THE SUB
DISAPPEARS
INTO THE
TUNNEL...



INSIDE THE LOCK, AIR IS PUMPED
AND WINGS EMERGES WITH HIS
CAPTIVE...



WINGS IS LED INTO A PRIVATE
VAULT-LIKE OFFICE TO THE RED
MENACE...

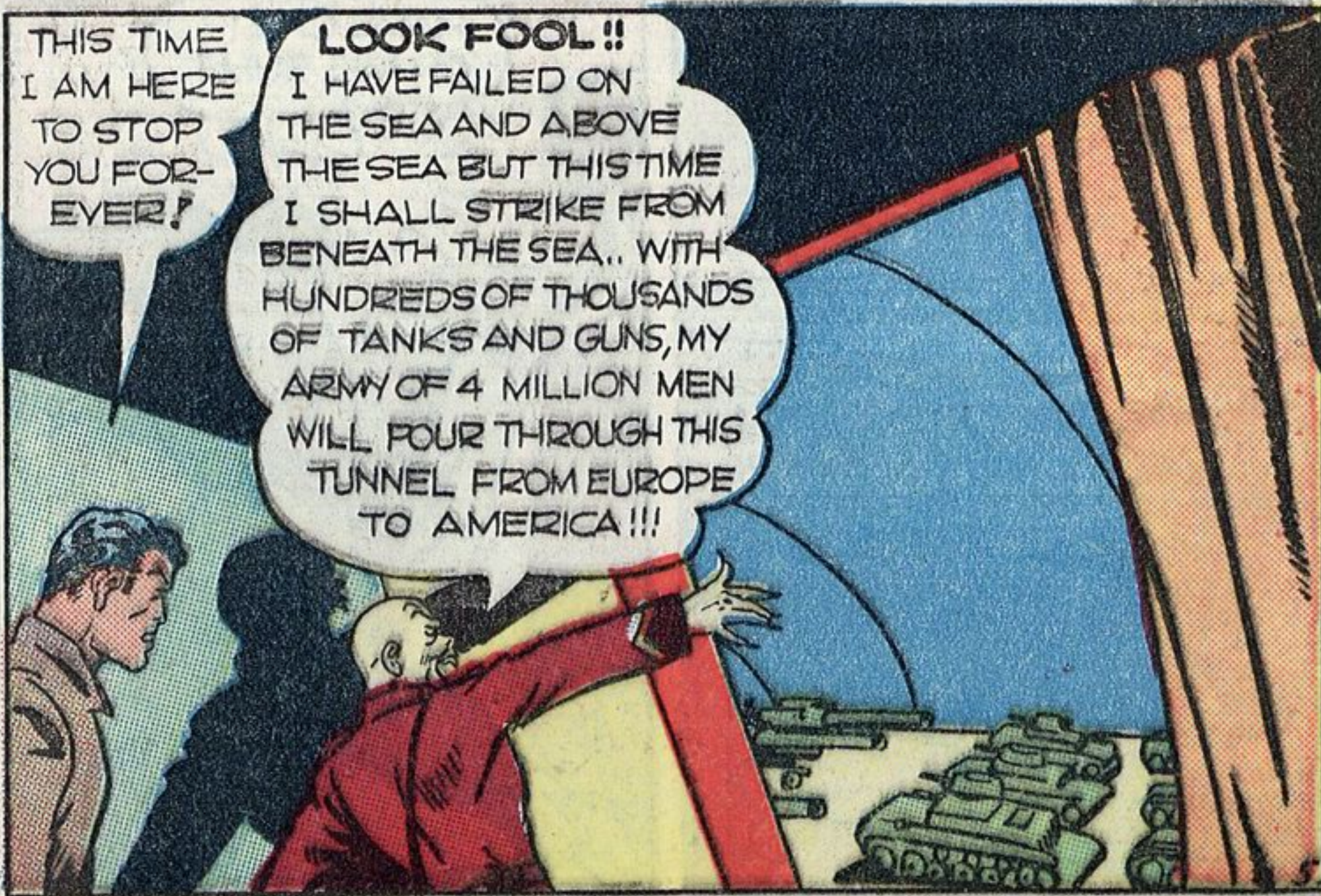


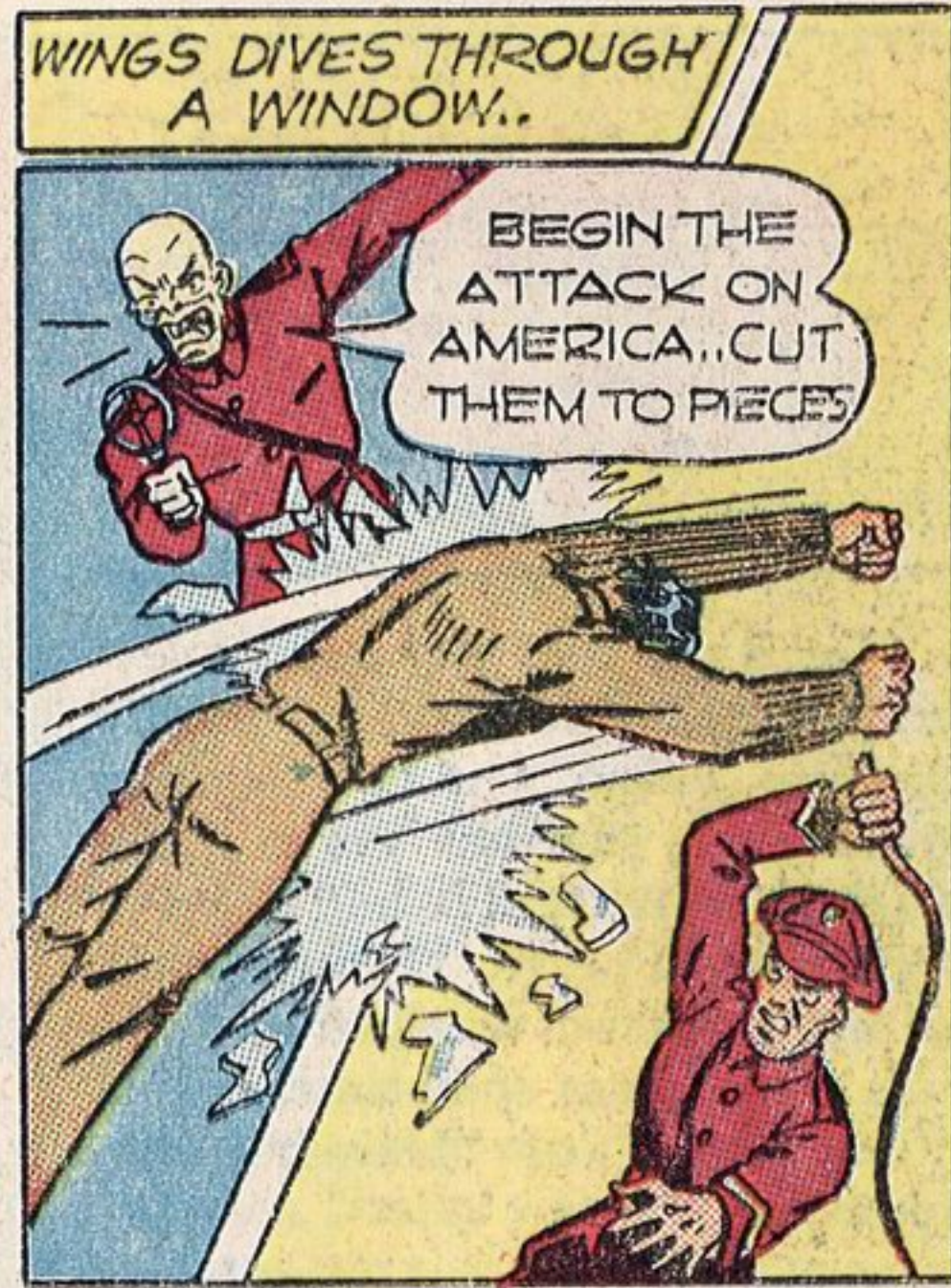
YOU'RE RIGHT!!
YOU WILL NEVER REACH
THE EARTH AGAIN !!!
TOO LONG HAVE YOU
STOOD IN MY WAY, TWICE
YOU HAVE FOILED MY
INVASION PLANS!!



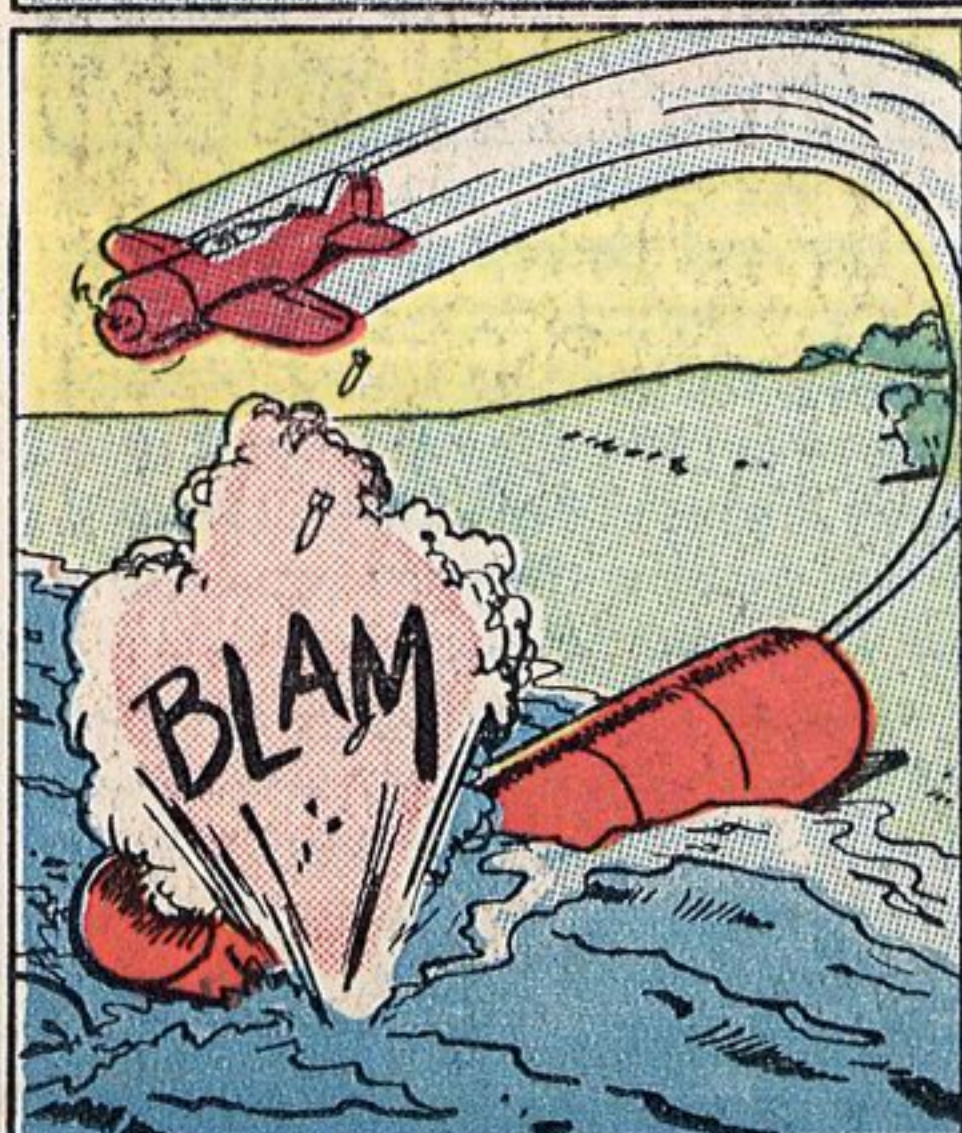
THIS TIME
I AM HERE
TO STOP
YOU FOR-
EVER!

LOOK FOOL !!
I HAVE FAILED ON
THE SEA AND ABOVE
THE SEA BUT THIS TIME
I SHALL STRIKE FROM
BENEATH THE SEA, WITH
HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS
OF TANKS AND GUNS, MY
ARMY OF 4 MILLION MEN
WILL POUR THROUGH THIS
TUNNEL FROM EUROPE
TO AMERICA !!!





WINGS CIRCLES ABOVE THE TUNNEL AND RELEASES A LOAD OF BOMBS BY ITS ENTRANCE..



LIKE A TEMPEST THE ANGRY WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC FOUR THROUGH THE BLASTED TUNNEL AND THE RED MENACE'S DREAMS PERISH WITH HIM



LATER AT WASHINGTON D.C.



FLIGHT *to the* UNKNOWN

Yezzo the Red was named several names. But that was mostly because Yezzo was two people; which is to say that Yezzo had a dual personality. He had flaming red hair and beard. The other side of his character was just as flaming. Yezzo was sometimes called "The Devil" or "He-who-lives-for-death."

Yezzo's seraglio was very large. His palace stood like a great white monument in the otherwise dirty city of Tehjan. His carriage was drawn by eight milk-white horses brought from the plains of Moab. He owned two American-built cars, but he liked most to parade before his awed people propped up on a sea of silk pillows in his carriage.

There was one thing you couldn't say about Yezzo the Red, who was also emir of Iriquan: you couldn't say his hospitality was lacking. At this very moment he was reclining on an ocean of silk, a three-legged tea table before him. And half reclining on the opposite side of the table was a young American—Jimmy Christian. Jimmy didn't feel very comfortable, preferring chairs... but this was an important job facing him.

"You say, Excellency," said Jimmy, "that these gold fields of the Blue People—"

"Pah—the Blue People!" cut in Yezzo in precise English. "Did I say they were people? Forgive me, my friend. They are savages. Uneducated donkeys. Sons and daughters of lizzards!"

Jimmy nodded. "Their country is far distant?"

"For a caravan, twenty days," replied Yezzo. "For that great flying machine of yours, only a few hours. Their cursed land is to the west—the Valley of Lost Sound."

"Hmmm! Romantic sounding," Jimmy smiled. "Why is it, Excellency, that you have never visited the land of the Blue People?"

Yezzo cursed in Arabic. "Once only did I send my soldiers to invade them. And what happened? They are demons. They are ghosts. My men, some of them, went mad from the awful silence. They saw only a few Blue People, but when they approached them they vanished — poof!" Yezzo smiled grimly. "It is natural that my army cannot be forced to visit there again, Mr. Christian. You, with your Western derision of such things—you understand?"

"Quite. And their gold—"

"They sell it in the bazaars to the north of Al Akrim, or trade it for merchandise. They have much gold. I wish that gold for a noble cause, O Infidel! For my great friends the English, that they may fight off the pale-haired Rhine men who covet our oil fields... Ah, not for my own personal gain, sir!"

Jimmy drained his cup of tea and stood up. "I will do my best, Excellency. I shall be ready to start at dawn."

Yezzo the Emir shook hands English-fashion. "Allah watch over you!" he said fervently.

Jimmy was in the air before dawn paled the eastern desert. This was a flight to the unknown, he reasoned. Few men, and they only straggling Arabs or Berbers, had ever seen the Blue People. They were almost as mythical as the ancient Khmers. That they even existed was a question in some ethnologists' minds.

"We'll find out," Jimmy told himself. He usually got what he went after, as you'll agree if you've followed this young adventurer's many exploits.

Sudden up-drafts of cooler air told Jimmy that he had crossed

the mountains. He looked down. The foothills fell away to great plains, with patches of bright green. A silver ribbon of river wound away from the hills, broadening as it crossed the mighty valley—the Valley of Lost Sound. Down there somewhere...

The landing was fairly smooth. Jimmy had selected an open space near the river. As he taxied to a stop he noticed for the first time that the river wound through a deep gorge. He jumped out of the ship. He had walked perhaps a hundred yards toward the gorge when an apparition arose before him, a figure dressed in scanty attire, a figure grotesque as some nightmare. The man's skin was blue, vivid blue!

"Hi!" Jimmy sang out, lifting a hand in the universal salute. The man stood, unmoving, silent. The sun had slipped below the far range of mountains, and shadows were creeping into the valley; mists rising like clammy ghosts from the moisture of the river. Jimmy strode on. Then suddenly he stopped and rubbed his eyes. The man had vanished. Like that—vanished!

"Say!" muttered young Chris-



tian. He reached the edge of the gorge and peered over. Had the chap toppled into the river? There had been no sound. He had not even seen the mysterious visitor's abrupt departure. He had been there a moment ago. Now he was gone!

Jimmy shot his flashlight beam into the canyon, but could see little; the shadows down there were dense now. He went back to the ship. He drank tea and ate a cold snack. Then he stretched out on a blanket under the fuselage.

Further exploration must wait till morning.

A sound woke Jimmy. Instantly he was sitting up, hand groping for his pistol and flash. He listened. It had been a sound yet not a sound. It was the sound of silence, if you know what that is. He snapped on his flash, raked its beam over the area in front of him. A solid wall of blue. Blue men surrounded the ship. They stood, silent, hands at sides, eyes focussed upon him in unblinking stares. Rank upon rank of them.

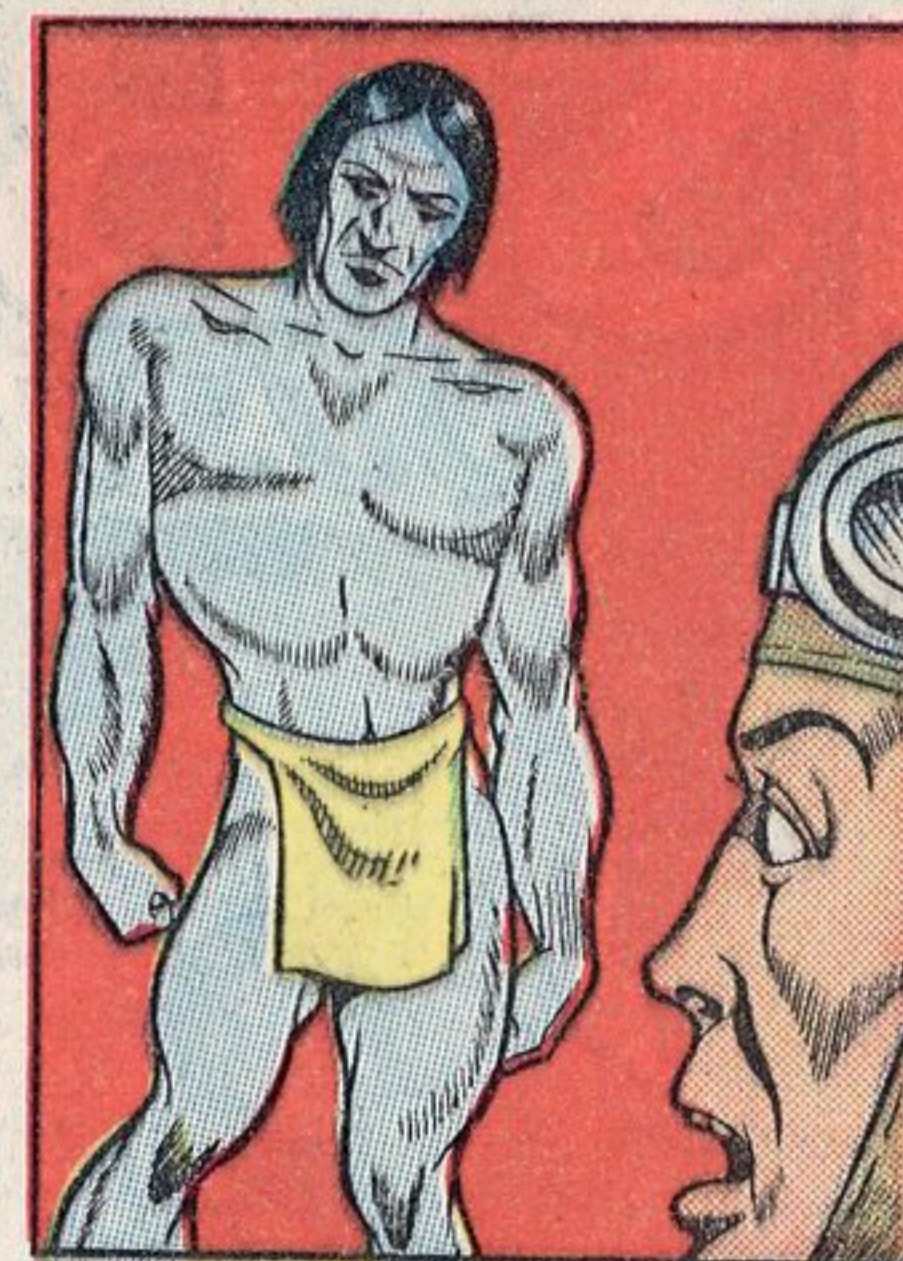
"I say!" he shouted. He got to his feet, bumping his head on the undercarriage. He dropped his flash and it went out. When he had recovered it and again snapped it on, his ghostly visitors were gone.

"I'm nuts. I'm dreaming. This isn't real; it's the heat." Or was it? Then where had they all gone? If morning would only come!

Morning was a blast furnace. Terrible sunlight and more terrible silence. After a good breakfast, Jimmy struggled down the side of the gorge. When he could see the water (a ledge protruded far out below him), he made a discovery: three blue men were scooping mud from the bottom of the shallow river and putting it into pouches tied at their sides. He thought, They're scooping up gold! Can it be that plentiful? He was going to show himself over the ledge when he made another discovery: a hole in the rock wall. Barely two feet in diameter, but he squeezed into it and found a well-traveled tunnel. He wriggled along on his stomach. And abruptly he came out into a large circular cavern room.

Jimmy waited till his eyes grew accustomed to the dimness. Bones were strewn all over the floor, animal bones. Then they were not cannibals. There was no sign of a fire ever having been built. That meant that they probably ate their meat uncooked. A crude stone axe lay nearby. A bone knife. Where were the inhabitants?

There was no other tunnel, so Jimmy crawled out. Below him the river sang softly. The three blue men were not there, scoop-



ing up gold. Had he dreamed that too?

Jimmy began a descent of the wall. It was lighter now, and he could make out, on the opposite side, many such holes in the walls. They were some sort of cave dwellers. His feet splashed into the water. It was icy cold. Gold flecks sparkled everywhere on the river bottom. Gold! Why, he had never seen anything like it. The wildest tales of the Yukon never approached this! He scooped his hand under water, brought up countless particles. He grinned, put the flecks, along with the sand, into a pocket of his first-aid belt. He would have to return here. This would be enough to show the emir. He could see Yezzo's expression when he poured this yellow stuff out...

Jimmy explored several other caves that morning. He found similar evidences of habitation in them all, but no living things. It was the Blue Peoples' day out, apparently. Well, he had what he had come for. Let Yezzo the Red decide the next move. He would fly back immediately.

As Jimmy climbed up over the edge of the gorge, he saw two blue men looking at his ship, from a safe distance away. He thought he might surprise them, but they saw him ere he had scrambled to the surface. They dashed off at a terrific clip. Jimmy knew he couldn't catch them. He hurriedly climbed into the plane, started

the engine and took off. He swooped over the fleeing blues, who cast affrighted glances upward. Then suddenly, just before he was above them, they vanished. But Jimmy knew the answer now: the entire valley was pocked with holes where these human moles could leap out of sight.

He had to buck a stiff head wind going back to Tehjan, and so he was a couple of hours late, and his gas supply was getting alarmingly low. He hoped that old Yezzo's gasoline was a good quality.

Yezzo was reclining on his silks when Jimmy was ushered into the monarch's presence. The latter quickly got to his feet, smiling anticipatorily. He held out a hand.

"Allah be praised! He has brought you back to me! Did you find the gold?"

Jimmy shook hands. "I found the Blue People, Excellency. And I know why they are blue. Their valley is ten degrees hotter than a furnace. So they smear their bodies with the blue clay which comes from the bottom of their river. Keeps 'em from burning to a crisp—"

"Ah, but the gold, O friend! Did you find the yellow gold?"

Jimmy emptied the contents of his first-aid pocket on the little table top. "Yellow as the morning sun, Excellency! Look at it!"

Yezzo grabbed up a few particles, examined them minutely, dropped them with a snort. "The fools!" he snarled. "So that's it! Fools—"

"That's right," Jimmy said. "Fool's gold, every particle of it. Only a fool could be fooled by it. But look, Excellency. If the purchasers are fools too, and they must be, what is the difference? The value they place on it is the same as if they bought real gold. Nice going, eh?"

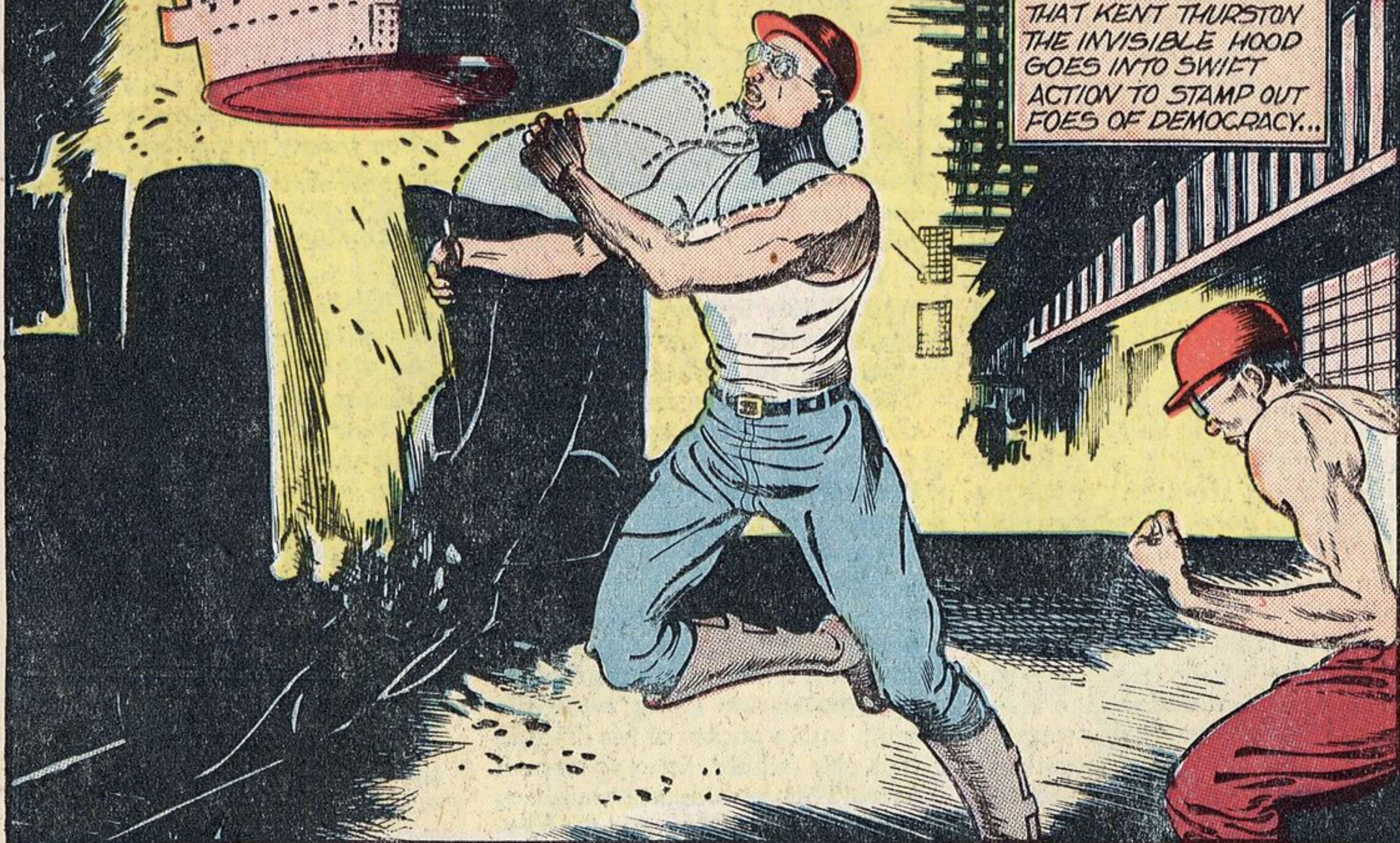
**FOLLOW THE WORLD-WIDE
ADVENTURES OF JIMMY CHRISTIAN
IN EACH ISSUE OF
Smash Comics**

INVISIBLE

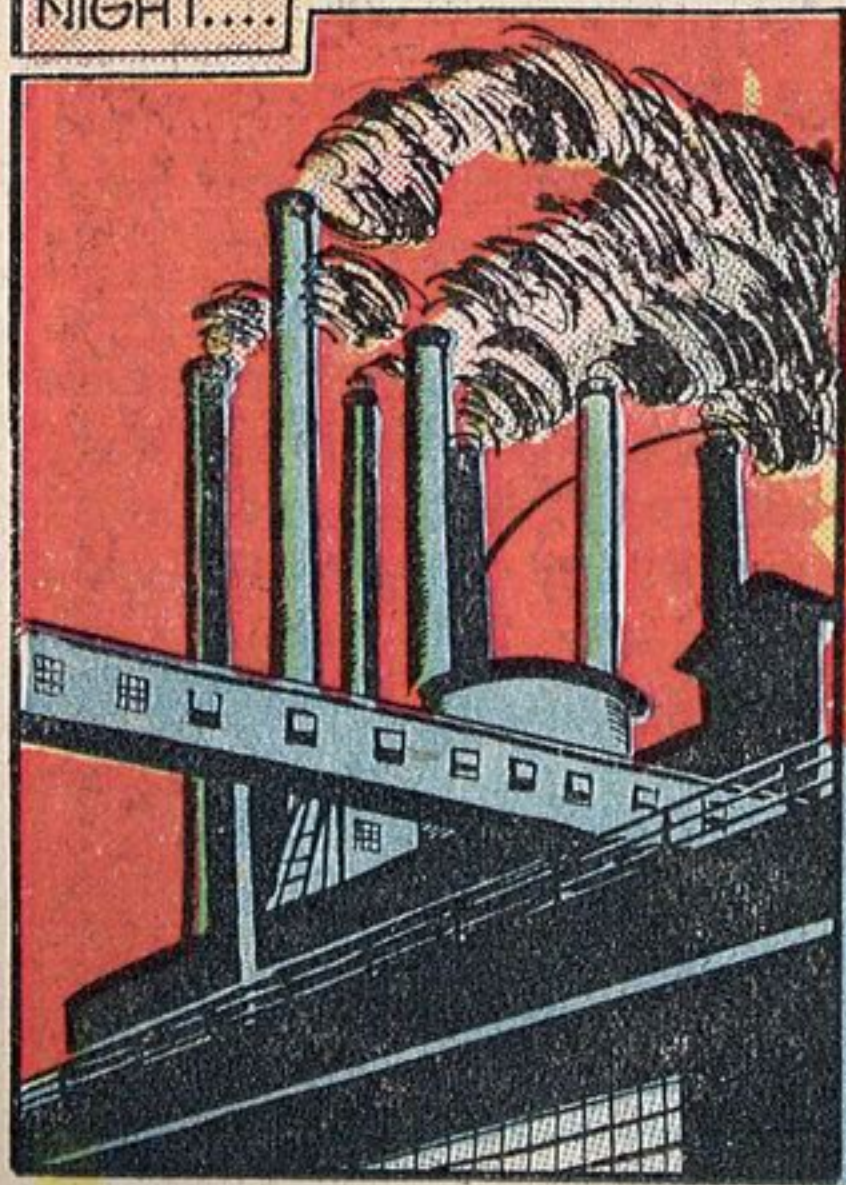
JUSTICE

ART
GARDNER

NIGHT AND DAY THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY TURN FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE... IT IS ONLY WHEN THOSE WHEELS ARE TAMPERED WITH THAT KENT THURSTON THE INVISIBLE HOOD GOES INTO SWIFT ACTION TO STAMP OUT FOES OF DEMOCRACY...



THE GIANT EASTERN STEEL PLANT WORKS DEEP INTO THE NIGHT....



INSIDE - A GROUP OF DEFENSE OFFICIALS ARE BEING SHOWN AROUND... AMONG THEM IS KENT THURSTON, THE INVISIBLE HOOD....



THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU, SUPERINTENDENT!

WITH OUR NEW GIANT ELECTRIC FURNACES WE'LL HAVE AN OUTPUT OF 100,000 TONS ANNUALLY!

MAGNIFICENT!



NOT FAR AWAY—IN A DESERTED HOUSE...



TONIGHT WE STRIKE WAXMAN—YOU HAVE YOUR MEN POSTED?

YES ROXI—THEY ARE WORKING AT THE STEEL PLANT AND AWAIT MY ORDERS!

GOOD! YOU MUST STRIKE TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE WORKERS—THE EASTERN STEEL PLANT MUST BE VOODOOED SO IT WILL BE FORCED TO CLOSE DOWN!



TH' NIGHT SHIFT WILL START IN HALF AN HOUR—GOODBYE, ROXI!

LATER—AT THE PLANT...



HELLO, WAXMAN! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE WORKING STEADY?

GREAT, WATCHMAN! IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE!

HELLO WAXMAN—GOT A MATCH!



SURE ROLLINS—HERE! CAN'T STOP TO TALK—GOT TO CHANGE TO WORKING CLOTHES!

THE WORKER LIGHTS HIS CIGARETTE...



AND THROWS AWAY THE EMPTY MATCHBOOK...

MEANWHILE...

GOING, SENATOR?



YES WHITE! GOT TO GET BACK TO WASHINGTON—THANKS VERY MUCH FOR SHOWING US AROUND—



AS THURSTON TRAILS THE MEN HIS EYE STRIKES THE OPEN MATCHBOOK COVER.....



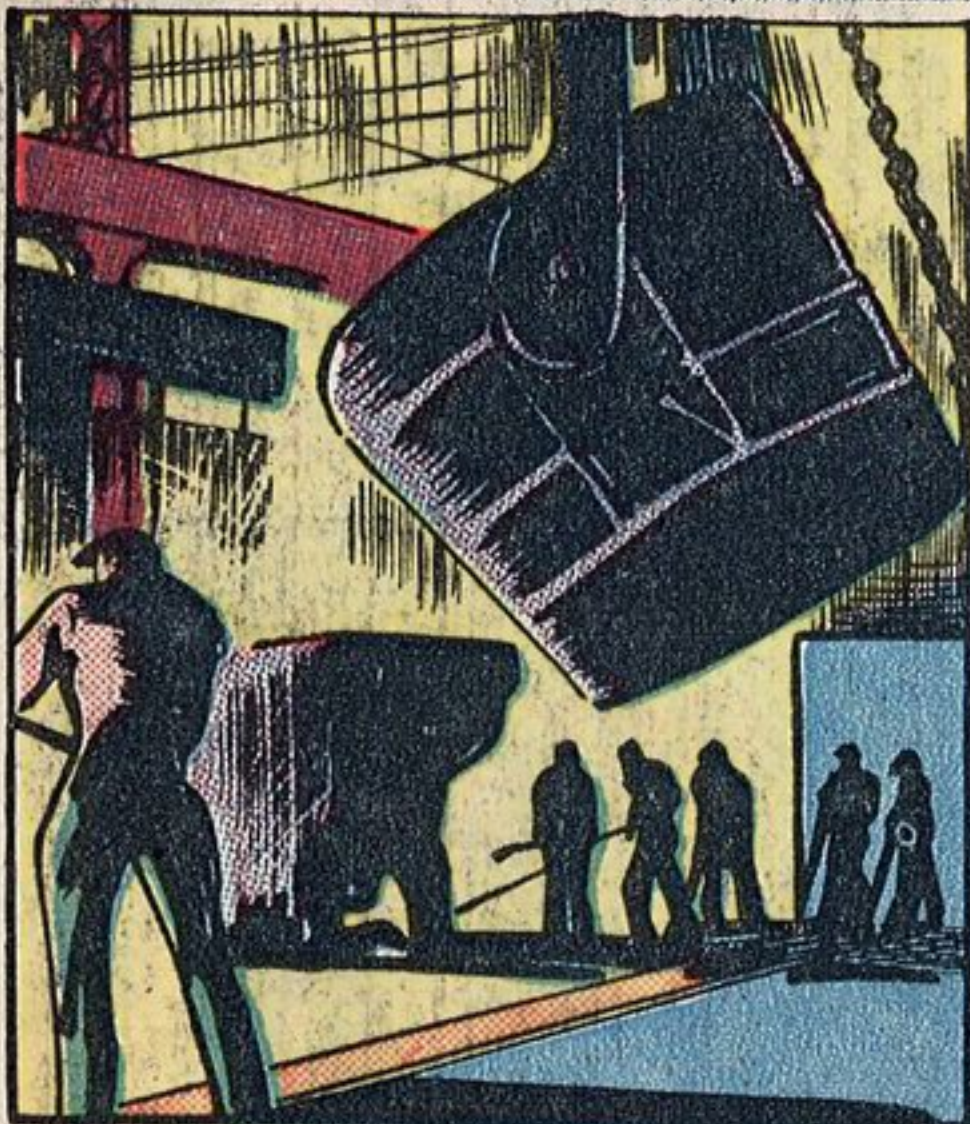
WHAT'S THIS?

AS THE WORKMEN FILE IN FOR WORK AN INVISIBLE FIGURE JOINING THEM...IT'S THE INVISIBLE HOOD.....



HMM... SOUNDS OMINOUS—GUESS I'LL HANG AROUND A BIT!!

THE NIGHT WEARS ON AS THE WORKERS THROW THEMSELVES CHEERFULLY INTO THEIR WORK...



AND UNSEEN BY ANYONE THE INVISIBLE HOOD HOLDS VIGIL OVER THEM....



NEAR MIDNIGHT—
OH-OH! GREAT
SCOTT...UP
ON THAT
CATWALK!

HEH-HEH! IT'S MIDNIGHT...
THERE GOES THE HOT
LEAD TO BE POURED
INTO THE MOLDS--
WATCH THIS.....



HOPE I
CAN
MAKE IT—

UGH—WHAT
HIT ME?

YOU RAT! I'LL
TAKE THAT
GUN!



BUT THE WORKER LASHES OUT
AT THE INVISIBLE HOOD...

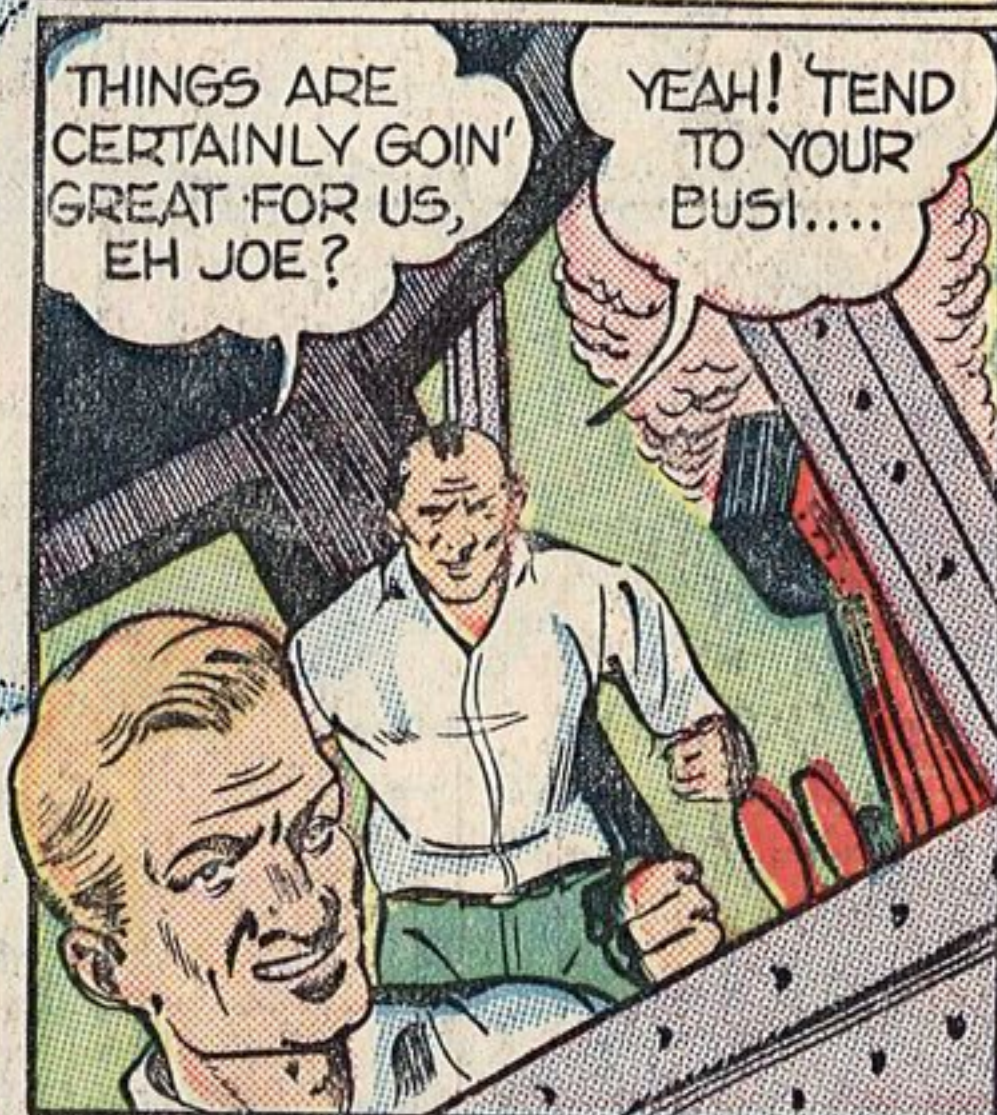
IT LET GO!
MAYBE IT'S
MY
NERVES!



MEANWHILE IN THE HOT-METAL
CRANE ABOVE THE HUGE LADLE
FILLED WITH MOLTEN LEAD.....

THINGS ARE
CERTAINLY GOIN'
GREAT FOR US,
EH JOE?

YEAH! 'TEND
TO YOUR
BUSI....



SUDDENLY THE OPERATOR
PITCHES FORWARD....

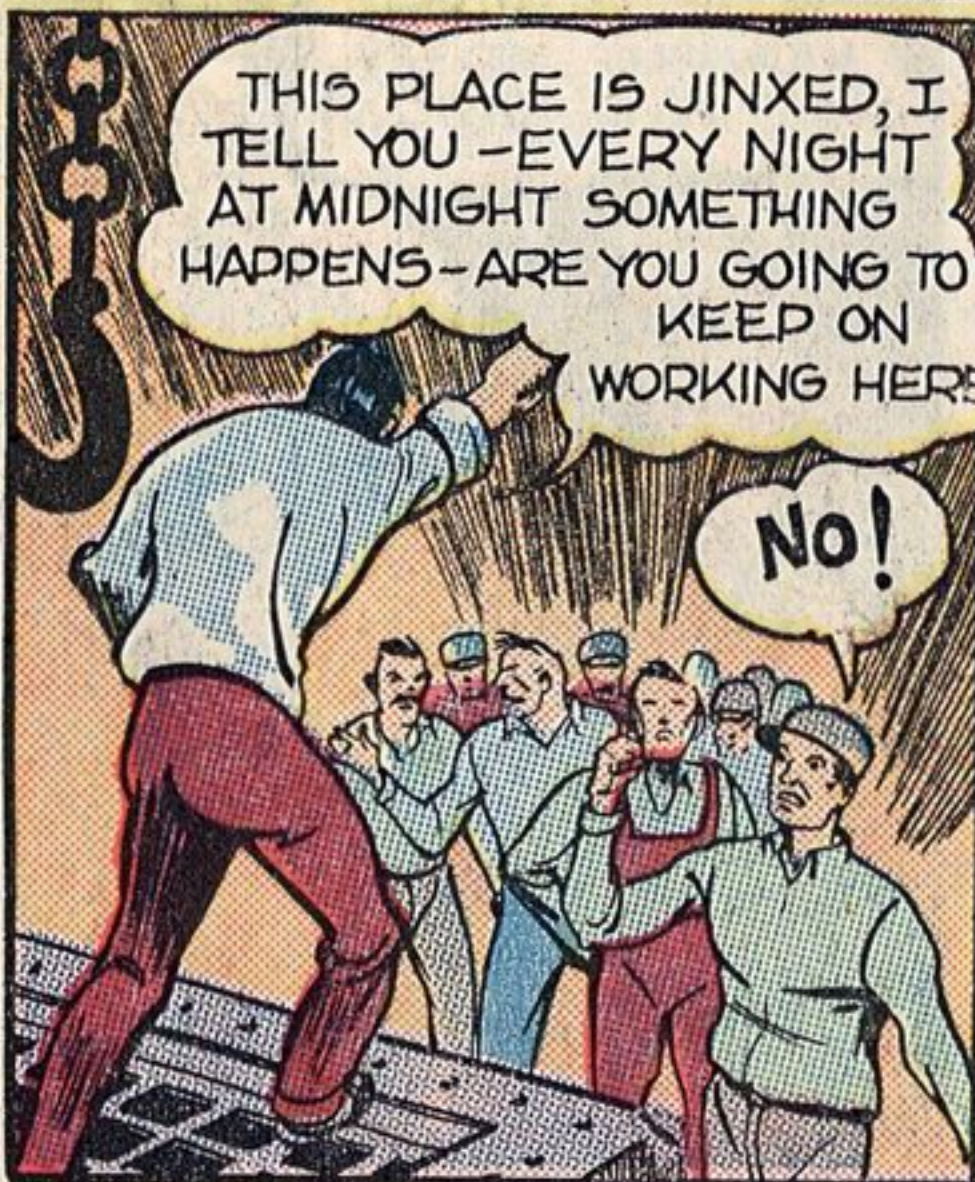
WHAT TH! SAM—
HE'S... THE
LADLE—IT'LL...



AS THE
TRAINED
FINGERS
RELAX OVER
THE
CONTROLLING
LEVERS, THE
LADLE TIPS
FORWARD AND
TONS OF
MOLTEN
STEEL ARE
POURED
ONTO THE
FLOOR.....



THE FOREIGN AGENT WORKS ON THE FEARS OF THE STEEL MEN...



THIS PLACE IS JINXED, I TELL YOU - EVERY NIGHT AT MIDNIGHT SOMETHING HAPPENS - ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP ON WORKING HERE?

No!

I'M GETTIN' OUT O' HERE!

WAXMAN IS RIGHT - WE GOT WIVES AN' CHILDREN!

LET'S TELL TH' SUPER WE'RE ALL QUITTING...

YES!

ON THE CATWALK THE INVISIBLE HOOD COMES TO...



IT WORKED! THEY'RE GONNA QUIT - NOW TO GET RID O' THIS RIFLE... THE HOT STEEL WILL MELT IT LIKE PAPER!



HEY!

THIS TIME YOUR GOOSE IS COOKED!

A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE FOLLOWS...



WAXMAN! HELP - UGH!

SO! HE'S YOUR BOSS, EH? THANKS!

INTO THE SMOLDERING LEAD FALLS THE SPY...



EEE-AA-A!



LOOK! IT WAS ROLLINS - HE SHOT SAM WITH THAT GUN!

BUT TH' GUN'S POINTING AT US - AND NO ONE'S HOLDING IT!! IT C-CAN'T BE--



YES MEN! I'M POINTING AT THE RAT BEHIND ALL THIS - EVEN NOW HE TREMBLES IN HIS SHOES!



NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE - A GUN CAN'T TALK - WE'RE DREAMIN' -

HEY-LOOK! WAXMAN'S RUNNING FOR IT - LET'S GRAB 'IM -

THE TERRIFIED WAXMAN MAKES FOR HIS CAR...



THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME! ROXI WILL HELP ME!!

BUT AS HE RIDES AWAY...



WHEW!...MADE IT-WONDER WHERE HE'S HEADED!

MEANWHILE AT THE DESERTED HOUSE...



IT'S PAST MIDNIGHT AND NO WORD FROM WAXMAN!

A CAR'S PULLIN' UP NOW-IT'S HIM!



WAXMAN! WHAT'S WRONG?

WE'RE LICKED! ROLLINS IS DEAD-HIS GUN POINTED ME OUT TO THE WORKERS- THEY KNOW EVERYTHING!



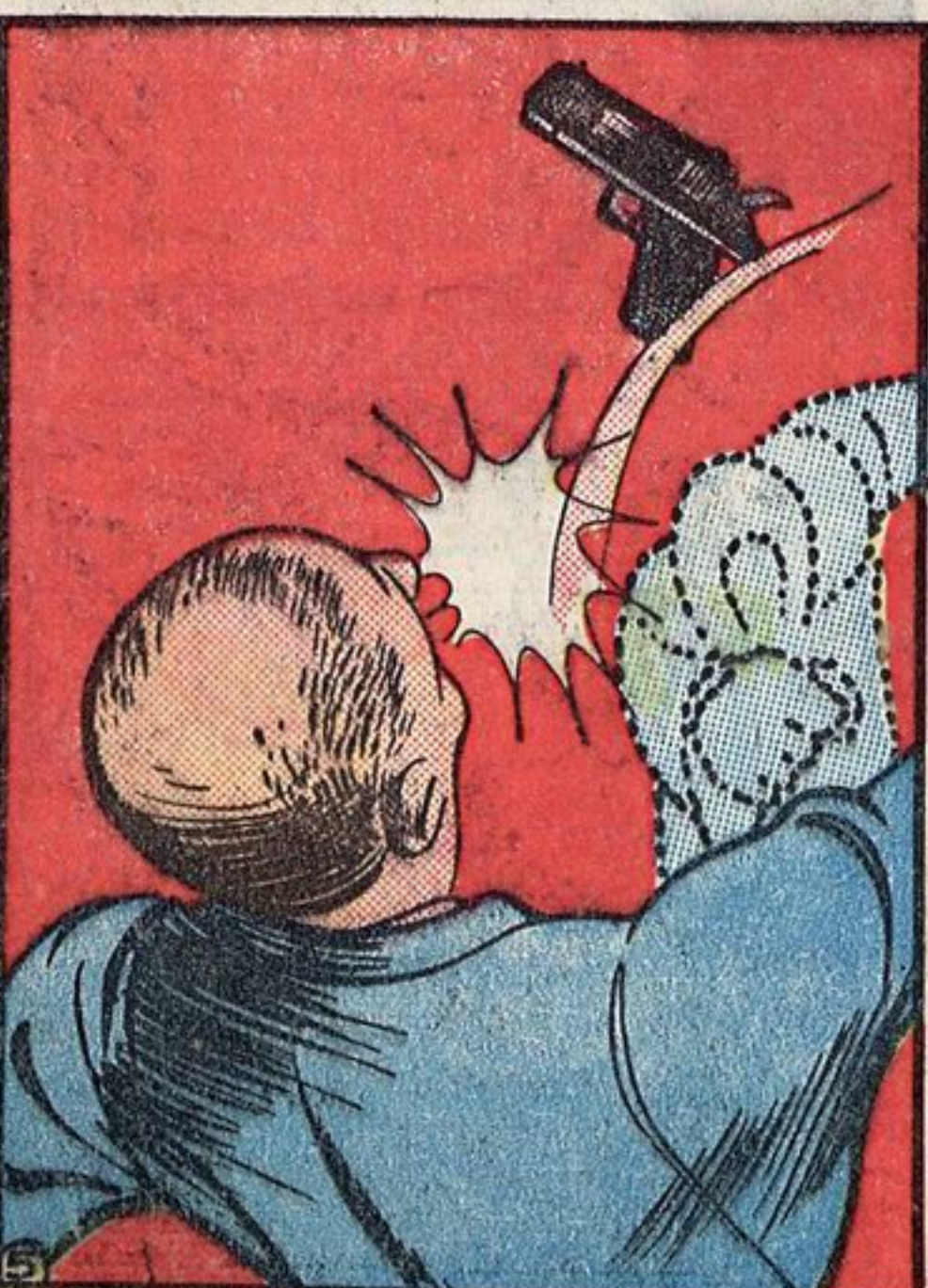
WAXMAN-YOU'RE MAD! HOW CAN A GUN TALK-FOOL! WHA--??

HE'S RIGHT, ROXI-ONE OF YOUR OWN TOOLS TURNED BACK ON YOU-

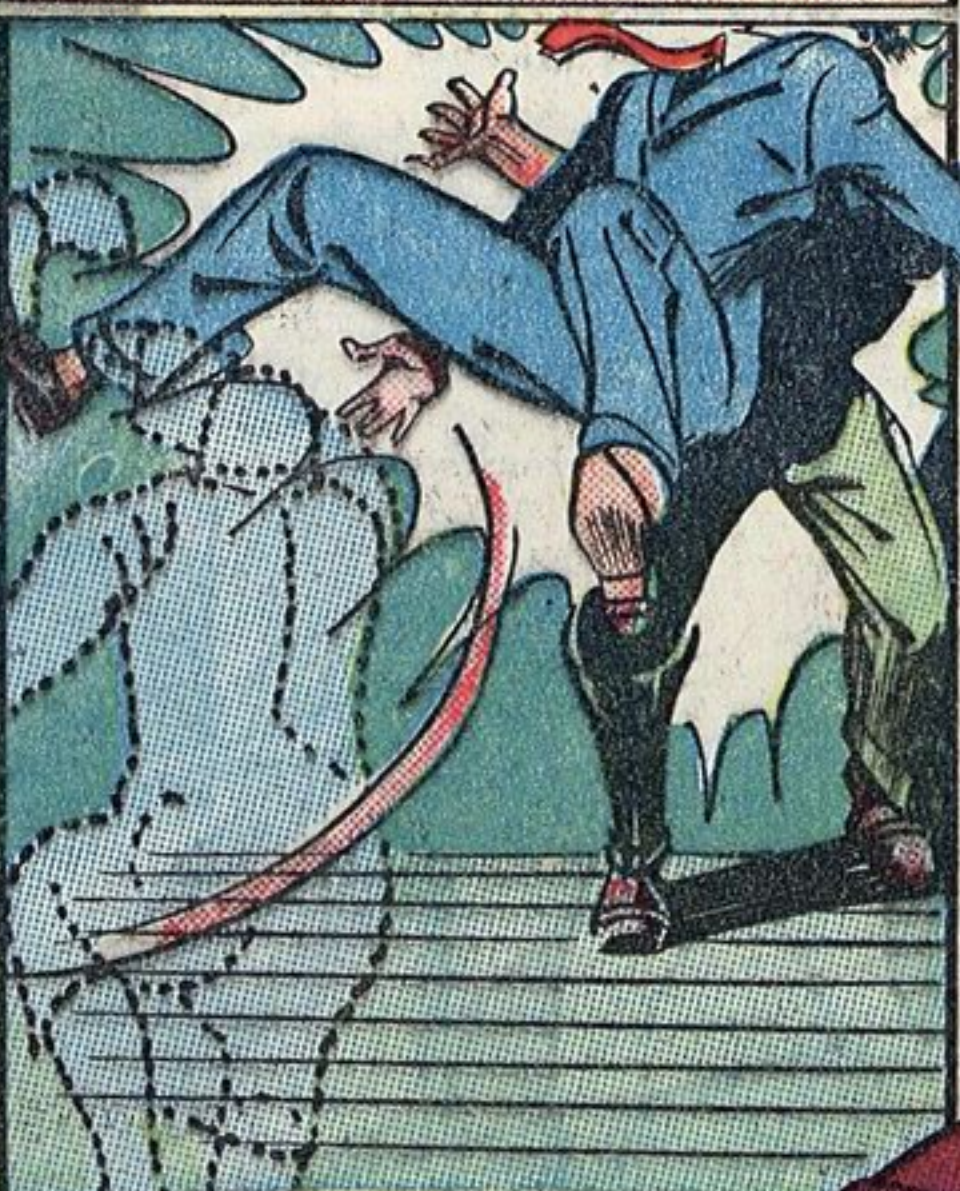
LOOK



WE'LL SEE IF ANYONE'S HOLDING THAT GUN!



ROXI'S TOOLS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE HOOD'S INVISIBLE POWERS...



YOU SEE, BOYS! IT'S NO USE-WHEN YOU FIGHT DEMOCRACY YOU FIGHT FIRE...THE FIRE OF LIBERTY!

Rookie RANKIN

By
Arthur
Peddy

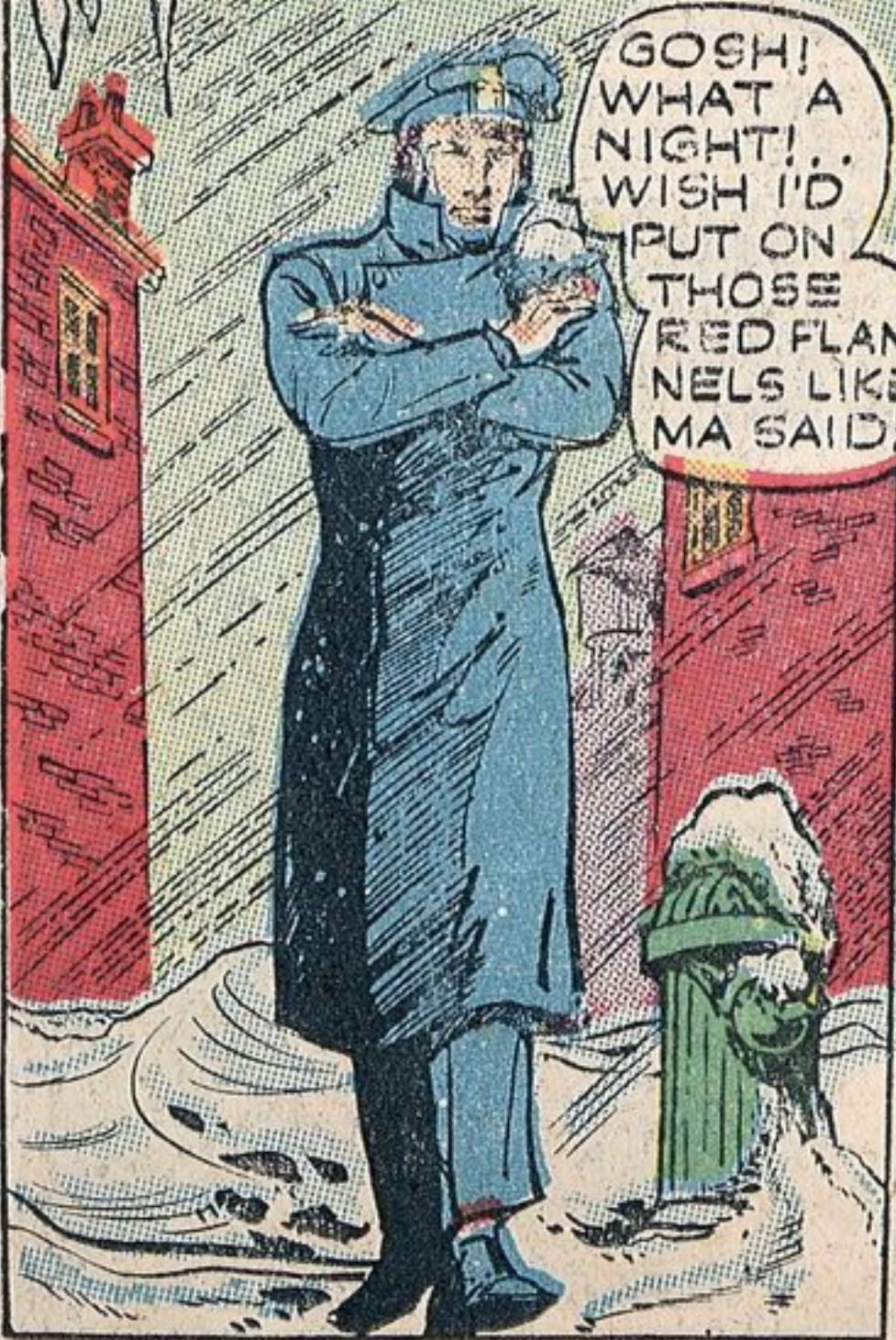


'TIS AN ILL AND COLD WIND THAT BLOWS NO GOOD, BUT AN EVER RESOURCEFUL ROOKIE RANKIN BRAVELY BUCKS THE ICY BLASTS OF AN ILL-FATED BEAT AND AGAIN PROVES HIMSELF WORTHY OF HIS BADGE.

THE GROTESQUE & SHADOWS OF DESERTED FACTORY BUILDINGS ARE ROOKIE'S CHOICE COMPANIONS. . .

I'D EVEN TRADE MY NEXT PROMOTION FOR JUST A CUP OF HOT COFFEE! . .

SUDDENLY, A FRIENDLY VOICE HAILS THE SHIVERING SPECTACLE. . .



GOSH! WHAT A NIGHT!.. WISH I'D PUT ON THOSE RED FLANNELS LIKE MA SAID!



HIYA, ROOKIE.. C'MON IN AND SPLIT THIS JAVA WITH ME!

AMES PAINT & VARNISH

INSIDE THE NIGHT WATCHMAN'S CUBBY HOLE...



DRINK HEARTY, LAD!

SWELL, PAT? GLUG? GLUG?



IF HIS NOSE WASN'T SUNK IN A THERMOS TUMBLER, ROOKIE COULD SCENT HIS EVIL AUDIENCE.



ANNUDDER MINUTE AND THOSE MUGS'LL BE FLATTER THAN TEN DAY PAN-CAKES?

YEAH, BINKY.. THAT DOPED COFFEE'LL CINCH IT?



FOUL PLAY IS AFOOT.. MUST BE MORE THAN BEANS IN THAT JAVA.

SAY, ROOKIE, WHY DID YE TURN THE L-LIGHT OFF...



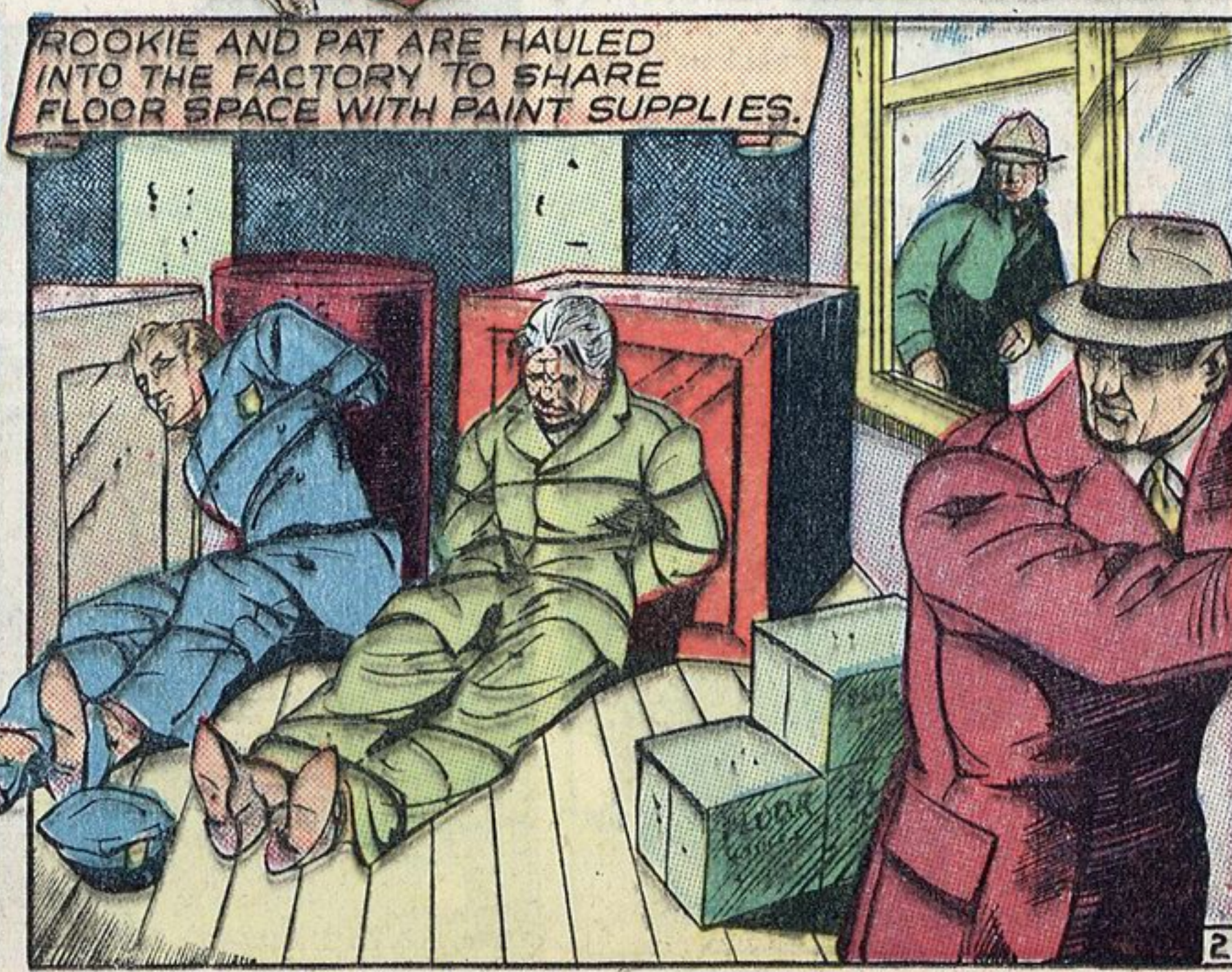
HEY, PAT.. THE SARGE'LL CAN ME SURE FER SLEEPIN' ON THE JOB!



O.K. YOUSE GUYS.. DAT SUCKER'S ON HIS WAY OUT!



HERE'S THE KEYS, FELLAS. LET'S TIE UP THESE GUZZLERS AND GIT GOIN'!



ROOKIE AND PAT ARE HAULED INTO THE FACTORY TO SHARE FLOOR SPACE WITH PAINT SUPPLIES.

AND THE CULPRITS MOVE ON TO THE FACTORY OFFICE.

ALL WE GOTTA DO IS BUST THIS TIN CAN!

JUST AS ROOKIE SHAKES OFF THE EFFECTS OF THE "MICKEY."

BUT PAT IS STILL VISITING THE SANDMAN.

OOH.. MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A TON O'.. HEY, PAT!

USE NO Hooks

RECALLING A BLURRED VISION OF THREE TOUGHS, ROOKIE IS READY FOR ACTION ONLY..

IF I COULD JUST GET OUTTA THIS LASSO.

MAYBE IF THEY HAD A PHONE, I COULD TELL MA TO BRING HER SCISSORS.

MUCH BELABORED BOUNCING SOON CARRIES HIM TO A HUGE OIL CAN.

THIS SPOUT MIGHT CUT... I HOPE!

AGAIN, ROOKIE IS BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF A "PEEPING TOM," AS HE SAWS AWAY AT HIS BONDS.

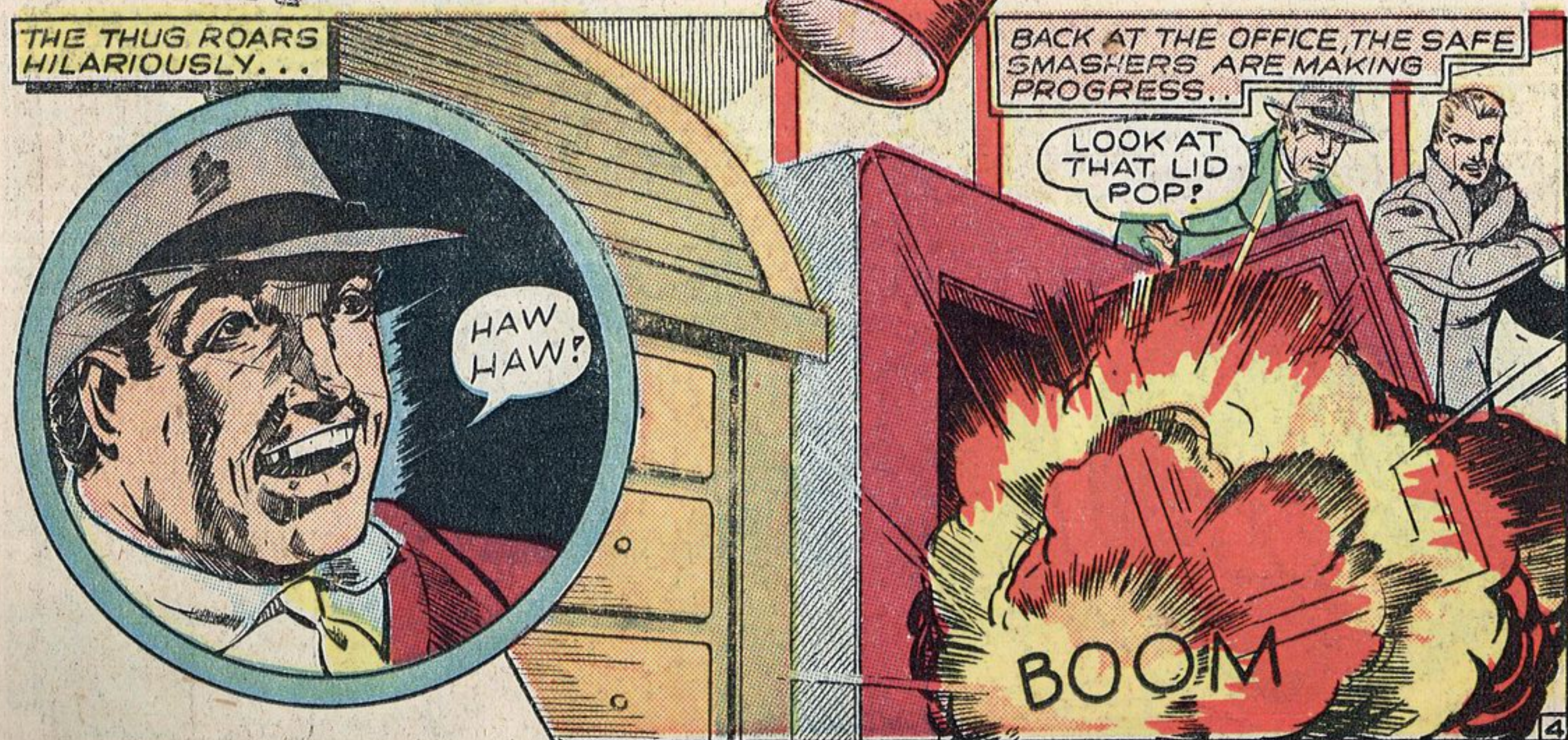
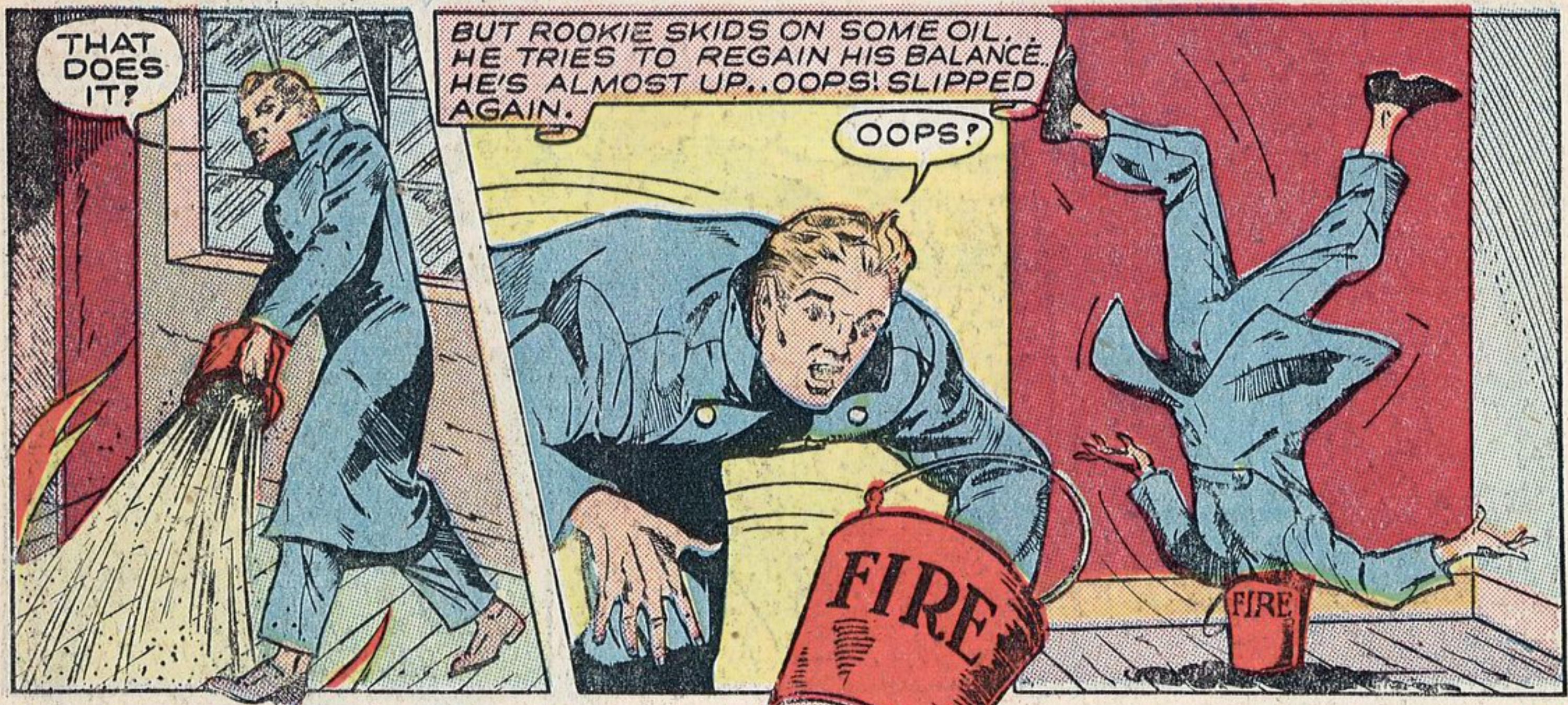
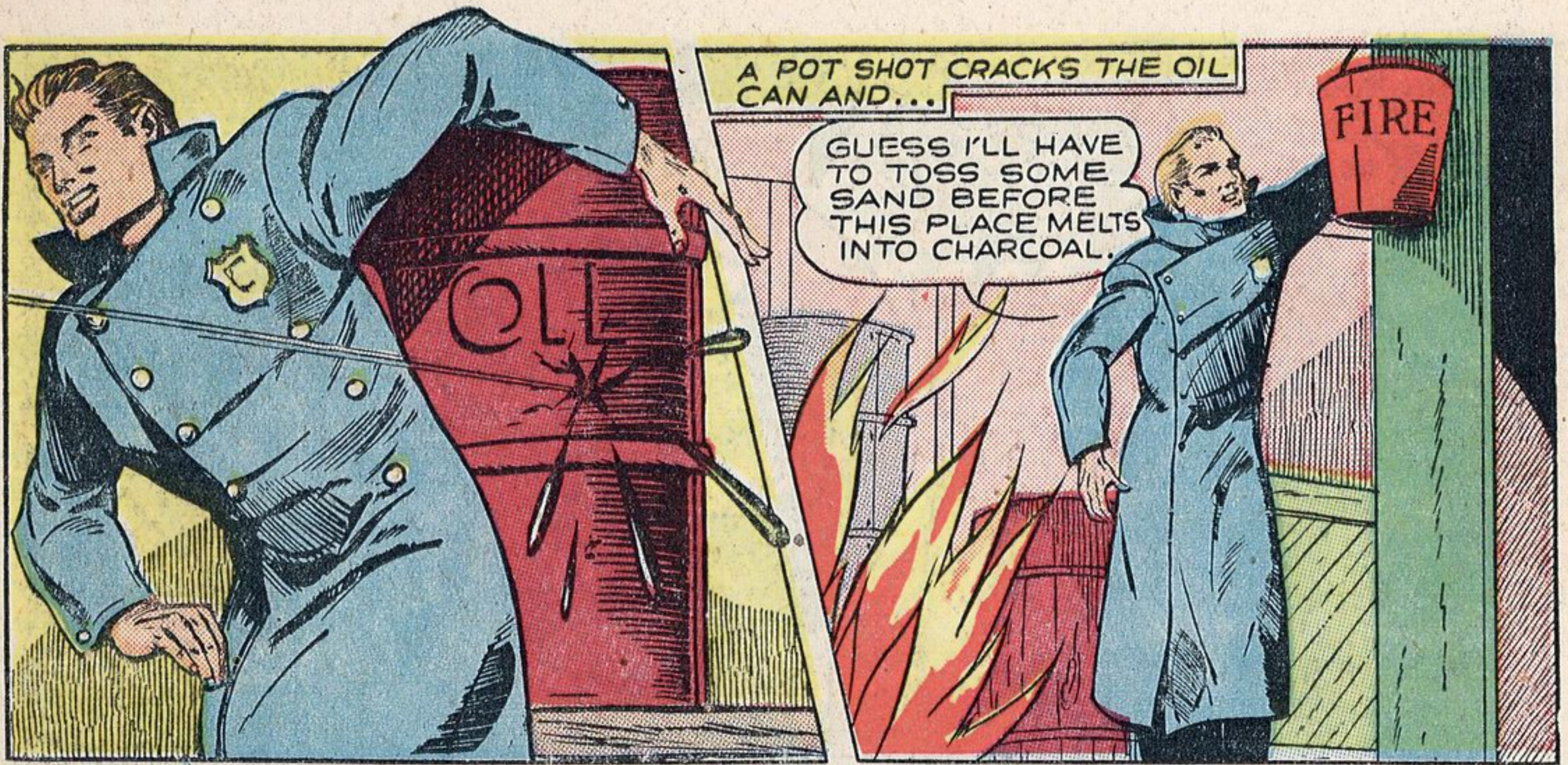
O BOY! THERE IT GOES!

S-SAY? THAT DUMB COPPER IS GETTING FREE?

SUCCESS.... NOT SO FAST....

WHA..

O.K., BEETLE BRAIN, YOU ASKED FER IT!

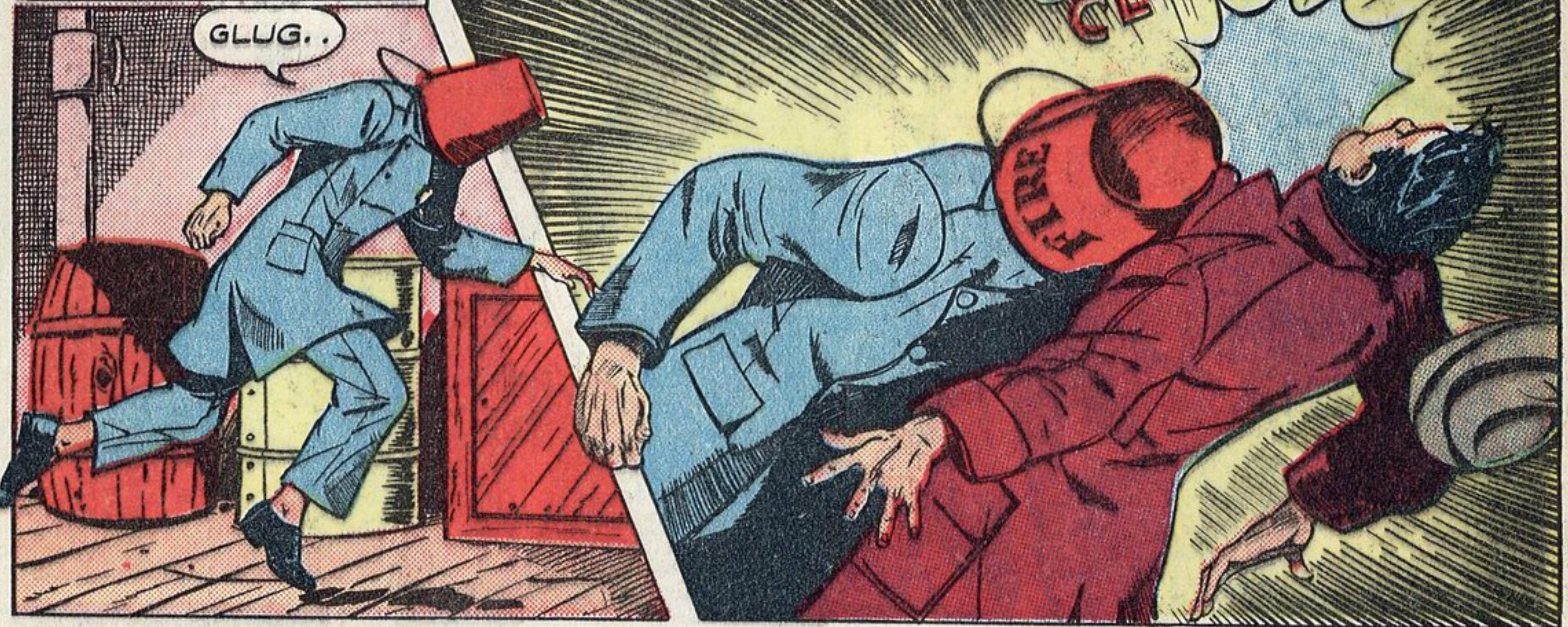


MEANWHILE, ROOKIE DECIDES TO ATTACK, PAIL AND ALL. . .

AND MAKES SMASHING CONTACT WITH HIS TORMENTOR.

CLANG!

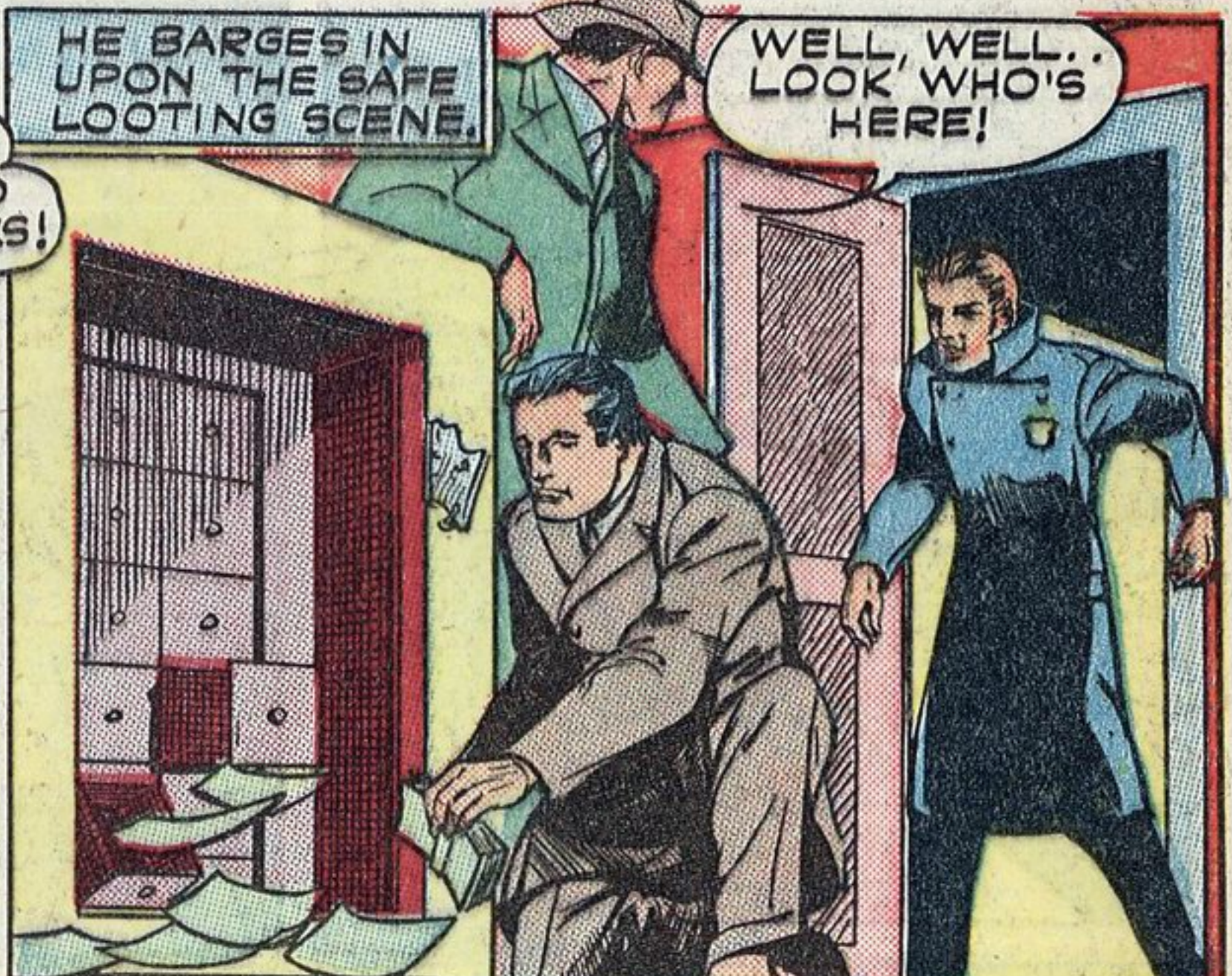
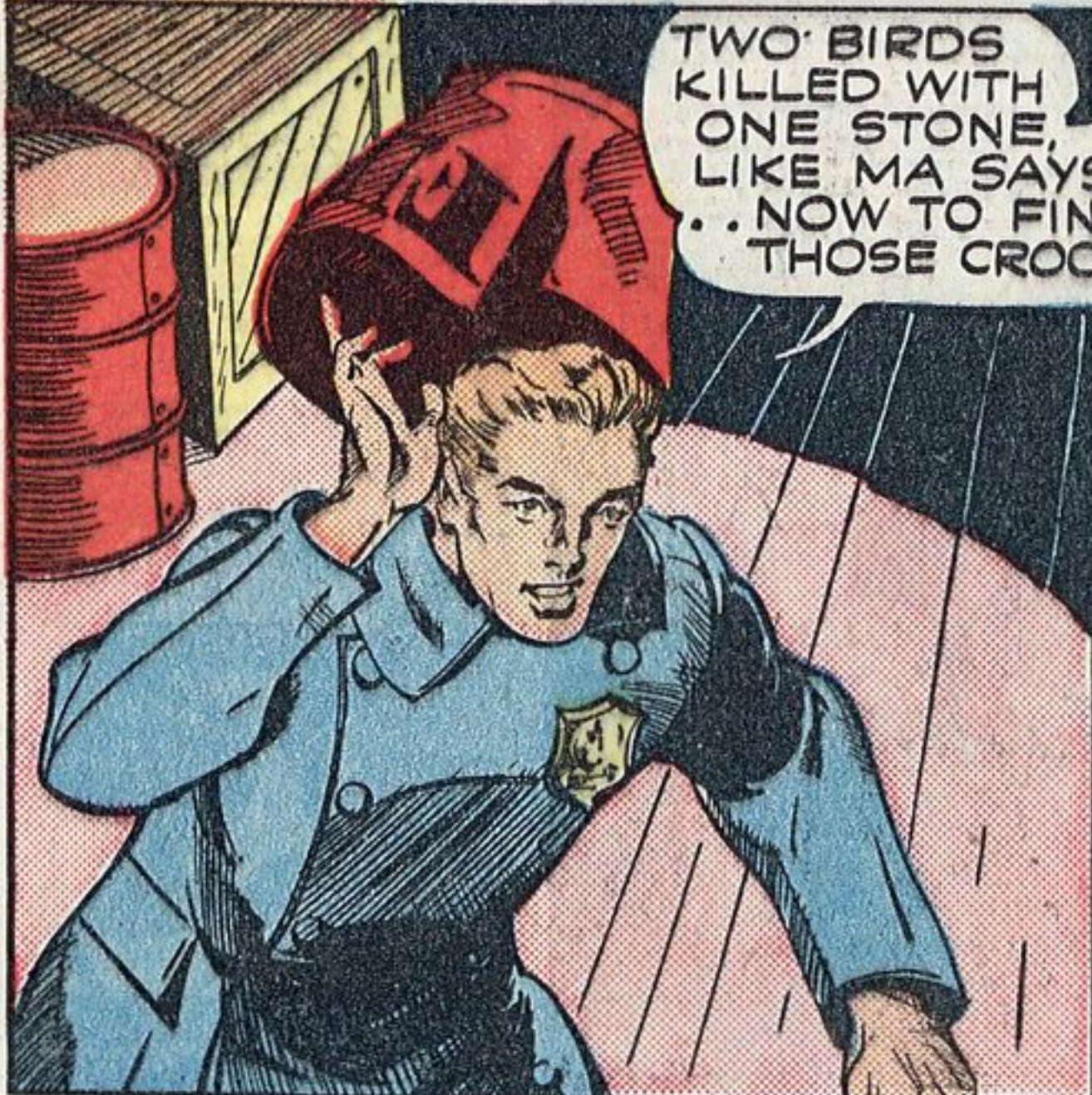
GLUG. .



TWO BIRDS KILLED WITH ONE STONE, LIKE MA SAYS! . . NOW TO FIND THOSE CROOKS!

HE BARGES IN UPON THE SAFE LOOTING SCENE.

WELL, WELL. . LOOK WHO'S HERE!



AS ONE THIEF AIMS HIS PISTOL. . .

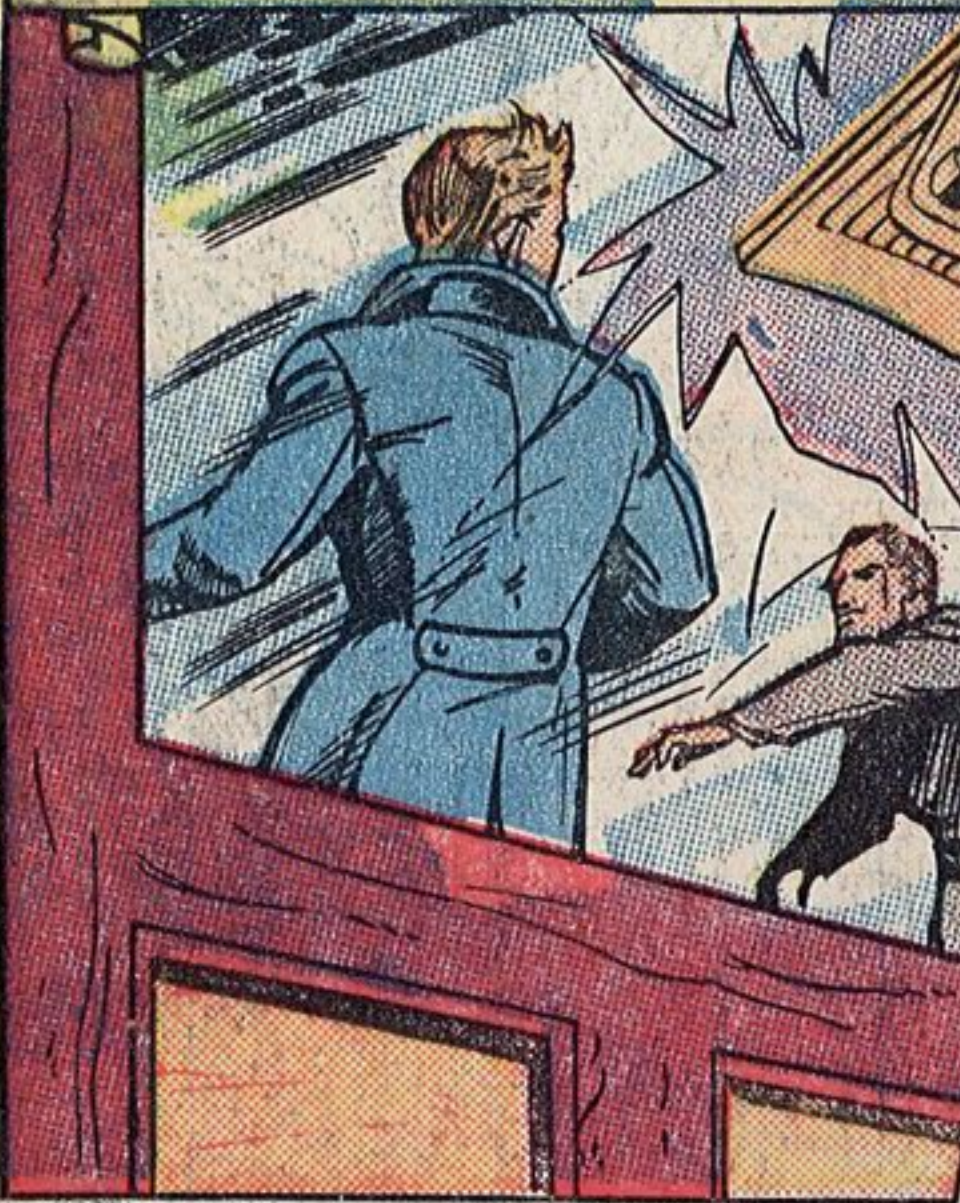
DIDN'T KNOW I PLAYED FULLBACK FOR SULPHUR CITY HIGH, DID YOU?

THE GUNMAN'S PAL LIFTS A DESK CHAIR.

YOU'RE NOT TOO SMART, COPPER!



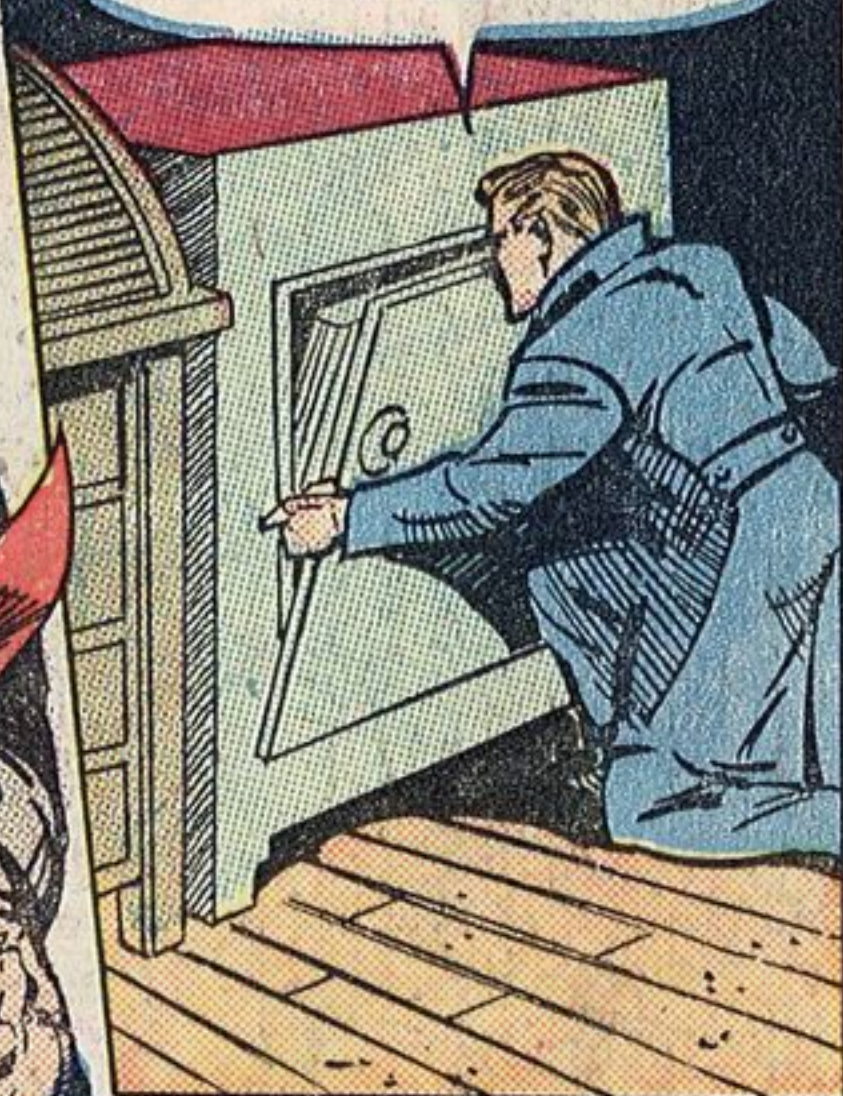
BUT ROOKIE DODGES, AND SPLINTERS FLY AS THE CHAIR CRASHES THROUGH THE GLASS PANEL...



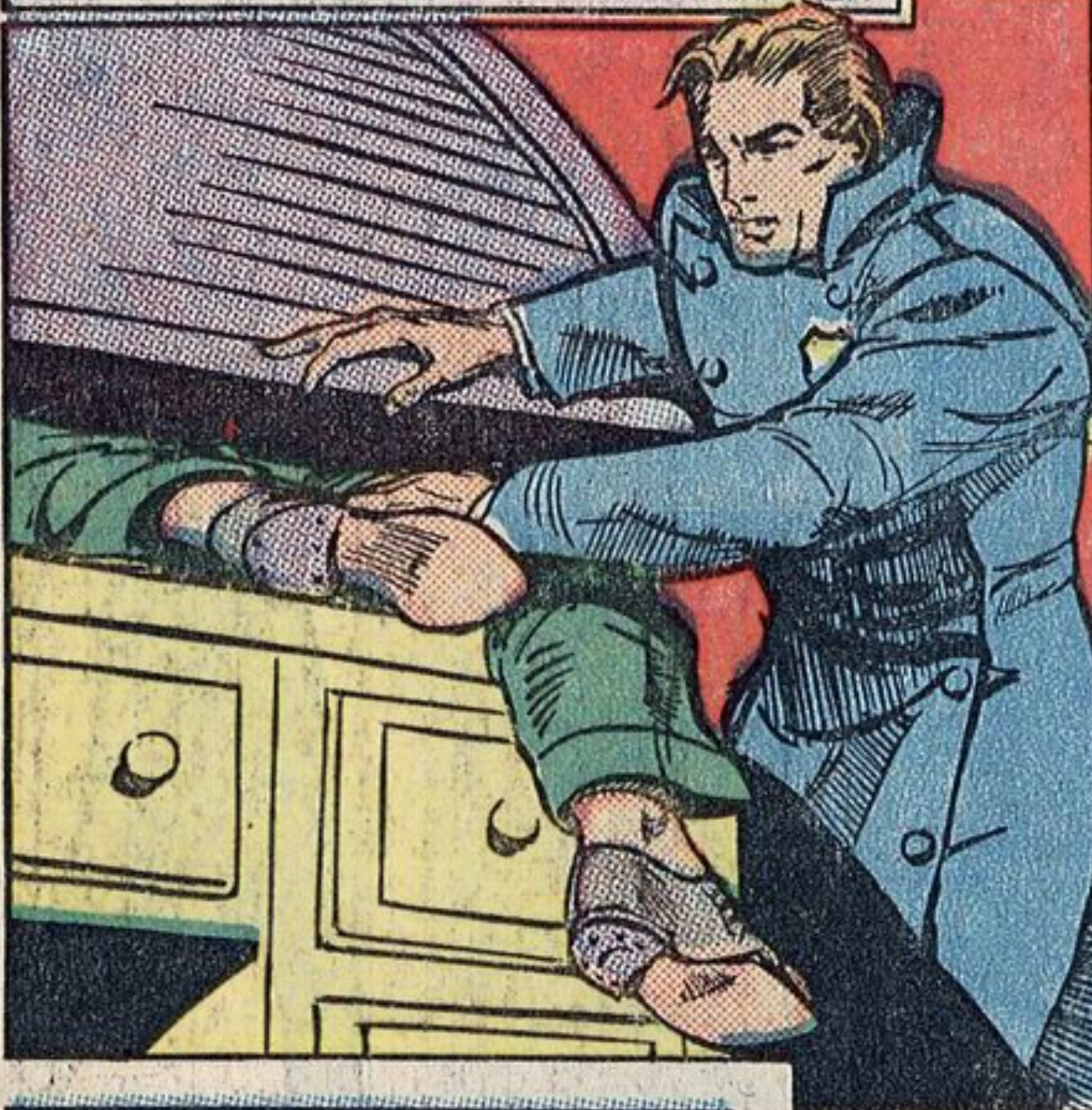
YOU OUGHTA GIVE THOSE NERVES A REST, BUDDY?



I'LL JUST STUFF YOU IN HERE WHERE YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE TILL YOU COME TO...



THE ROLL-TOP DESK MAKES A CELL FOR THE OTHER CRIMINAL.



HELLO, SARGE.. YES, SIR, I'M ON THE JOB!.. TROUBLE AT THE AMES FACTORY.. I'LL WAIT TILL YOU COME.. YES, SIR.. YES, SIR..



PAT WAKES UP AND STARES POP-EYED, AS ROOKIE TELLS HIM WHAT HAPPENED.

IS THAT SO.. DOPED COFFEE, EH?. OF ALL THE CONSARN.....



THE SARGE ARRIVES...

BOY? WHAT A FREEZIN' NIGHT? O.K., RANKIN.. AN' MAKE IT A GOOD STORY?



AFTER EVERYBODY DRINKS, ROOKIE REMEMBERS.

OMIGOSH! I FORGOT IT WAS DOPED COFFEE!

LET'S ALL HAVE A CUP O' HOT COFFEE, SARGE!



THE WIND MAY HOWL, BUT ROOKIE, SARGE AND PAT SLEEP PEACEFULLY ON.



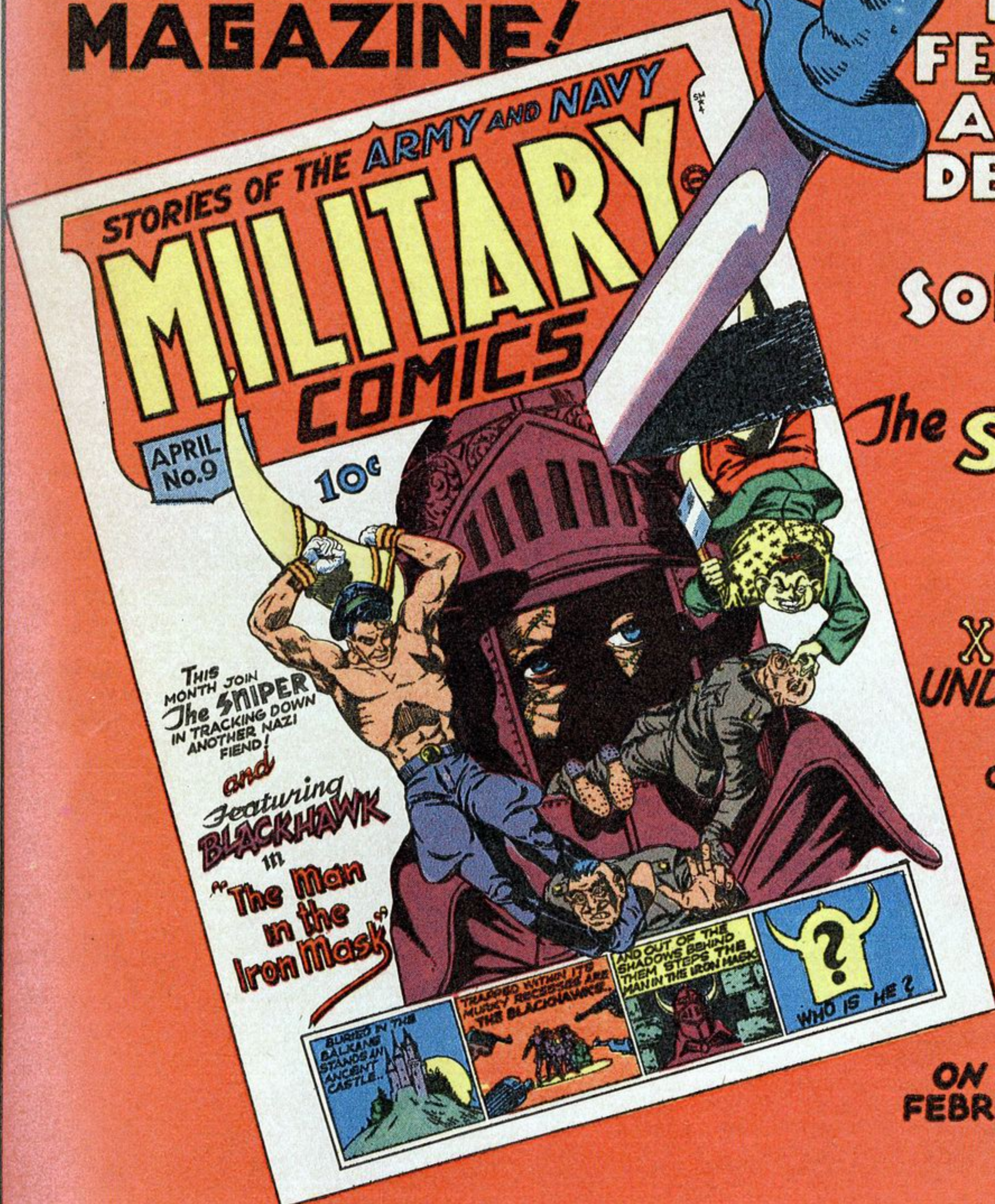
**WE DARE YOU
TO READ THIS
MAGAZINE!**

**THESE
FEATURES
ARE NOT
DESIGNED
FOR
SOFTIES!**

The **SNIPER**
•
**LOOPS
AND
BANKS**
**X OF THE
UNDERGROUND**

AND THE
ONE AND ONLY
**SECRET
WAR
NEWS**

**ON SALE
FEBRUARY 11TH**



What will Andre look like?



**FORCED
BECAUSE
OF
HORRIBLE
SCARS, ANDRE,
ONE OF THE
BLACKHAWKS
HAS TO WEAR
THIS MASK...**



**BUT IN THE
ABOVE ISSUE OF
MILITARY COMICS
HIS FACE
IS RESTORED...
WHAT WILL IT BE??**

**THIS IS HOW HE
USED TO LOOK!**

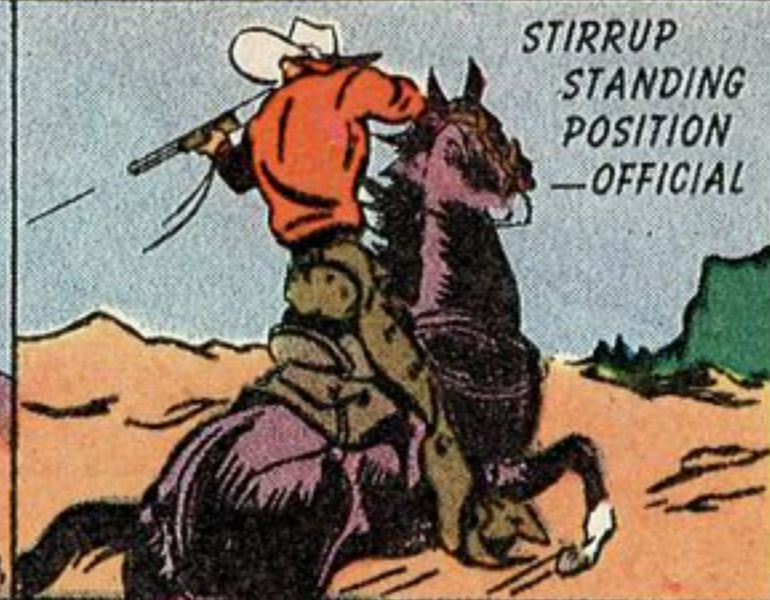


RED RYDER Shows You HOW TO SHOOT

THE OFFICIAL RED RYDER SADDLE SHOOTING POSITION



STIRRUP STANDING POSITION—OFFICIAL



RED RYDER OFFICIAL STANDING POSITION



FOLLOW THIS CLOSELY... FOR BETTER SHOOTING

RED RYDER KNEELING POSITION



... SIT ON RIGHT HEEL
... LEFT ELBOW ON LEFT KNEE

RED RYDER PRONE POSITION... BODY AT 45° ANGLE TO TARGET. SPINE IS STRAIGHT



NOTE THAT RED'S ELBOWS ARE UNDER BODY—CHEST OFF GROUND

KEEP YOUR TOES OUT, LITTLE BEAVER! IT WILL STEADY YOU



RED TELLS LITTLE BEAVER HOW

PLENTY GOOD FUN SHOOTUM TARGET YOU BETCHUM!



AND I WISH EVERY BOY IN THE WORLD COULD TRY SHOOTIN' MY CARBINE!



RED RYDER'S COWBOY SHOOTING LESSON

These pictures showing cowboy shooting positions were specially drawn for Daisy and you by Fred Harman who used to punch cattle on the Colorado Range before hittin' the trail to New York. Now Fred creates and draws the popular NEA newspaper cartoon "Red Ryder" (and Little Beaver) Comic Strip. Fred Harman helped Daisy design this western-style cowboy saddle carbine—so you know it's authentic.

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